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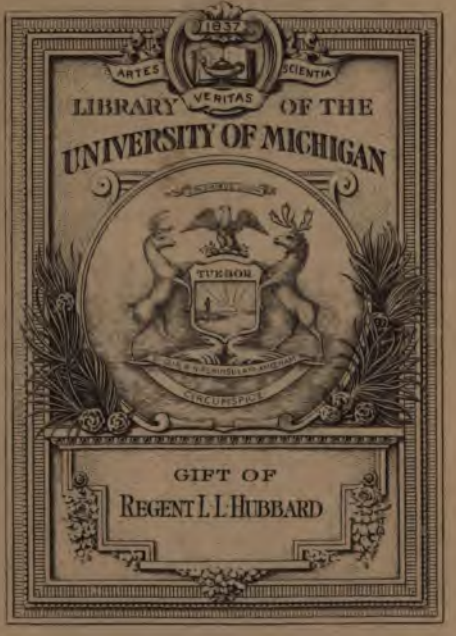
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OF

Dr JONATHAN SWIFT.

Dean of St Patrick's, Dublin.

VOL. IV.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for G. Hamilton, J. Balfour, & L. Hunter.

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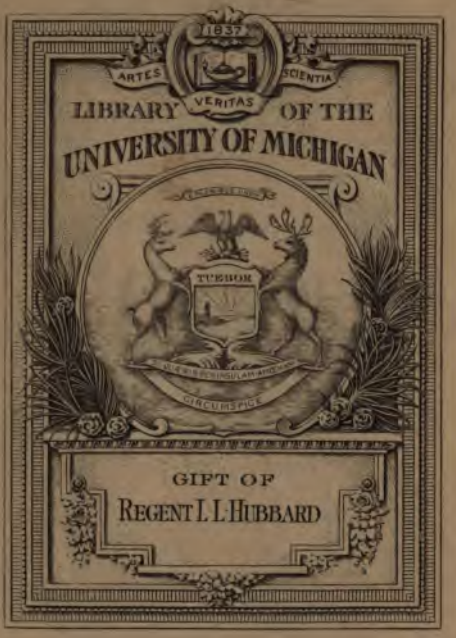
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CONTENTS.

Letters to and from Dr Swift.

A criticism on these letters 1

Letter

I. Mr Pope's answer to Dr Swift, offering him a sum of money to induce him to change his religion 9

II. To Dr Swift. Retired from court some months before the Queen's death 12

III. From Dr Swift at Dublin. How little he cares to think of England. Concern at the violence of party. Of the first volume of Mr Pope's translation of Homer. His circumstances in Ireland 14

IV. Mr Pope's love and memory of Dr Swift. The calumnies and slanders upon him on account of religion, turned into raillery 16

V. Dr Swift's answer. His inquiry concerning Mr Pope's principles. Poets generally follow the court. Raillery on the subject of his enemies, and his religion. A Quaker pastoral, and a Newgate pastoral, proposed as subjects for Mr Gay 17

VI. Dr Swift to Mr Pope. An apology for his conduct and writings after the Queen's death. With an account of his principles in politics 20

VII. Dr Swift to Mr Gay 32

VIII. Mr Pope to Dr Swift, occasioned by the former. An account of his conduct and maxims in general 34

IX. From the Lord Bolingbroke; a postscript to the foregoing letter; with some account of his own sentiments and situation in private life 37

X. Dr Swift's answer 40

XI. From Mr Pope to Dr Swift. An invitation to England 42

XII. From Dr Swift. Of Gulliver's travels; and his scheme of misanthropy. Concerning a lady at court. Character of Dr Arbuthnot. 44

XIII. To Dr Swift. Character of some of his friends in England; with further invitations 46

XIV. Dr Swift's answer. Death of Lord Oxford's son. Something concerning Ph—s More of his misanthropy 49

XV. Expectations of Dr Swift's journey to England. Character of low enemies and detractors; with what temper they are to be borne. The amusements of his friends in England.—Lord B's postscript on the same occasion 51

XVI. From Dr Swift, preparing to leave England again 53

XVII. Answer from Mr Pope. The regret of his departure; remembrance of the satisfaction past; wishes for his welfare— 54

XVIII. Desires for his return, and settlement in England. The various schemes of his other friends, and his own 55

XIX. From Mr Gay and Mr. Pope. An account of the reception of Gulliver's travels in England 57

XX. On the same subject from Mr Pope. Advice against party-writing 59

XXII.

Letter.
XXI. From Dr Swift. About Gulliver, and of a ſecond journey to England 61
XXII. From the ſame. Concerning party and dependency; and of the project of a joint volume of miſcellanies 63
XXIII. The anſwer. On the ſame ſubjects 64
XXIV. On Dr Swift's ſecond departure for Ireland 66
XXV. From Dr Swift. His reaſons for departing 67
XXVI. From Dr Swift. His remembrance of Mr Pope's friendſhip; with ſome conſideration of his circumſtances 68
XXVII. From Mr Gay. Raillery. What employment was offered him at court, and why he refuſed it 70
XXVIII. Dr Swift to Mr Gay. On the refuſal of that employment, and his quitting the court. Of the Beggar's opera. 71
XXIX. From Lord Bolingbroke and Mr Pope. Of the Dunciad. Advice to the Dean in the manner of Montaigne.—Of courtiers, and of the Beggar's opera. 74
XXX. Of a true Jonathan Gulliver in New England. The Dunciad, and the treatiſe of the Bathos. Reflections on mortality and decay. What is deſirable in the decline of life 75
XXXI. From Dr Swift. Anſwer to the former. His ſituation in Ireland 78
XXXII. From the ſame. His own and Mr Pope's temper 79
XXXIII. Lord Bolingbroke's life in the country. More about the Dunciad 81
XXXIV. From Dr Swift. Advice how to publiſh the Dunciad. Concerning Lord B. and Mr Gay 82
XXXV. From Bath. The pleaſure of being abuſed in company with worthy men 84
XXXVI. From Dr Swift. His manner of living with a friend in the country. The death of Mr Congreve. Character of an indolent friend 85
XXXVII. Dr Swift to Lord Bolingbroke. Exhortation to him to write hiſtory. The Dean's temper, his preſent amuſements, and diſpoſition 87
XXXVIII. From the ſame, on the ſame ſubjects, and concerning œconomy; his ſentiments on the times, and his manner of life.—Of the love of fame and diſtinction. His friendſhip for Mr Pope 89
XXXIX. From the ſame. His condition. The ſtate of Ireland. Character of Mrs Pope. Reflections on Mr Pope's and Mr Gay's circumſtances 92
XL. Mr Pope's anſwer. His ſituation and contentment. An account of his other friends 94
XLI. Lord Bolingbroke to Dr Swift. A review of his life; his thoughts of œconomy, and concerning fame 96
XLII. Dr Swift's anſwer. The misfortunes attending great talents. Concerning fame, and the deſire of it 99
XLIII. Dr Swift to Mr Pope. Concerning the Dunciad, and of his ſituation of life 101
XLIV. From Lord B. That the ſenſe of friendſhip increaſes with

Letter
with increaſe of years. Concerning a hiſtory of his own times, and Mr Pope's moral poem 102
XLV. Of the ſtyle of his letters, of his condition of life, his paſt friendſhips, diſlike of party ſpirit, and thoughts of penſions and preferment 104
XLVI. Of Mr Weſtley's diſſertations on Job.—Poſtſcript by Lord Bol. on the pleaſure we take in reading letters 107
XLVII. From Lord B. to Dr Swift. Inviting him to England, and concerning reformation of manners by writing 109
XLVIII. From the ſame. The temper proper to men in years. An account of his own. The character of his lady.—Poſtſcript by Mr Pope on his mother, and the effects of the tender paſſions 110
XLIX. From the ſame. Of his ſtudies, particularly a metaphyſical work. Of retirement and exerciſe.—Poſtſcript by Mr P. His wiſh that their ſtudies were united in ſome work uſeful to manners, and his diſtaſte of all party-writings 112
L. Concerning the Ducheſs of Q——y. Perſuaſions to œconomy 115
LI. On the ſame ſubjects 116
LII. A letter of raillery 118
LIII. In the ſame ſtyle, to Mr Gay and the Ducheſs 120
LIV. A ſtrange end of a law-ſuit. His way of life, &c. Poſtſcript to the Ducheſs 122
LV. Two new pieces of the Dean's. Anſwer to his invitation into England. Advice to write, &c. 124
LVI. More on the ſame ſubjects. A happy union againſt corruption. Poſtſcript to the Duke of Q. and to the Ducheſs 127
LVII. Mr. Gay to Dr Swift. His account of himſelf. His laſt fables. His œconomy.——Poſtſcript by Mr Pope, of their common ailments, and œconomy; and againſt party-ſpirit in writing 130
LVIII. From Dr Swift to Mr Gay. Congratulation on Mr Gay's leaving the court. Lord Cornbury's refuſal of a penſion. Character of Mr Gay 133
LIX. From the ſame. Concerning the writing of fables. Advice about œconomy, and proviſion for old age; of inattention, &c. Poſtſcript to the Ducheſs 135
LX. From the ſame to Mr Gay, and a poſtſcript to the Ducheſs, on various ſubjects 137
LXI. From the ſame. Concerning the opening of letters at the poſt-office. The encouragement given to bad writers. Reaſons for his not living in England. Poſtſcript to the Ducheſs; her character; raillery on the ſubject of Mr Gay himſelf 140
LXII. From Dr Swift to Mr Pope. An account of ſeveral little pieces or tracts publiſhed as his: which were, or were not genuine 143

Letter.
LXIII. From Mr Pope and Dr Arbuthnot to Dr Swift. On the sudden death of Mr Gay 146
LXIV. From Dr Swift. On the same subject. Of Mr Pope's qualities, and particularly that on the use of riches 147
LXV. From Mr Pope on Mr. Gay. His care of his memory and writings, concerning the Dean's and his own; and of several other things 149
LXVI. More of Mr Gay, his papers, and epitaph. Of the fate of his own writings, and the purpose of them. Invitation of the Dean to England 152
LXVII. From Dr Swift. Of the paper called *The life and character of Dr Swift*. Of Mr Gay, and the care of his papers. Of a slow against Mr Pope. Of the edition of the Dean's works in Ireland, how printed 154
LXVIII. Of the Dean's verses, called *A libel on Dr D*. The spurious character of him. Lord Bolingbroke's writings. The indolence of great men in years 157
LXIX. From Dr Swift. On Mrs Pope's death. Invitation to Dublin. His own situation there, and temper 159
LXX. Answer to the former. His temper of mind since his mother's death. The union of sentiments in all his acquaintance 161
LXXI. Concern for his absence. Of a libel against him. Reflections on the behaviour of a worthless man 162
LXXII. Melancholy circumstances of the separation of friends. Impertinence of false pretenders to their friendship. Publishers of slight papers. Of the essay on man, and of the collection of the Dean's works—Postscript by Lord Bolingbroke concerning his metaphysical works 164
LXXIII. From Dr Swift. The answer. Of his own amusements, the essay on man, and Lord Bolingbroke's writings 167
LXXIV. Of the pleasures of his conversation. Of Dr Arbuthnot's decay of health. Of the nature of moral and philosophical writings 168
LXXV. From Dr Swift. On the death of friends 171
LXXVI. From the same. On the offence taken at their writings. Of Mr Pope's letters. Character of Dr Rundle, Bishop of Derry 172
LXXVII. Concerning the Earl of Peterborow, and his death at Lisbon. Charities of Dr Swift 173
LXXVIII. From Dr Swift. Of writing letters. Several of the antients writ them to publish. Of his own letters. The care he shall take of Mr Pope's, to prevent their being printed 175
LXXIX. From Dr Swift. On the death of friends. What sort of popularity he has in Ireland. Against the general corruption. 176
LXXX. From the same. His kindness for Mr Pope, and his own infirm condition 177

LXXXI.

Letter
LXXXI. Mr Pope to Dr Swift. His plan for the second book of ethic epistles; of the extent and limits of human reason and science; and what retarded the execution of it.—Of Lord Bolingbroke's writings. New invitations to England 179
LXXXII. From Dr Swift. His resolution to preserve Mr Pope's letters, and leave them to his disposal after his death. His desire to be mentioned in the ethic epistles. Of the loss of friends, and decays of age 181
LXXXIII. What sort of letters he now writes, and the contraction of his correspondence. Of the human failings of great geniuses, and the allowance to be made them. His high opinion of Lord Bolingbroke and Dr Swift as writers 182
LXXXIV. From Dr Swift. Of old age, and death of friends. More of the ethic epistles 184
LXXXV. Of the complaints of friends.—One of the best comforts of old age.—Some of his letters copied in Ireland, and printed.—Of Lord Bolingbroke's retirement. Of some new friends, and of what sort they are 186
LXXXVI. The present circumstances of his life and his companions. Wishes that the last part of their days might be passed together 188
LXXXVII. From Dr Swift. Reasons that obstruct his coming to England. Desires to be remembered in Mr Pope's epistles. Many of Mr Pope's letters to him lost, and by what means 190
LXXXVIII. From Dr Swift. Mention again of the chasm in the letters. Objections in Ireland to some passages in Mr Pope's letters published in England. The Dean's own opinion of them 192
LXXXIX. From Dr Swift. Of his declining state of health. His opinion of Mr Pope's dialogue, intitled, *One thousand seven hundred and thirty eight*. The entire collection of his and Mr Pope's letters for twenty years and upwards, found, and in the hands of a lady, a worthy and judicious relation of the Dean's.——*This a mistake; not in hers, but in some other safe hands* 194
XC. Dr Swift to his uncle William Swift, Nov. 29. 1692 197
XCI. The same to his cousin Dean Swift at Lisbon, 1694 198
XCII. The same to the Earl of Oxford, July 1. 1714 199
XCIII. The same to the same, June 14. 1737 201
XCIV. The Earl of Peterborow to Mr Pope, 1732 204
XCV. Dr Swift to the Earl of Peterborow 205
XCVI. Dr Swift to Mr Hunter, at that time a prisoner in France, Jan. 12. 1708-9 206
XCVII. To the same, March 22. 1708-9 209
XCVIII. Dr Swift to Dr William King, Archbishop of Dublin, Oct. 10. 1710 212
XCIX. The Archbishop to Dr. Swift, Oct. 16. 1710 214

Letter
LXIII. From Mr. Pope and Dr Arbuthnot to Dr Swift. On the ſudden death of Mr Gay 146
LXIV. From Dr Swift. On the ſame ſubject. Of Mr Pope's epiſtles, and particularly that on the uſe of riches 147
LXV. From Mr Pope on Mr. Gay. His care of his memory and writings; concerning the Dean's and his own; and of ſeveral other things 149
LXVI. More of Mr Gay, his papers, and epitaph. Of the fate of his own writings; and the purpoſe of them. Invitation of the Dean to England 152
LXVII. From Dr Swift. Of the paper called *The life and character of Dr Swift*. Of Mr Gay, and the care of his papers. Of a libel againſt Mr Pope. Of the edition of the Dean's works in Ireland, how printed 154
LXVIII. Of the Dean's verſes, called, *A libel on Dr D.* The ſpurious character of him. Lord Bolingbroke's writings. The indolence of great men in years 157
LXIX. From Dr Swift. On Mrs Pope's death. Invitation to Dublin. His own ſituation there, and temper 159
LXX. Anſwer to the former. His temper of mind ſince his mother's death. The union of ſentiments in all his acquaintance 161
LXXI. Concern for his abſence. Of a libel againſt him. Reflections on the behaviour of a worthleſs man 162
LXXII. Melancholy circumſtances of the ſeparation of friends. Impertinence of falſe pretenders to their friendſhip. Publiſhers of ſlight papers. Of the eſſay on man, and of the collection of the Dean's works—Poſtſcript by Lord Bolingbroke concerning his metaphyſical works 164
LXXIII. From Dr Swift. The anſwer. Of his own amuſements, the eſſay on man, and Lord Bolingbroke's writings 167
LXXIV. Of the pleaſures of his converſation. Of Dr Arbuthnot's decay of health. Of the nature of moral and philoſophical writings 168
LXXV. From Dr Swift. On the death of friends 171
LXXVI. From the ſame. On the offence taken at their writings. Of Mr Pope's letters. Character of Dr Rundle, Biſhop of Derry 172
LXXVII. Concerning the Earl of Peterborow, and his death at Liſbon. Charities of Dr Swift 173
LXXVIII. From Dr Swift. Of writing letters. Several of the antients writ them to publiſh. Of his own letters. The care he ſhall take of Mr Pope's, to prevent their being printed 175
LXXIX. From Dr Swift. On the death of friends. What ſort of popularity he has in Ireland. Againſt the general corruption. 176
LXXX. From the ſame. His kindneſs for Mr Pope, and his own infirm condition 177

Letter
LXXXI. Mr Pope to Dr Swift. His plan for the second book of ethic epistles; of the extent and limits of human reason and science; and what retarded the execution of it.—Of Lord Bolingbroke's writings. New invitations to England 179
LXXXII. From Dr Swift. His resolution to preserve Mr Pope's letters, and leave them to his disposal after his death. His desire to be mentioned in the ethic epistles. Of the loss of friends, and decays of age 181
LXXXIII. What sort of letters he now writes, and the contraction of his correspondence. Of the human failings of great geniuses, and the allowance to be made them. His high opinion of Lord Bolingbroke and Dr Swift as writers 182
LXXXIV. From Dr Swift. Of old age, and death of friends. More of the ethic epistles 184
LXXXV. Of the complaints of friends.—One of the best comforts of old age.—Some of his letters copied in Ireland, and printed.—Of Lord Bolingbroke's retirement. Of some new friends, and of what sort they are 186
LXXXVI. The present circumstances of his life and his companions. Wishes that the last part of their days might be passed together 188
LXXXVII. From Dr Swift. Reasons that obstruct his coming to England. Desires to be remembered in Mr Pope's epistles. Many of Mr Pope's letters to him lost, and by what means 190
LXXXVIII. From Dr Swift. Mention again of the chasm in the letters. Objections in Ireland to some passages in Mr Pope's letters published in England. The Dean's own opinion of them 192
LXXXIX. From Dr Swift. Of his declining state of health. His opinion of Mr Pope's dialogue, intitled, *One thousand seven hundred and thirty eight*. The entire collection of his and Mr Pope's letters for twenty years and upwards, found, and in the hands of a lady, a worthy and judicious relation of the Dean's.——*This a mistake; not in hers, but in some other safe hands* 194
XC. Dr Swift to his uncle William Swift, Nov. 29. 1692 197
XCI. The same to his cousin Dean Swift at Lisbon, 1694 198
XCII. The same to the Earl of Oxford, July 1. 1714 199
XCIII. The same to the same, June 14. 1737 201
XCIV. The Earl of Peterborow to Mr Pope, 1732 204
XCV. Dr Swift to the Earl of Peterborow 205
XCVI. Dr Swift to Mr Hunter, at that time a prisoner in France, Jan. 12. 1708-9 206
XCVII. To the same, March 22. 1708-9 209
XCVIII. Dr Swift to Dr William King, Archbishop of Dublin, Oct. 10. 1710 212
XCIX. The Archbishop to Dr. Swift, Oct. 16. 1710 214

Letter
C. Dr Narciſſus Marſh, Lord Primate, and Dr King Archbiſhop, to Dr Swift, Oct. 24. 1710 215
CI. The Archbiſhop of Dublin to Dr Swift, Dec. 16. 1710 216
CII. The Archbiſhop to Dr Swift, Nov. 22. 1716 217
CIII. Dr Swift to the Archbiſhop of Dublin, Dec. 16. 1716 219
CIV. Dr Swift to Dr Sheridan, Dec. 14. 1719 220
CV. To the ſame, Dec. 22. 1722 223
CVI. To the ſame, Aug. 3. 1723 224
CVII. To the ſame, Jan. 25. 1725 226
CVIII. To the ſame, June 28. 1725 227
CIX. To the ſame, June 29. 1725 229
CX. Dr Swift to Lord Carteret, July 3. 1725 231
CXI. To Dr Sheridan, Sep. 11. 1725 233
CXII. To the ſame, Sep. 19. 1725 235
CXIII. To the ſame, Sep. 25. 1725 237
CXIV. An anſwer to Lord Palmerſton's civil polite letter, Jan. 31. 1725-6 238
CXV. To Dr Sheridan, July 8. 1726 241
CXVI. To the ſame, July 27. 1726 243
CXVII. To the ſame, May 13. 1727 244
CXVIII. To the ſame, June 24. 1727 245
CXIX. To the ſame, July 1. 1727 247
CXX. To the ſame, Aug. 12. 1727 249
CXXI. To the ſame, Aug. 29. 1727 251
CXXII. To the ſame, Sept. 2. 1727 252
CXXIII. Mr Pope to Dr Sheridan, Sept. 6. 253
CXXIV. Dr Swift to Mrs Moore, Dec. 7. 1727 255
CXXV. To Dr Sheridan, Aug. 2. 1728 257
CXXVI. To the ſame, Sept. 18. 1728 258
CXXVII. Mr Pope to Dr Sheridan 259
CXXVIII. Dr Swift to Dr Sheridan, March 27. 1733 261
CXXIX. To the ſame, Sept. 12. 1735 263
CXXX. To the ſame, Sept. 30. 1725 264
CXXXI. To the ſame, April 24. 1736 266
CXXXII. To the ſame, May 15. 1736 268
CXXXIII. To the ſame, June 5. 1736 271
CXXXIV. To the ſame, July 10. 1736 272
CXXXV. To the ſame 273
CXXXVI. To the ſame, April 9. 1737 275
CXXXVII. To the ſame, May 22. 1737 278
CXXXVIII. Dr Swift to Mr Pope, in behalf of Mr Deane Swift, April 28. 1739 279
A letter 281
A humorous letter to Dr Sheridan, on a literalia ſcheme of writing 283
A letter to your miſtreſs 285
Another letter in the literalia ſtyle 286
A punning epiſtle on money *ib.*
A letter from a gentleman in the country to his friend in town 287

LETTERS to and from Dr SWIFT.

A CRITICISM on theſe LETTERS.

THIS volume contains Swift's epiſtolary correſpondence. It is an acknowledged obſervation, that no part of an author's writings gives a greater inſight into his natural diſpoſition than his letters, eſpecially when written with freedom and ſincerity. Swift's epiſtles, and the anſwers of his friends, afford materials to form conjectures upon the different characters, not only of the Dean, but of his correſpondents. The reader is probably become acquainted with Dr Swift, from the account of his life in the firſt volume; but the manners and opinions of thoſe perſons with whom he correſponded, are in every reſpect ſo blended with his own, as not to be eaſily ſeparated; and in ſuch a kind of united view, they will mutually reflect light upon each other.

To a young gentleman juſt entering into the world, the ſubject may prove of particular importance; as it may guide him, not only in the choice of his correſpondents, but in his manner of writing to them.

The freedom of the preſs is to be watched and defended with the moſt jealous eye. It is one of the chief articles of that great charter of liberty to which the people of England are intitled. But as no human inſtitution can be perfect, even this branch of liberty has its excreſcences that might be pruned. I mean particularly that licence which of late has too much prevailed, of publiſhing epiſtolary correſpondences. Such a faſhion, for I know not what elſe to call it, is extremely pernicious. At preſent, it ſatisfies the curioſity of the public; but for the future, it will tend to reſtrain that unſuſpicious openneſs, which is the principal delight of writing to our friends. I am ſorry to ſay by experience, that the letters which contain the moſt ſincere, and perhaps haſty obſervations, upon perſons, times, and circumſtances, are often reſerved as treaſures, and hoarded up as miſers hoard gold; like which, they lie concealed in cabinets and ſtrong boxes for ſome time, till chancing to fall into the hands of an extravagant heir, or an unjudicious executor, they are not only brought into light, but diſperſed and expoſed, ſo as to become the property of the whole world. A young man, therefore, when he gives his opinion upon any important ſubject, ſhould conſider it well, before he commit his thoughts to paper. He ſhould expreſs himſelf with diffidence, preſerve a prudent reſtraint over the ſallies of wit and humour, and be cautious in all declarations of friendſhip; as the very common offers of civility are too often explained into undeſigned engagements.

I own I find myſelf under no ſmall difficulty in diſcuſſing Swift's letters. General criticiſms will be attended with obſcurity; and it would be tedious to conſider them in their exact order. I ſhall endeavour therefore to take a review only of what ſeems to deſerve the reader's attention. The correſpondence between Dr Swift and Mr Pope had commenced in a very early part of Mr Pope's life, and was carried on, with ſcarce any interruption, from the death of Q. Anne. If we may judge of Mr Pope from his works, his chief aim

aim was to be eſteemed a man of virtue. His letters are written in that ſtyle. His laſt volumes are all of the moral kind. He has avoided trifles, and conſequently has eſcaped a rock which has proved very injurious to Swift's reputation. He had given his imagination full ſcope, and yet has preſerved a perpetual guard upon his conduct. The conſtitution of his body and mind might early incline him to habits of caution and reſerve. The treatment which he met afterwards from an innumerable tribe of adverſaries, confirmed thoſe habits, and made him ſlower than the Dean in pronouncing his judgement upon perſons and things. His proſe writings are little leſs harmonious than his verſe: and his voice in common converſation was ſo naturally muſical, that I remember honeſt Tom Southerne uſed always to call him *the little nightingale*. His manners were delicate, eaſy, and engaging, and he treated his friends with a politeneſs that charmed, and a generoſity that was much to his honour. Every gueſt was made happy within his doors. Pleaſure dwelt under his roof, and elegance preſided at his table. Dr Swift was of a different diſpoſition. To his domeſtics he was paſſionate and churliſh; to his equals and ſuperiors rather an entertaining than deſirable companion. He told a ſtory in admirable manner: his ſentences were ſhort and perſpicuous, his obſervations were piercing. He had ſeen the great world, and had profited much by his experience. He had not the leaſt tincture of vanity in his converſation. He was perhaps, as he ſaid himſelf, too proud to be vain. When he was polite, it was in a manner entirely his own. In his friendſhips he was conſtant and undiſguiſed. He was the ſame in his enmities. He generally ſpoke as he thought in all companies, and at all times. I remember to have heard, that he dined once at a Lord Mayor's feaſt in Dublin, and was attacked and teaſed by an opulent, boiſterous, and half intoxicated 'ſquire, who happened to ſit next him: he bore the awkward raillery for ſome time, and then on a ſudden called out in a loud voice to the Mayor, 'My Lord, here is one of your bears at my ſhoulder; he has 'been worrying me this half hour; I deſire you will order him to 'be taken off.' In theſe laſt particulars he differed widely from his friend Pope, who could ſtifle reſentment, and wait with patience till a more diſtant, and perhaps a more ſeaſonable hour of revenge. But notwithſtanding the diſſimilitude of minds and manners, which was apparent between theſe two great men, yet the ſame ſort of friendſhip ſeems to have ſubſiſted between them as between Virgil and Horace. The mutual affection of the two Engliſh poets appears throughout their works. And therefore in this place I cannot avoid taking notice of a report very induſtriouſly ſpread, and not without ſome degree of ſucceſs, 'That the friendſhip between 'Pope and Swift was not ſo firm and perfect at the latter end, as 'at the beginning of their lives.' On Dr Swift's ſide, I am certain, it ever remained unalterable: nor did it appear leſs fervent on the ſide of Mr Pope. Their letters are the beſt evidence to determine the doubt. In one of Swift's lateſt letters to me, not long before he was loſt to all human comforts, he ſays, 'When you ſee my

'dear

'dear friend Pope, tell him, I will anſwer his letter ſoon; I love 'him above all the reſt of mankind.' In my long correſpondence with Mr Pope, I ſcarce received the leaſt billet from him, without the kindeſt mention of Dr Swift, and the tendereſt anxiety for his ſtate of health. Judge by the following paragraphs.—July 12. 1737. 'My Lord, the pleaſure you gave me in acquainting me of the 'Dean's better health, is one ſo truly great, as might content even 'your own humanity: and whatever my ſincere opinion and re-'ſpect of your Lordſhip prompts me to wiſh from your hands for 'myſelf, your love for him makes me as happy. Would to God 'my weight added to yours, could turn his inclinations to this ſide, 'that I might live to enjoy him here thro' your means, and flatter 'myſelf it was partly thro' my own! But this, I fear, will never 'be the caſe; and I think it more probable, his attraction will 'draw me on the other ſide, which, I proteſt, nothing leſs than a 'probability of dying at ſea, conſidering the weak frame of my 'breaſt, would have hindered me from, two years paſt. In ſhort, 'whenever I think of him, it is with the vexation of all impotent 'paſſions, that carry us out of ourſelves, only to ſpoil our quiet, 'and make us return to a reſignation, which is the moſt melancho-'ly of all virtues.'—April 2. 1738. 'I write by the ſame poſt that 'I received your very obliging and humane letter. The conſide-'ration you ſhew towards me, in the juſt apprehenſion that any 'news of the Dean's condition might alarm me, is moſt kind and 'generous. The very laſt poſt I writ to him a long letter, little 'ſuſpecting him in that dangerous circumſtance. I was ſo far 'from fearing his health, that I was propoſing ſchemes, and 'hoping poſſibilities for our meeting once more in this world. I 'am weary of it; and ſhall have one reaſon more, and one of the 'ſtrongeſt that nature can give me (even when ſhe is ſhaking my 'weak frame to pieces), to be willing to leave this world, when 'our dear friend is on the edge of the other. Yet I hope, I would. 'fain hope, he may yet hover a while on the brink of it, to pre-'ſerve to this wretched age a relict and example of the laſt.'—— Twitnam, Nov. 7. 'When you get to Dublin (whither I direct 'this, ſuppoſing you will ſee our dear friend as ſoon as poſſible), 'pray put the Dean in mind of me, and tell him I hope he recei-'ved my laſt. Tell him how dearly I love, and how greatly I 'honour him; how greatly I reflect on every teſtimony of his 'friendſhip; how much I reſolve to give the beſt I can of my e-'ſteem for him to poſterity; and aſſure him, the world has nothing 'in it I admire ſo much, nothing the loſs of which I ſhould re-'gret ſo much, as his genius and his virtues.'

My excuſe, for I ſtand in need of none, by having inſerted theſe ſcraps of letters, is my real deſire of convincing the reader, that the affection of Swift and Pope ſubſiſted as entire and uninterrupted as their friends could wiſh, or their enemies regret. It muſt be owned, that we as ſeldom ſee a mutual attachment between poets, as between ſtateſmen. 'True friendſhip,' as Tully obſerves, 'pro-'ceeds from a reciprocal eſteem, and a virtuous reſemblance of 'manners.' When ſuch is the baſis, the variety in certain tenets and

and opinions is of no ill conſequence to the union; and will ſcarce ever unlooſe the ſocial ties of love, veneration, and eſteem. Thus the friendſhip between Atticus and Hortenſius, altho' they were of different ſects, one a Stoic, and the other an Epicurean, ſubſiſted, like Mr Pope's and Dr Swift's, firm and conſtant to the laſt; when that of Antony, Lepidus, and Auguſtus, continued no longer than while it was ſubſervient to their views of intereſts. Catiline ſays, *Idem velle, ac idem nolle, ea demum amicitia eſt.* This often attends a vitious conſpiracy: and perhaps an agreement ſo perfectly mutual, is ſcarce to be met with in any other inſtance.

As I have often reverted in my mind certain particulars relating to my two poetical friends, I have always thought, that the circumſtance of their purſuing different roads in poetry, and living in different kingdoms, was probably one of the happieſt incidents in their lives. Such a ſeparation prevented all perſonal diſſenſions, and fixed them in a correſpondence, that conſtantly tended to eſtabliſh their endearments; when, perhaps, a reſidence near each other might have had a very contrary effect. It is much eaſier to rectify any miſtake, or to cool any animoſity that may have ariſen, in a letter, than to recal a paſſionate verbal anſwer, eſpecially if uttered with all the actions and vehemence of anger. The impreſſion of ſuch a ſcene remains long upon the mind of the perſon offended, and the old adage is tranſpoſed, *Vox audita manet, litera ſcripta perit.* Few men can ſubmit to contradiction. Swift was certainly not of the number; and therefore I am perſuaded, that his diſtance from his Engliſh friends proved a ſtrong incitement to their mutual affection. But I muſt again repeat, that, throughout the long ſeries of letters which have been publiſhed, not the leaſt altercations appear to have happened between Swift and Pope.

In all Swift's writings, you will find his own peculiar vein of humour. The ſame liberty of expreſſion would have been improper and abſurd in any other writer, but it produced the conſequences which he deſired. His ſeeming arrogance gained him more favour, than the humility and affected benevolence of others. His raillery and freedom of cenſure, are conveyed in a manner more prevalent, and perhaps often more agreeable, than flattery. He ſeldom praiſed, but where merit was conſpicuous. A ſingle ſtroke of his pen pleaſed more, and gave more honour, than a long flattering dedication from any other author. His ſtyle was maſterly, correct, and ſtrong; never diffuſive, yet always clear.

Lord Bacon is the firſt author who has attempted any ſtyle that can be reliſhable to the preſent age; for I muſt own, that I think Swift, and his cotemporaries, have brought our language to the utmoſt degree of perfection, without the help of a Longinus, a Quintilian, or even of a dictionary, or a grammar. Lord Bacon has written with an infinite fund of knowledge: every ſcience that he treats upon, is diſcuſſed by him with the greateſt learning and dignity; and he ſhews himſelf at once a philoſopher, an hiſtorian, a politician, and a divine: but his dialect (for that demands our preſent attention)

attention) is quibbling and pedantic; and never more ſo than when he condeſcends to flatter his royal maſter, and the minions of that court.

Conſider the proſaical works of Milton, you will find them more nervous than elegant; more diſtinguiſhed by the ſtrength of reaſon, than by the rules of rhetoric; his diction is harſh, his periods tedious; and when he becomes a proſe-writer, the majeſty that attends his poetry vaniſhes, and is intirely loſt. Yet, with all his faults, and excluſive of his character as a poet, he muſt ever remain the only learned author of that taſteleſs age in which he flouriſhed: and it is probable, that his great attention to the Latin language might have rendered him leſs correct, than he otherwiſe would have been, in his native tongue.

Harrington has his admirers; he may poſſibly have his merits, but they flow not in his ſtyle. A later writer, of the ſame republican principles, has far excelled him; I mean Algernon Sydney, whoſe diſcourſes concerning government are admirably written, and contain great hiſtorical knowledge, and a remarkable propriety of diction; ſo that his name, in my opinion, ought to be much higher eſtabliſhed in the temple of literature, than I have hitherto found it placed.

Lord Clarendon is an hiſtorian whoſe dignity of expreſſion has juſtly given him the preference to any of our biographical authors. But his periods are the periods of a mile. His parentheſes embarraſs the ſenſe of his narration, and certain inaccuracies appearing throughout his works, are delivered with a formality that renders them ſtill more conſpicuous.

Among our Engliſh writers, few men have gained a greater character for elegance and correctneſs, than Sprat, Biſhop of Rocheſter, and few men have deſerved it leſs. When I have read his works, I have always wondered from whence ſuch a piece of good fortune might have ariſen; and could only attribute it to Mr Cowley, who, in a very delicate copy of verſes, has celebrated his friend Dr Sprat for eloquence, wit, and a certain candid ſtyle, which the poet compares to the river Thames gliding with an even current, and diſplaying the moſt beautiful appearances of nature. Poets and painters have their favourites, whom they tranſmit to poſterity in what colours and attitudes they pleaſe. But I am miſtaken, if, upon a review of Sprat's works, his language will not ſooner give an idea of one of the inſignificant tottering boats upon the Thames, than of the ſmooth noble current of the river itſelf.

Sir William Temple is an eaſy, careleſs, incorrect writer, elegantly negligent, politely learned, and engagingly familiar.

Thus I have curſorily mentioned ſome of the brighteſt ſons of fame among our Engliſh authors, only to point out the preference due to Dr Swift. But he is not intitled alone to the olive garland: he has his coadjutors in the victory. The triumvirate, to whom we owe an elegance and propriety unknown to our foreſathers, are SWIFT, ADDISON, and BOLINGBROKE. At the ſight of ſuch names, no diſpute can ariſe in preferring the Engliſh

moderns to the Engliſh antients. The preſent century, and indeed all future generations, may be congratulated upon the acquiſition of three ſuch men.

But to return more cloſely to Swift: he has perfectly ſtudied the drama of human life, and particularly the tendency and irregularities of its different characters. He has choſen to recommend virtue, by repreſenting vice in a diſagreeable and ridiculous light. As his temper was naturally full of acrimony, a certain innate ſeverity runs throughout all his letters. In the advice which he offers to his friends, and in the general account which he gives of his own conduct, he is too cloſe an œconomiſt. This parſimony proceeded from a deſire of being an independent; and ſince that was the cauſe, he will be forgiven, or at leaſt excuſed by all honeſt men.

Mr Pope had different talents from his friend Swift. His imagination was fine and delicate; his fancy was ever on the wing. In his earlier time of life, his way of thinking was diffuſive, and conſequently his judgment was unconfined. As that judgment ripened with years, he ſhewed the full ſtrength of it in his *Ethic epiſtles*, and his *Eſſay on man*. There the poet has almoſt yielded to the philoſopher; and his moral ſyſtem has charmed more by the force of truth and reaſon, than even by the numbers with which he adorned it.

To declare my opinion of the whole collection of letters in this volume, I own it has not anſwered my expectation. The index at the beginning will make one hope for great treaſures, from the illuſtrious names that are there inſerted: but he will ſcarce find any remarkable inſtructions of morality, or even the common reaſonings and refinements that might naturally ariſe from ſo high a claſs of men, in the ordinary current of their thoughts. What is more ſurpriſing, he will ſeldom diſcover any keen ſtrokes of ſatire, or any inſtantaneous ſallies of vivacity. I have often heard Swift ſay, 'When I ſit down to write a letter, I never lean upon 'my elbow, till I have finiſhed it.' By which expreſſion he meant, that he never ſtudied for particular phraſes, or poliſhed paragraphs. His letters therefore are the truer repreſentations of his mind. They are written in the warmth of his affections; and when they are conſidered in the light of kindneſs and ſincerity, they illuſtrate his character to a very high degree. Throughout his various correſpondence you will diſcover very ſtrong marks of an anxious, benevolent friend: and, to my great pleaſure, I find the miſanthrope often loſt in the good-natured man. Read his letters to Mr Gay, and you will be of my ſentiment; read alſo thoſe to Dr Sheridan, and you will be farther confirmed in that opinion. We may compound therefore to loſe ſatire and raillery, when we gain humanity and tenderneſs in their ſtead. Yet, even in ſome of his higheſt ſcenes of benevolence, his expreſſions are delivered in ſuch a manner, as to ſeem rather the effects of haughtineſs than of good-nature. But you muſt never look upon him as a traveller in the common road. He muſt be viewed thro' a *camera obſcura*, that

that turns all objects the contrary way. When he appears moſt angry, he is moſt pleaſed; when moſt humble, he is moſt aſſuming. Such was the man, and in ſuch variegated colours muſt he be painted.

The letters from Lord Bolingbroke are written with an elegance and politeneſs that diſtinguiſh them from all the reſt. We ſee they were not intended for the preſs; but how valuable are the moſt careleſs ſtrokes of ſuch a pen?

Gay's letters have nothing in them ſtriking or recommendatory. His ſentiments are thoſe of an honeſt, indolent, good-natured man. He loved Swift to a degree of veneration: and the friendſhip was returned with great ſincerity. Swift writes to him in the ſame ſtrain as he would have written to a ſon; and ſeems to diſtinguiſh him as the correſpondent to whom he had not the leaſt grain of reſerve. In the ſeveral accounts which he gives of his ſituation at Dublin, and the idle manner of his paſſing his time there, he writes ſometimes in an ironical, ſometimes in a contrary ſtyle.

I ſhould have been much pleaſed, in finding ſome of Dr Arbuthnot's letters among this collection. Altho' he was juſtly celebrated for wit and learning, there was an excellence in his character more amiable than all his other qualifications: I mean the excellence of his heart. He has ſhewed himſelf equal to any of his contemporaries in humour and vivacity; and he was ſuperior to moſt men in acts of humanity and benevolence: his very ſarcaſms are the ſatirical ſtrokes of good-nature: they are like ſlaps of the face given in jeſt, the effects of which may raiſe bluſhes, but no blackneſs will appear after the blows. He laughs as jovially as an attendant upon Bacchus, but continues as ſober and conſiderate as a diſciple of Socrates. He is ſeldom ſerious, except in his attacks upon vice; and then his ſpirit riſes with a manly ſtrength, and a noble indignation. His epitaph upon charters (allowing one ſmall alteration, the word *permitted* inſtead of *connived at*) is a complete and a maſterly compoſition in its kind *. No man exceeded him in the moral duties of life: a merit ſtill more to his honour, as the ambitious powers of wit and genius are ſeldom ſubmiſſive enough to confine themſelves within the limitations of morality. In his letter to Mr. Pope †, written as it were upon his death bed, he diſcovers ſuch a noble fortitude of mind at the approach of his diſſolution, as could only be inſpired by a clear conſcience, and the calm retroſpect of an uninterrupted ſeries of virtue. The Dean laments the loſs of him with a pathetic ſincerity. 'The death of 'Mr Gay and the Doctor [Arbuthnot] hath been terrible wounds 'near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to 'me, altho' I ſhould never have ſeen them; like a ſum of money 'in a bank, from which I ſhould receive at leaſt annual intereſt, 'as I do from you, and have done from Lord Bolingbroke ‡.' I have choſen this laſt quotation, not more in honour of Swift's tenderneſs

* *See this epitaph in vol. vi.*

† *See Pope's works, vol. viii. let* 47.

‡ *See Swift's letter to Pope, May* 12. 1735.

tenderneſs and affection to thoſe whom he eſteemed, than with a deſign of ſpecifying to you as fine a groupe of friends, [Bolingbroke, Swift, Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay], as have appeared ſince the Auguſtan age. As their letters were not intended for the public, perhaps I was unreaſonable in looking for medals, and not being contented with the common current ſpecies. In our prejudices of favour or averſion we are apt to be deceived by names: nor can it be doubted, that ſuch writers might have furniſhed us with familiar letters, very different from thoſe which have been collected in this volume. They are filled indeed (eſpecially in the correſpondence between Swift and Pope) with the ſtrongeſt expreſſions of mutual eſteem; but thoſe expreſſions are repeated too often. When friendſhip has ſubſiſted ſo long, that time cannot increaſe, nor words improve it, the commerce of affection between friends ought to be carried on in a ſtyle that neither ſinks below politeneſs, nor riſes into forced compliments. I cannot avoid obſerving the epiſtolary conciſeneſs that was in faſhion among the antients, eſpecially their concluſive ſentences, *Vale*; or again, *Si valeas, bene eſt*; *valeo*: which I own ſeems preferable to our method of loading every letter with compliments, not only to wives and children, but to uncles, aunts, and couſins: and, of conſequence, every relation that is not particularly named, is particularly affronted. It will appear too minute a criticiſm to affirm, that the Engliſh language is not well adapted for epiſtolary writings. Be that as it may, it is certainly inferior to the French; which engages, and perhaps improves us by a ſucceſſive flow of phraſes that are peculiar to that nation. Madame de Sevigne has filled four volumes of letters, all addreſſed to her daughter: they contain nothing, except different ſcenes of maternal fondneſs; yet, like a claſſic, the oftener they are read, the more they are reliſhed. Monſieur de Peliſſon has publiſhed three volumes of letters, which he calls *Lettres hiſtoriques*, which are little elſe than materials for a Gazette. They inform us at what time the *Grand Monarque* aroſe, when he went to bed, at what hour he dined, and what he ſaid while he was at ſupper: yet all theſe trifles are told in ſo agreeable a manner, and appear ſo natural and eaſy, that I can ſcarce think the ſkill of Ovid greater, who, in his *Faſti*, has turned the Roman calendar into elegant poetry, and has verſified a ſet of old almanacks. I need not mention Voiture, or Balzac, and perhaps it was wrong to turn aſide into the Roman and the French territories, when I ought to have confined myſelf to the Britiſh iſlands. But I love to wander about with you, and, in writing as in walking, to peep into every corner that may afford us entertainment. *Orrery.*

LETTERS

LETTERS to and from Dr SWIFT.

From the year 1713 to 1737.

LETTER I.

Mr POPE *to Dr* SWIFT*.

SIR, *Binfield, Dec.* 8. 1713.

NOT to trouble you at preſent with a recital of all my obligations to you, I ſhall only mention two things, which I take particularly kind of you: your deſire that I ſhould write to you; and your propoſal of giving me twenty guineas to change my religion; which laſt you muſt give me leave to make the ſubject of this letter.

SURE, no clergyman ever offered ſo much out of his own purſe for the ſake of any religion. 'Tis almoſt as many pieces of gold, as an apoſtle could get of ſilver from the prieſts of old, on a much more valuable conſideration. I believe it will be better worth my while to propoſe a change of my faith by ſubſcription, than a tranſlation of Homer. And to convince you how well diſpoſed I am to the reformation, I ſhall be content, if you can prevail with my Lord Treaſurer and the miniſtry to riſe to the ſame ſum, each of them, on this pious account, as my Lord Halifax has done on the profane one. I am afraid there's no being at once a poet and a good Chriſtian; and I am very much ſtraitened between two, while the Whigs ſeem willing to contribute as much to continue me the one, as you would, to make me

* This letter was wrote by Mr Pope in anſwer to one from Dr Swift, wherein he had jocoſely made an offer to his friend of a ſum of money, *ex cauſâ religionis*, or, in plain Engliſh, to induce Mr Pope to change his religion. *Orrery.*—It was never inſerted in any former edition of Swift's works.

me the other. But if you can move every man in the government, who has above ten thouſand pounds a year, to ſubſcribe as much as yourſelf, I ſhall become a convert, as moſt men do, when the Lord turns it to my intereſt. I know they have the truth of religion ſo much at heart, that they'd certainly give more to have one good ſubject tranſlated from Popery to the church of England, than twenty heatheniſh authors out of any unknown tongue into ours. I therefore commiſſion you, Mr DEAN, with full authority, to tranſact this affair in my name, and to propoſe as follows. Firſt, That as to the head of our church, the Pope, I may engage to renounce his power, whenſoever I ſhall receive any particular indulgences from the head of your church, the Queen.

As to communion in one kind, I ſhall alſo promiſe to change it for communion in both, as ſoon as the miniſtry will allow me.

FOR invocations to ſaints, mine ſhall be turned to dedications to ſinners, when I ſhall find the great ones of this world as willing to do me any good, as I believe thoſe of the other are.

YOU ſee I ſhall not be obſtinate in the main points. But there is one article I muſt reſerve, and which you ſeemed not unwilling to allow me, prayer for the dead. There are people to whoſe ſouls I wiſh as well as to my own; and I muſt crave leave humbly to lay before them, that tho' the ſubſcriptions above mentioned will ſuffice for myſelf, there are neceſſary perquiſites and additions, which I muſt demand on the ſcore of this charitable article. It is alſo to be conſidered, that the greater part of thoſe whoſe ſouls I am moſt concerned for, were unfortunately heretics, ſchiſmatics, poets, painters, or perſons of ſuch lives and manners, as few or no churches are willing to ſave. The expence will therefore be the greater to make an effectual proviſion for the ſaid ſouls.

OLD Dryden, tho' a Roman Catholic, was a poet; and it is revealed in the viſions of ſome antient ſaints, that no poet was ever ſaved under ſome hundred of maſſes. I cannot ſet his delivery from purgatory at leſs than fifty pounds Sterling.

WALSH

WALSH was not only a Socinian, but (what you'll own is harder to be ſaved) a Whig. He cannot modeſtly be rated at leſs than an hundred.

L'ESTRANGE being a Tory, we compute him but at twenty pounds; which I hope no friend of the party can deny to give, to keep him from damning in the next life, conſidering they never gave him ſixpence to keep him from ſtarving in this.

ALL this together amounts to one hundred and ſeventy pounds.

IN the next place, I muſt deſire you to repreſent, that there are ſeveral of my friends yet living, whom I deſign, God willing, to outlive, in conſideration of legacies; out of which it is a doctrine in the reformed church, that not a farthing ſhall be allowed to ſave their ſouls who gave them.

THERE is one ******* who will die within theſe few months, with ******* one Mr Jervas who hath grievouſly offended in making the likeneſs of almoſt all things in heaven above and earth below; and one Mr Gay, an unhappy youth, who writes paſtorals during the time of divine ſervice; whoſe caſe is the more deplorable, as he hath miſerably laviſhed away all that ſilver he ſhould have reſerved for his ſoul's health, in buttons and loops for his coat.

I cannot pretend to have theſe people honeſtly ſaved under ſome hundred pounds, whether you conſider the difficulty of ſuch a work, or the extreme love and tenderneſs I bear them, which will infallibly make me puſh this charity as far as I am able. There is but one more whoſe ſalvation I inſiſt upon, and then I have done: but indeed it may prove of ſo much greater charge than all the reſt, that I will only lay the caſe before you and the miniſtry, and leave to their prudence and generoſity, what ſum they ſhall think fit to beſtow upon it.

THE perſon I mean, is Dr Swift, a dignified clergyman, but one, who, by his own confeſſion, has compoſed more libels than ſermons. If it be true, what I have heard often affirmed by innocent people, That too much wit is dangerous to ſalvation, this unfortunate gentleman muſt certainly be damned to all eternity. But I hope his long experience in the world, and frequent

quent converſation with great men, will cauſe him (as it has ſome others) to have leſs and leſs wit every day. Be it as it will, I ſhould not think my own ſoul deſerved to be ſaved, if I did not endeavour to ſave his; for I have all the obligations in nature to him. He has brought me into better company than I cared for, made me merrier when I was ſick than I had a mind to be, and put me upon making poems, on purpoſe that he might alter them, &c.

I once thought I could never have diſcharged my debt to his kindneſs; but have lately been informed, to my unſpeakable comfort, that I have more than paid it all. For Monſ. de Montagne has aſſured me, "that the per-"ſon who receives a benefit obliges the giver:" for ſince the chief endeavour of one friend is to do good to the other, he who adminiſters both the matter and occaſion, is the man who is liberal. At this rate it is impoſſible Dr. Swift ſhould be ever out of my debt, as matters ſtand already: and for the future, he may expect daily more obligations from

His moſt faithful, affectionate,

humble ſervant,

A. POPE.

I have finiſhed the *Rape of the Lock*; but I believe I may ſtay here till Chriſtmas, without hindrance of buſineſs.

LETTER II.

Mr POPE *to Dr* SWIFT.

June 18. 1714.

WHATEVER apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I ſhall uſe none now, to a man who has owned himſelf as ſplenetic as a cat in the country. In that circumſtance, I know by experience a letter is a very uſeful, as well as amuſing thing. If you are too buſied in ſtate-affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures; either doubling it into a pyramidical, or twiſting

twiſting it into a ſerpentine form; or, if your diſpoſition ſhould not be ſo mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of ſtudious minds are apt to ſit longer than ordinary; where, after an abrupt diviſion of the paper, it may not be unpleaſant to try to ſit and rejoin the broken lines together. All theſe amuſements I am no ſtranger to in the country; and doubt not but, by this time, you begin to reliſh them in your preſent contemplative ſituation.

I remember a man who was thought to have ſome knowledge in the world, uſed to affirm, that no people in town ever complained they were forgotten by their friends in the country. But my increaſing experience convinces me he was miſtaken; for I find a great many here grievouſly complaining of you upon this ſcore. I am told further, that you treat the few you correſpond with in a very arrogant ſtyle; and tell them, you admire at their inſolence in diſturbing your meditations, or even inquiring of your retreat *: but this I will not poſitively aſſert, becauſe I never received any ſuch inſulting epiſtle from you. My Lord Oxford ſays, you have not written to him once ſince you went. But this perhaps may be only policy in him or you; and I, who am half a Whig, muſt not intirely credit any thing he affirms. At Button's it is reported you are gone to Hanover, and that Gay goes only on an embaſſy to you. Others apprehend ſome dangerous ſtate-treatiſe from your retirement; and a wit who affects to imitate Balſac, ſays, that the miniſtry now are like thoſe heathens of old who received their oracles from the woods. The gentlemen of the Roman Catholic perſuaſion are not unwilling to credit me, when I whiſper, that you are gone to meet ſome Jeſuits commiſſioned from the court of Rome, in order to ſettle the moſt convenient methods to be taken for the coming of the Pretender. Dr Arbuthnot is ſingular in his opinion, and imagines your only deſign is to attend at full leiſure to the life and adventures of

* Some time before the death of Queen Anne, when her miniſters were quarrelling, and the Dean could not reconcile them, he retired to a friend's houſe in Berkſhire, and never ſaw them after. SCOTT.

Scriblerus *. This indeed must be granted of greater importance than all the rest; and I wish I could promise so well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work, and I shall translate Homer by the by. Mr Gay has acquainted you what progress I have made in it. I can't name Mr Gay, without all the acknowledgments which I shall ever owe you on his account. If I writ this in verse, I would tell you, you are like the sun; and while men imagine you to be retired or absent, are hourly exerting your indulgence, and bringing things to maturity for their advantage. Of all the world, you are the man (without flattery) who serve your friends with the least ostentation; it is almost ingratitude to thank you, considering your temper; and this is the period of all my letter which I fear you will think the most impertinent. I am, with the truest affection,

Yours, &c.

LETTER III.

From Dr SWIFT *to Mr* POPE.

Dublin, June 28. 1715.

MY Lord Bishop of Clogher † gave me your kind letter, full of reproaches for my not writing. I am naturally no very exact correspondent; and when I leave a country without probability of returning, I think as seldom as I can of what I loved or esteemed in it, to avoid the *desiderium* which of all things makes life most uneasy. But you must give me leave to add one

* This project (in which the principal persons engaged were Dr Arbuthnot, Dr Swift, and Mr Pope) was, to write a complete satire in prose upon the abuses in every branch of science, comprised in the history of the life and writings of Scriblerus. Of which only some detached parts and fragments were done, such as, the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, the *Travels of Gulliver*, the *Treatise of the profound*, the literal *criticisms on Virgil*, &c. *Warb.*

† Dr St George Ash, formerly a fellow of Trinity college, *Dublin* (to whom the Dean was a pupil) afterwards bishop of *Clogher, and* translated to the see of Derry in 1716-17. *Swift.*

one thing; that you talk at your eaſe, being wholly unconcerned in public events; for if your friends the Whigs continue, you may hope for ſome favour; if the Tories return, you are at leaſt ſure of quiet. You know how well I loved both Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke, and how dear the Duke of Ormond is to me. Do you imagine I can be eaſy while their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads? *I nunc, et verſus tecum meditare canoros.*—Do you imagine I can be eaſy, when I think of the probable conſequences of theſe proceedings, perhaps upon the very peace of the nation, but certainly of the minds of ſo many hundred thouſand good ſubjects? Upon the whole, you may truly attribute my ſilence to the eclipſe, but it was that eclipſe which happened on the 1ſt of Auguſt.

I borrowed your Homer from the Biſhop (mine is not yet landed), and read it out in two evenings. If it pleaſeth others as well as me, you have got your end in profit and reputation. Yet I am angry at ſome bad rhymes and triplets; and pray in your next do not let me have ſo many unjuſtifiable rhymes to *war* and *gods*. I tell you all the faults I know; only in one or two places you are a little obſcure; but I expected you to be ſo in one or two and twenty. I have heard no ſoul talk of it here, for indeed it is not come over; nor do we very much abound in judges, at leaſt I have not the honour to be acquainted with them. Your notes are perfectly good, and ſo are your preface and eſſay. You were pretty bold in mentioning Lord Bolingbroke in that preface. I ſaw the key to the Lock but yeſterday: I think you have changed it a good deal, to adapt it to the preſent times *.

God be thanked, I have yet no parliamentary buſineſs; and if they have none with me, I ſhall never ſeek their acquaintance. I have not been very fond of them for ſome years paſt, not when I thought them tolerably good; and therefore, if I can get leave to be abſent, I

* Put theſe two laſt obſervations together, and it will appear, that Mr Pope was neither wanting to his friends for fear of party, nor would inſult a miniſtry to humour his friends. He ſaid of himſelf, and I believe he ſaid truly, that *he never wrote a line to gratify the animoſity of any one* party at the expence of another. Words

ſhall be much inclined to be on that ſide, when there is a parliament on this. But truly I muſt be a little eaſy in my mind before I can think of Scriblerus.

You are to underſtand, that I live in the corner of a vaſt unfurniſhed houſe. My family conſiſts of a ſteward, a groom, a helper in the ſtable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board-wages; and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment, (which laſt is very rare) I eat a mutton-pye, and drink half a pint of wine. My amuſements are, defending my ſmall dominions againſt the Archbiſhop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious choir. *Perditur hæc inter miſero lux.* I deſire you will preſent my humble ſervice to Mr Addiſon, Mr Congreve, and Mr Rowe, and Gay. I am, and will be always, extremely

Yours, &c.

LETTER IV.

Mr POPE *to Dr* SWIFT.

June 20. 1716.

I Cannot ſuffer a friend to croſs the Iriſh ſeas, without bearing a teſtimony from me of the conſtant eſteem and affection I am both obliged and inclined to have for you. It is better he ſhould tell you than I, how often you are in our thoughts, and in our cups, and how I learn to ſleep leſs *, and drink more, whenever you are named among us. I look upon a friend in Ireland, as upon a friend in the other world, whom (Popiſhly ſpeaking) I believe conſtantly well diſpoſed towards me, and ready to do me all the good he can, in that ſtate of ſeparation, tho' I hear nothing from him, and make addreſſes to him but very rarely. A Proteſtant divine cannot take it amiſs, that I treat him in the ſame manner with my patron ſaint.

I can tell you no news, but what you will not ſufficiently wonder at, that I ſuffer many things, as an author militant; whereof, in your days of probation, you have been a ſharer, or you had not arrived to that triumphant

* *Alluding* to his conſtant cuſtom of ſleeping after dinner. *Warb.*

umphant ſtate you now deſervedly enjoy in the church. As for me, I have not the leaſt hopes of the cardinalet, tho' I ſuffer for my religion in almoſt every weekly paper. I have begun to take a pique at the pſalms of David, if the wicked may be credited, who have printed a ſcandalous one in my name*. This report I dare not diſcourage too much, in a proſpect I have at preſent of a poſt under the Marquis de Langallerie†; wherein if I can but do ſome ſignal ſervice againſt the Pope, I may be conſiderably advanced by the Turks, the only religious people I dare confide in. If it ſhould happen hereafter, that I ſhould write for the holy law of Mahomet, I hope it may make no breach between you and me. Every one muſt live, and I beg you will not be the man to manage the controverſy againſt me. The church of Rome I judge (from many modern ſymptoms, as well as ancient prophecies) to be in a declining condition; that of England will in a ſhort time be ſcarce able to maintain her own family: ſo churches ſink as generally as banks in Europe, and for the ſame reaſon; that religion and trade, which at firſt were open and free, have been reduced into the management of companies, and the roguery of directors.

I don't know why I tell you all this, but that I always loved to talk to you; but this is not a time for any man to talk to the purpoſe. Truth is a kind of contraband commodity, which I would not venture to export; and therefore the only thing tending that dangerous way which I ſhall ſay, is, that I am, and always will be, with the utmoſt ſincerity,

Yours, &c.

LETTER V.

From Dr SWIFT *to Mr* POPE.

Aug. 30. 1716.

I Had the favour of yours by Mr F--; of whom, before any other queſtion relating to your health or fortune,

* In Curl's collection.

† One who made a noiſe then, as Count Bonneval has done ſince.

or ſucceſs as a poet, I inquired your principles in the common form, "Is he a Whig or Tory?" I am ſorry to find they are not ſo well tallied to the preſent juncture as I could wiſh. I always thought the terms of *facto* and *jure* had been introduced by the poets, and that poſſeſſion of any ſort in kings was held an unexceptionable title in the courts of Parnaſſus. If you do not grow a perfect good ſubject in all its preſent latitudes, I ſhall conclude you are become rich, and able to live without dedications to men in power; whereby one great inconvenience will follow, that you, and the world, and poſterity, will be utterly ignorant of their virtues. For either your brethren have miſerably deceived us theſe hundred years paſt, or power confers virtue, as naturally as five of your Popiſh ſacraments do grace. ——You ſleep leſs, and drink more;——but your maſter Horace was *vini ſomnique benignus:* and, as I take it, both are proper for your trade. As to mine, there are a thouſand poetical texts to confirm the one; and as to the other, I know it was anciently the cuſtom to ſleep in temples, for thoſe who would conſult the oracles, "Who dictates "to me ſlumbering *," &c.

You are an ill Catholic, or a worſe geographer; for I can aſſure you, Ireland is not Paradiſe; and I appeal even to any Spaniſh divine, whether addreſſes were ever made to a friend in hell, or purgatory? And who are all theſe enemies you hint at? I can only think of Curl, Gildon, 'Squire Burnet, Blackmore, and a few others whoſe fame I have forgot. Tools, in my opinion, are as neceſſary for a good writer, as pen, ink, and paper. And beſides, I would fain know, whether every drapier doth not ſhew you three or four damn'd pieces of ſtuff to ſet off his good one? However, I will grant, that one thorough bookſelling rogue is better qualified to vex an author, than all his contemporary ſcribblers in critic or ſatire, not only by ſtolen copies of what was incorrect, or unfit for the public, but by downright laying other mens dulneſs at your door. I had a long deſign upon the ears of that Curl, when I was in credit; but the rogue would never allow me a fair ſtroke at them, altho' my penknife

* Milton.

penknife was ready drawn and sharp. I can hardly believe the relation of his being poisoned, altho' the historian pretends to have been an eye-witness: but I beg pardon, sack might do it, altho' ratsbane would not. I never saw the thing you mention as falsely imputed to you; but I think the frolics of merry hours, even when we are guilty, should not be left to the mercy of our best friends, until Curl and his resemblers are hanged.

WITH submission to the better judgment of you and your friends, I take your project of an employment under the Turks to be idle and unnecessary. Have a little patience, and you will find more merit and encouragement at home by the same methods. You are ungrateful to your country; quit but your own religion, and ridicule ours, and that will allow you a free choice for any other, or for none at all, and pay you well into the bargain. Therefore pray do not run and disgrace us among the Turks, by telling them you were forced to leave your native home, because we would oblige you to be a Christian, whereas we will make it appear to all the world, that we only compelled you to be a Whig.

THERE is a young ingenious Quaker in this town, who writes verses to his mistress, not very correct, but in a strain purely what a poetical Quaker should do, commending her look and habit, *&c.* It gave me a hint, that a set of Quaker pastorals might succeed, if our friend Gay * could fancy it, and I think it a fruitful subject. Pray hear what he says. I believe further, the pastoral ridicule is not exhausted; and that a porter, footman, or chairman's pastoral † might do well. Or what think you of a Newgate pastoral, among the whores and thieves there?

LASTLY, to conclude, I love you never the worse for seldom writing to you. I am in an obscure scene, where you know neither thing nor person. I can only answer yours, which I promise to do after a sort, whenever you

* Gay wrote a pastoral of this kind, which is published in his works. *Warb.*

† Swift himself wrote one of this kind, intitled, *Dermot and Sheelah.* See it in vol. 6.

you think fit to employ me. But I can assure you, the scene and the times have depressed me wonderfully; for I will impute no defect to those two paltry years which have slipt by since I had the happiness to see you. I am, with the truest esteem,

Yours, &c.

LETTER VI.*

From Dr SWIFT *to Mr* POPE†.

Dublin, Jan. 10. 1721.

A Thousand things have vexed me of late years, upon which I am determined to lay open my mind to you. I rather chuse to appeal to you than to my Lord

* This letter Mr Pope never received, nor did he believe it was ever sent. *Pope* and *Warb.*

† This letter deserves the greater attention, as it seems to furnish more materials of Dr Swift's life and principles, than any other of his epistolary writings. The letter breathes an air of sincerity and freedom, and is addressed to a particular friend, at a time when the views of ambition were at an end. It may therefore be considered as a confession of one departing from this world, who only is desirous to vindicate his own character, and is anxious that his ashes may rest in peace.

It was written immediately after the arbitrary conduct of a judge in Ireland, who endeavoured to destroy the freedom of juries, and consequently the very essence of that liberty and safety which we have a right to possess by the constitution of our state. Swift very generously declares himself averse to all rigorous proceedings against persons suspected of problematical guilt. "By such strict inquiries," says he, "a gate is left open to the whole tribe of informers; the "most accursed, prostitute, and abandoned race, that God ever permitted to plague mankind." Upon this subject I cannot avoid recollecting some particulars from a book, which has lately given me great delight and instruction, and which I recommend very warmly to your perusal. I mean *L'esprit des loix*. The author, M. de Montesquieu, observes, "that informers have been chiefly encouraged under the most tyrannical governments. In the reigns "of Tiberius triumphal ornaments were conferred upon them, and "statues erected to their honour. In the reign of Nero, upon the "discovery and punishment of a pretended conspiracy, triumphal "dignities were allotted to Turpilianus, Coccelus Nerva, and Tigillinus." In another part of his book, the Baron de Montesquieu takes notice, "that, in Turkey, where little regard is "shewn to the honour, lives, or estates of the subject, all causes "are

Lord Chief Juſtice Whitſhed, under the ſituation I am in. For I take this cauſe properly to lie before you. You are a much fitter judge of what concerns the credit of

" are determined by the preſiding Baſhaw: and in Rome, the " judges had no more to do than to declare, that the perſon ac- " cuſed was guilty of a particular crime, and then the puniſh- " ment was found in the laws." From theſe, and other examples of arbitrary government, this elegant author takes a particular pleaſure in diſtinguiſhing and admiring the civil conſtitution of England; where, he ſays, " the jury determine, whether the fact " brought under their cogniſance, be proved or not; if it be pro- " ved, the judge pronounces the puniſhment inflicted by the law for " ſuch a particular fact: and for this," adds the Baron, " he " need only open their eyes." But if M. de Monteſquieu had read Swift's letter, or indeed had recollected many notorious facts of our hiſtory, he muſt have obſerved, that the judges have been often deaf to the repeated voice of the jury, and have not only ſhut their eyes againſt our excellent laws, but have aſſumed " that " terrible and menacing air which Commodus ordered to be given " to his ſtatues."

The method of trials by juries, is generally looked upon as one of the moſt excellent branches of our conſtitution. In theory it certainly appears in that light. According to the original eſtabliſhment, the jurors are to be men of competent fortunes in the neighbourhood; and are to be ſo avowedly indifferent between the parties concerned, that no reaſonable exception can be made to them on either ſide. In treaſon, the perſon accuſed has a right to challenge five and thirty, and in felony twenty, without ſhewing cauſe of challenge. Nothing can be more equitable. No priſoner can deſire a fairer field. But the misfortune is, that our juries are often compoſed of men of mean eſtates, and low underſtandings. Many difficult points of law are brought before them, and ſubmitted to their verdict, when perhaps they are not capable of determining, properly and judiciouſly, ſuch nice matters of juſtice, altho' the judges of the court explain the nature of the caſe, and the law which ariſes upon it. But if they are not defective in knowledge, they are ſometimes, I fear, from their ſtation and indigence, liable to corruption. This indeed is an objection more to the privilege lodged with juries, than to the inſtitution itſelf. The point moſt liable to objection, is the power which any one or more of the twelve have to ſtarve the reſt into a compliance with their opinion; ſo that the verdict may poſſibly be given by ſtrength of conſtitution, not by conviction of conſcience; "and wretches hang that jurymen may dine."

In this letter is moſt evidently diſplayed Swift's immutable attachment to Ireland. Such a kind of patriotiſm muſt have proceeded from a true love of liberty; for he hated individuals, and deſpiſed moſt of

of a writer, the injuries that are done him, and the reparations he ought to receive. Besides, I doubt whether the arguments I could suggest to prove my own innocence, would be of much weight from the gentlemen of the long robe to those in furs, upon whose decision, about the difference of style or sentiments, I should be very unwilling to leave the merits of my cause.

Give me leave then to put you in mind (altho' you cannot easily forget it), that, about ten weeks before the Queen's death, I left the town, upon occasion of that incurable breach among the great men at court, and went down to Berkshire; where you may remember that

the men of property and power in that kingdom: he owed them no obligations; and while by his writings he laboured to make their posterity happy, he forced from themselves an involuntary, but universal applause. His conduct was so uniform and constant in the cause of Ireland, that he not only gained the praise, but the confidence of that whole nation; who are a people seldom, if ever, inclined to study and pursue their own interest, and who are always exceedingly apt to suspect any advice that is contrary, or in defiance to a ministerial direction.

Swift's principles of government seem to have been founded upon that excellent maxim, *Salus populi suprema est lex.* He begins by clearing himself from Jacobitism. He speaks of the Revolution as a necessary, but dangerous expedient, which has since been attended with unavoidable bad consequences. He declares his mortal antipathy to standing armies in time of peace. He adores the wisdom of that institution which rendered our parliaments annual. He prefers the landed to the moneyed interest, and expresses a noble abhorrence to the suspension of those laws upon which the liberty of the subject depends. When these articles of his political tenets are examined, they will leave no room for any one particular party to assume the honour of having had him in their alliance. He was neither Whig nor Tory, neither Jacobite nor Republican. He was Dr Swift.

His judgment in relation to the visible decay of literature and good sense, is perfectly just. He attributes this national calamity to the prevailing luxury of the times; which he instances in the encouragement of factions, and of several public diversions, all tending to the increase of folly, ignorance, and vice. His sentiments are delivered more with the air of a philosopher than of a divine: and the conclusion of the letter is so proper and so excellent a defence of his own manner of acting and thinking, that, in regard to his memory, I must be at the trouble of transcribing it. [Here the last paragraph of the letter is inserted.]

In short, this letter is one of the most serious and best performances that he has given us in the epistolary way. *Orrery.*

that you gave me the favour of a visit. While I was in that retirement, I writ a discourse which I thought might be useful in such a juncture of affairs, and sent it up to London; but, upon some difference in opinion between me and a certain great minister now abroad, the publishing of it was deferred so long, that the Queen died; and I recalled my copy, which hath been ever since in safe hands. In a few weeks after the loss of that excellent Princess, I came to my station here; where I have continued ever since in the greatest privacy, and utter ignorance of those events which are most commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor number of the royal family which now reigns, further than the prayer-book informs me. I cannot tell who is chancellor, who are secretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any sort of affectation, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking party-zeal.

I had indeed written some memorials of the four last years of the Queen's reign, with some other informations which I received, as necessary materials to qualify me for doing something in an employment then designed me*: but, as it was at the disposal of a person who had not the smallest share of steadiness or sincerity, I disdained to accept it.

THESE papers, at my few hours of health and leisure, I have been digesting into order by one sheet at a time†; for I dare not venture any further, lest the humour of searching

* Historiographer.

† These papers some years after were brought finished by the Dean into England with an intention to publish them. But a friend on whose judgment he relied (the same I suppose whom he mentions above, as being abroad at the time of writing this letter) dissuaded him from that design. He told the Dean, there were several facts he knew to be false, and that the whole was so much in the spirit of party-writing, that tho' it might have made a seasonable pamphlet in the time of their administration, it was a dishonour to just history. The Dean would do nothing against his friend's judgment; yet it extremely chagrined him: and he told a common friend, that since ** did not approve his history, he would cast it into the fire, tho' it was the best work he had ever written. However, it did not undergo this fate, and is said to be yet in being. *Warb.*

ſearching and ſeizing papers ſhould revive; not that I am in pain of any danger to myſelf (for they contain nothing of preſent times or perſons, upon which I ſhall never loſe a thought while there is a cat or a ſpaniel in the houſe), but to preſerve them from being loſt among meſſengers and clerks.

I have written in this kingdom, a diſcourſe to perſuade the wretched people to wear their own manufactures inſtead of thoſe from England *. This treatiſe ſoon ſpread very faſt, being agreeable to the ſentiments of the whole nation, except of thoſe gentlemen who had employments, or were expectants. Upon which a perſon in great office here immediately took the alarm. He ſent in haſte for the Chief Juſtice, and informed him of a ſeditious, factious, and virulent pamphlet, lately publiſhed, with a deſign of ſetting the two kingdoms at variance; directing at the ſame time, that the printer ſhould be proſecuted with the utmoſt rigour of law. The Chief Juſtice had ſo quick an underſtanding, that he reſolved, if poſſible, to outdo his orders. The grand juries of the county and city were practiſed effectually with, to repreſent the ſaid pamphlet with all aggravating epithets; for which they had thanks ſent them from England, and their preſentments publiſhed for ſeveral weeks in all the news-papers. The printer was ſeized, and forced to give great bail. After his trial the jury brought him in not guilty, altho' they had been culled with the utmoſt induſtry; the Chief Juſtice ſent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge, by what they call a ſpecial verdict. During the trial, the Chief Juſtice, among other ſingularities, laid his hand on his breaſt, and proteſted ſolemnly, that the author's deſign was to bring in the Pretender; altho' there was not a ſingle ſyllable of party in the whole treatiſe, and altho' it was known, that the moſt eminent of thoſe who profeſſed his own principles, publicly diſallowed his proceedings. But the cauſe being ſo very odious and impopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until, upon the

* A propoſal for the univerſal uſe of Iriſh manufactures. *Pope.*

the Duke of G—ft—n the Lord Lieutenant's arrival, his Grace, after mature advice, and permiſſion from England, was pleaſed to grant a *Noli proſequi*.

THIS is the more remarkable, becauſe it is ſaid that the man is no ill decider in common caſes of property, where party is out of the queſtion: but when that intervenes, with ambition at heels to puſh it forward, it muſt needs confound any man of little ſpirit, and low birth, who hath no other endowment than that ſort of knowledge, which, however poſſeſſed in the higheſt degree, can poſſibly give no one good quality to the mind *.

IT is true, I have been much concerned for ſeveral years paſt, upon account of the public as well as for myſelf, to ſee how ill a taſte for wit and ſenſe prevails in the world, which politics, and ſouth ſea, and party, and opera's, and maſquerades, have introduced. For, beſides many inſipid papers which the malice of ſome hath intitled me to, there are many perſons appearing to wiſh me well, and pretending to be judges of my ſtyle and manner, who have yet aſcribed ſome writings to me, of which any man of common ſenſe and literature would be heartily aſhamed. I cannot forbear inſtancing a trea-

* This is a very ſtrange aſſertion. To ſuppoſe that a conſummate knowledge of the laws, by which civilized ſocieties are governed, can *give no one good quality to the mind*, is making ethics (of which public laws are ſo conſiderable a part) a very unprofitable ſtudy. The beſt diviſion of the ſciences is that old one of Plato, into ethics, phyſics, and logic. The ſeverer philoſophers condemn a total application to the two latter, becauſe they have no tendency to mend the heart; and recommend the firſt as our principal ſtudy, for its efficacy in this important ſervice. And ſure, if any human ſpeculations can mend the heart, they muſt be thoſe which have man for their object, as a reaſonable, a ſocial, and a civil being. And theſe are all included under *ethics*, whether you call the ſcience *morality* or *law*. And with regard to the law of England, we muſt be much prejudiced againſt it, not to allow, that what Tully affirms concerning the law of the twelve tables, may with more juſtice be applied to ours. *Fremant omnes licet, dicam quod ſentio: bibliothecas mehercule omnium philoſophorum unum mihi videtur Pandectarum volumen, et authoritatis pondere et utilitatis uberitate, ſuperare.* But the beſt proof of its moral efficacy, is the manners of its profeſſors: and theſe, in every age, have been ſuch as were the firſt improved, or the laſt corrupted. *Work.*

tiſe called a *Dedication upon dedications*, which many would have to be mine; altho' it be as empty, dry, and ſervile a compoſition, as I remember at any time to have read. But, above all, there is one circumſtance which makes it impoſſible for me to have been author of a treatiſe, wherein there are ſeveral pages containing a panegyric on King George; of whoſe character and perſon I am utterly ignorant, nor ever had once the curioſity to inquire into either, living at ſo great a diſtance as I do, and having long done with whatever can relate to public matters.

INDEED, I have formerly delivered my thoughts very freely, whether I were aſked or no; but never affected to be a counſellor, to which I had no manner of call. I was humbled enough to ſee myſelf ſo far outdone by the Earl of Oxford in my own trade as a ſcholar, and too good a courtier not to diſcover his contempt of thoſe who would be men of importance out of their ſphere. Beſides, to ſay the truth, altho' I have known many great miniſters ready enough to hear opinions, yet I have hardly ſeen one that would ever deſcend to take advice: and this pedantry ariſeth from a maxim themſelves do not believe at the ſame time they practiſe by it, That there is ſomething profound in politics, which men of plain honeſt ſenſe cannot arrive to.

I only wiſh my endeavours had ſucceeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the miniſters to each other. This might have been done, if others who had more concern and more influence, would have acted their parts; and if this had ſucceeded, the public intereſt, both of church and ſtate, would not have been the worſe, nor the Proteſtant ſucceſſion endangered.

BUT, whatever opportunities a conſtant attendance of four years might have given me for endeavouring to do good offices to particular perſons, I deſerve at leaſt to find tolerable quarter from thoſe of the other party; for many of which I was a conſtant advocate with the Earl of Oxford, and for this I appeal to his Lordſhip. He knows how often I preſſed him in favour of Mr Addiſon, Mr Congreve, Mr Rowe, and Mr Steele; altho' I freely confeſs, that his Lordſhip's kindneſs to them was altogether

altogether owing to his generous notions, and the eſteem he had for their wit and parts, of which I could only pretend to be a remembrancer. For I can never forget the anſwer he gave to the late Lord Halifax, who, upon the firſt change of the miniſtry, interceded with him to ſpare Mr Congreve. It was by repeating theſe two lines of Virgil,

Non obtuſa adeo geſtamus pectora Pœni,
Nec tam averſus equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe.

Purſuant to which he always treated Mr. Congreve with the greateſt perſonal civilities, aſſuring him of his conſtant favour and protection; and adding, that he would ſtudy to do ſomething better for him.

I remember it was in thoſe times a uſual ſubject of raillery towards me among the miniſters, that I never came to them without a Whig in my ſleeve; which I do not ſay with any view towards making my court: for the new principles * fixed to thoſe of that denomination, I did then, and do now from my heart abhor, deteſt, and abjure, as wholly degenerate from their predeceſſors. I have converſed in ſome freedom with more miniſters of ſtate of all parties, than uſually happens to men of my level; and I confeſs, in their capacity as miniſters, I look upon them as a race of people whoſe acquaintance no man would court, otherwiſe than upon the ſcore of vanity or ambition. The firſt quickly wears off (and is the vice of low minds; for a man of ſpirit is too proud to be vain), and the other was not my caſe. Beſides, having never received more than one ſmall favour, I was under no neceſſity of being a ſlave to men in power; but choſe my friends by their perſonal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politics then in vogue. I frequently converſed with Mr Addiſon, and the others I named (except Mr Steele), during all my Lord Oxford's miniſtry; and Mr Addiſon's friendſhip to me continued inviolable, with as much kindneſs as when we uſed to meet at my Lord

* He means particularly the principle at that time charged upon them by their enemies, of an intention *to proſcribe the Tories.*

Wal-

about that whiggish or fanatical genius so prevalent
ng the English of this kingdom: his Lordship ac-
ted for it by that number of Cromwell's soldiers,
nturers established here, who were all of the sourest
, and the meanest birth, and whose posterity are
in possession of their lands and their principles.
ever, it must be confessed, that of late some peo-
this country are grown weary of quarrelling, be-
interest, the great motive of quarrelling, is at an
for it is hardly worth contending who shall be an
eman, a country-vicar, a crier in the courts, or an
r-clerk.

o will perhaps be inclined to think, that a person
treated as I have been, must at some time or other
discovered very dangerous opinions in government.
nswer to which, I will tell you what my political
ciples were in the time of her late glorious Majesty,
h I never contradicted by any action, writing, or
urse.

r, I always declared myself against a popish suc-
to the crown, whatever title he might have by
roximity of blood. Neither did I ever regard the
line, except upon two accounts; first, as it was e-
lished by law; and, secondly, as it hath much weight
opinions of the people: for necessity may abolish
law, but cannot alter the sentiments of the vulgar;
of inheritance being perhaps the most popular of
ples: and therefore in great changes, when that
ver, there will remain much heart-burning and
ment among the meaner people, which, under a
prince and corrupt administration, may have the
consequences upon the peace of any state.

to what is called a revolution-principle, my opini-
is this, That whenever those evils which usually at-
nd follow a violent change of government, were
probability so pernicious as the grievances we suf-
under a present power, then the public good will ju-
such a revolution. And this I took to have been
se in the Prince of Orange's expedition; altho'
consequences it produced some very bad effects,
are likely to stick long enough by us.

I had likewise in those days a mortal antipathy against

mers * or Halifax, who were leaders of the oppoſite party.

I would infer from all this, that it is with great injuſtice I have theſe many years been pelted by your pamphleteers, merely upon account of ſome regard which the Queen's laſt miniſters were pleaſed to have for me: and yet in my conſcience I think I am a partaker in every ill deſign they had againſt the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, or the liberties and religion of their country; and can ſay with Cicero, "that I ſhould be proud to be "included with them in all their actions, *tanquam in "equo Trojano.*" But if I have never diſcovered, by my words, writings, or actions, any party-virulence †, or dangerous deſigns againſt the preſent powers; if my friendſhip and converſation were equally ſhewn among thoſe who liked or diſapproved the proceedings then at court, and that I was known to be a common friend of all deſerving perſons of the latter ſort, when they were in diſtreſs; I cannot but think it hard, that I am not ſuffered to run quietly among the common herd of people, whoſe opinions unfortunately differ from thoſe which lead to favour and preferment.

I ought to let you know, that the thing we called a *Whig* in England, is a creature altogether different from thoſe of the ſame denomination here; at leaſt it was ſo during the reign of her late Majeſty. Whether thoſe on your ſide have changed or no, it hath not been my buſineſs to inquire. I remember my excellent friend Mr Addiſon, when he firſt came over hither ſecretary to the Earl of Wharton, then Lord Lieutenant, was extremely offended at the conduct and diſcourſe of the chief managers here. He told me, they were a ſort of people who ſeemed to think, that the principles of a Whig conſiſted in nothing elſe but damning the church, reviling the clergy, abetting the Diſſenters, and ſpeaking contemptibly of revealed religion.

I was diſcourſing ſome years ago with a certain miniſter

* Lord Sommers had very warmly recommended Dr Swift to the favour of Lord Wharton, when he went the Queen's Lieutenant into Ireland in the year 1709. *Warb.*

† The *Examiners*, I ſuppoſe, were not then publiſhed amongſt *the Dean's* works. *Warb.*

ſter about that whiggiſh or fanatical genius ſo prevalent among the Engliſh of this kingdom: his Lordſhip accounted for it by that number of Cromwell's ſoldiers, adventurers eſtabliſhed here, who were all of the loweſt leven, and the meaneſt birth, and whoſe poſterity are now in poſſeſſion of their lands and their principles. However, it muſt be confeſſed, that of late ſome people in this country are grown weary of quarrelling, becauſe intereſt, the great motive of quarrelling, is at an end; for it is hardly worth contending who ſhall be an exciſeman, a country-vicar, a crier in the courts, or an under-clerk.

You will perhaps be inclined to think, that a perſon ſo ill treated as I have been, muſt at ſome time or other have diſcovered very dangerous opinions in government. In anſwer to which, I will tell you what my political principles were in the time of her late glorious Majeſty, which I never contradicted by any action, writing, or diſcourſe.

FIRST, I always declared myſelf againſt a popiſh ſucceſſor to the crown, whatever title he might have by the proximity of blood. Neither did I ever regard the right line, except upon two accounts; firſt, as it was eſtabliſhed by law; and, ſecondly, as it hath much weight in the opinions of the people: for neceſſity may aboliſh any law, but cannot alter the ſentiments of the vulgar; right of inheritance being perhaps the moſt popular of all topics: and therefore in great changes, when that is broke, there will remain much heart-burning and diſcontent among the meaner people, which, under a weak prince and corrupt adminiſtration, may have the worſt conſequences upon the peace of any ſtate.

As to what is called a revolution principle, my opinion was this, That whenever thoſe evils which uſually attend and follow a violent change of government, were not in probability ſo pernicious as the grievances we ſuffer under a preſent power, then the public good will juſtify ſuch a revolution. And this I took to have been the caſe in the Prince of Orange's expedition; although in the conſequences it produced ſome very bad effects, which are likely to ſtick long enough by us.

I had likewiſe in thoſe days a mortal antipathy againſt ſtanding

ſtanding armies in times of peace; becauſe I always took ſtanding armies to be only ſervants hired by the maſter of the family for keeping his own children in ſlavery; and becauſe I conceived, that a prince who could not think himſelf ſecure without mercenary troops, muſt needs have a ſeparate intereſt from that of his ſubjects; altho' I am not ignorant of thoſe artificial neceſſities which a corrupted miniſtry can create for keeping up forces to ſupport a faction againſt the public intereſt.

As to parliaments, I adored the wiſdom of that Gothic inſtitution which made them annual; and I was confident our liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation, until that antient law were reſtored among us. For who ſees not, that while ſuch aſſemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the miniſtry and the deputies, wherein they both find their accounts, to the manifeſt danger of liberty? which traffic would neither anſwer the deſign nor expence, if parliaments met once a year.

I ever abominated that ſcheme of politics, (now about thirty years old), of ſetting up a moneyed intereſt in oppoſition to the landed. For I conceived, there could not be a truer maxim in our government than this, That the poſſeſſors of the ſoil are the beſt judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom. If others had thought the ſame way, funds of credit and South-ſea projects would neither have been felt nor heard of.

I could never diſcover the neceſſity of ſuſpending any law upon which the liberty of the moſt innocent perſons depended; neither do I think this practice hath made the taſte of arbitrary power ſo agreeable, as that we ſhould deſire to ſee it repeated. Every rebellion ſubdued and plot diſcovered, contribute to the firmer eſtabliſhment of the Prince. In the latter caſe the knot of conſpirators is entirely broke, and they are to begin their work anew under a thouſand diſadvantages: ſo that thoſe diligent inquiries into remote and problematical guilt, with a new power of inforcing them by chains and dungeons, to every perſon whoſe face a miniſter thinks fit to diſlike, are not only oppoſite to that maxim,

maxim, which declareth it better that ten guilty men ſhould eſcape, than one innocent ſuffer; but likewiſe leave a gate wide open to the whole tribe of informers, the moſt accurſed, and proſtitute, and abandoned race, that God ever permitted to plague mankind.

IT is true the Romans had a cuſtom of chuſing a dictator, during whoſe adminiſtration the power of other magiſtrates was ſuſpended. But this was done upon the greateſt emergencies; a war near their doors, or ſome civil diſſenſion: for armies muſt be governed by arbitrary power. But when the virtue of that commonwealth gave place to luxury and ambition, this very office of dictator became perpetual, in the perſons of the Cæſars and their ſucceſſors, the moſt infamous tyrants that have any where appeared in ſtory.

THESE are ſome of the ſentiments I had relating to public affairs, while I was in the world. What they are at preſent, is of little importance either to that or myſelf: neither can I truly ſay I have any at all; or, if I had, I dare not venture to publiſh them: for however orthodox they may be while I am now writing, they may become criminal enough to bring me into trouble before midſummer. And indeed I have often wiſhed for ſometime paſt, that a political catechiſm might be publiſhed by authority four times a year, in order to inſtruct us how we are to ſpeak, write, and act, during the current quarter. I have by experience felt the want of ſuch an inſtructor: for, intending to make my court to ſome people on the prevailing ſide, by advancing certain old Whiggiſh principles, which it ſeems had been exploded about a month before, I have paſſed for a diſaffected perſon. I am not ignorant how idle a thing it is, for a man in obſcurity to attempt defending his reputation as a writer, while the ſpirit of faction hath ſo univerſally poſſeſſed the minds of men, that they are not at leiſure to attend to any thing elſe. They will juſt give themſelves time to libel and accuſe me, but cannot ſpare a minute to hear my defence. So in a plot-diſcovering age, I have often known an innocent man ſeized and impriſoned, and forced to lie ſeveral months in chains, while the miniſters were not at leiſure to hear his

his petition, until they had profecuted and hanged the number they propoſed.

ALL I can reaſonably hope for by this letter, is to convince my friends, and others who are pleaſed to wiſh me well, that I have neither been ſo ill a ſubject, nor ſo ſtupid an author, as I have been repreſented by the virulence of libellers; whoſe malice hath taken the ſame train in both, by fathering dangerous principles in government upon me, which I never maintained; and inſipid productions, which I am not capable of writing. For however I may have been ſoured by perſonal ill treatment, or by melancholy proſpects for the public, I am too much a politician to expoſe my own ſafety by offenſive words. And if my genius and ſpirit be ſunk by increaſing years, I have at leaſt enough diſcretion left, not to miſtake the meaſure of my own abilities, by attempting ſubjects where thoſe talents are neceſſary, which perhaps I may have loſt with my youth.

LETTER VII.

Dr SWIFT *to Mr* GAY.

Dublin, Jan. 8. 1722-3.

COming home after a ſhort Chriſtmas ramble, I found a letter upon my table; and little expected when I opened it, to read your name at the bottom. The beſt and greateſt part of my life, until theſe laſt eight years, I ſpent in England; there I made my friendſhips, and there I left my deſires. I am condemned for ever to another country. What is in prudence to be done? I think, to be *oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus et illis.* What can be the deſign of your letter but malice, to wake me out of a ſcurvy ſleep, which however is better than none? I am towards nine years older ſince I left you; yet that is the leaſt of my alterations: my buſineſs, my diverſions, my converſations, are all entirely changed for the worſe, and ſo are my ſtudies and my amuſements in writing. Yet, after all, this humdrum way of life might be paſſable enough, if you would let me alone. I ſhall not be able to reliſh my wine, my parſons, my horſes,

nor

nor my garden, for three months, until the ſpirit you have raiſed ſhall be diſpoſſeſſed. I have ſometimes wondered that I have not viſited you; but I have been ſtopt by too many reaſons, beſides years and lazineſs; and yet theſe are very good ones. Upon my return after half a year amongſt you, there would be to me *deſiderio nec pudor nec modus*. I was three years reconciling myſelf to the ſcene, and the buſineſs to which fortune hath condemned me; and ſtupidity was what I had recourſe to. Beſides, what a figure ſhould I make in London, while my friends are in poverty, exile, diſtreſs, or impriſonment, and my enemies with rods of iron? Yet I often threaten myſelf with the journey, and am every ſummer practiſing to get health to bear it: the only inconvenience is, that I grow old in the experiment. Altho' I care not to talk to you as a divine, yet I hope you have not been author of your colic. Do you drink bad wine, or keep bad company? are you not as many years older as I? it will not be always, *et tibi quos mihi dempſerit apponet annos*. I am heartily ſorry you have any dealings with that ugly diſtemper, and I believe our friend Arburthnot will recommend you to temperance and exerciſe. I wiſh they could have as good an effect upon the giddineſs I am ſubject to, and which this moment I am not free from. I ſhould have been glad if you had lengthened your letter, by telling me the preſent condition of many of my old acquaintance, Congreve, Arburthnot, Lewis, *&c.*; but you mention only Mr Pope, who, I believe, is lazy, or elſe he might have added three lines of his own. I am extremely glad he is not in your caſe of needing great mens favour, and could heartily wiſh that you were in his. I have been conſidering why poets have ſuch ill ſucceſs in making their court, ſince they are allowed to be the greateſt and beſt of all flatterers. The defect is, that they flatter only in print or in writing, but not by word of mouth: they will give things under their hand, which they make a conſcience of ſpeaking. Beſides, they are too libertine to haunt antichambers, too poor to bribe porters and footmen, and too proud to cringe to ſecond-hand favourites in a great family. Tell me, are you not under original ſin by the dedication of your eclogues

logues to Lord Bolingbroke; I am an ill judge at this diſtance; and, beſides, am, for my caſe, utterly ignorant of the commoneſt things that paſs in the world: but if all courts have a ſameneſs in them, (as the parſons phraſe it), things may be as they were in my time, when all employments went to parliament mens friends, who had been uſeful in elections, and there was always a huge liſt of names in arrears at the treaſury, which would at leaſt take up your ſeven years expedient to diſcharge even one half. I am of opinion, if you will not be offended, that the ſureſt courſe would be, to get your friend who lodgeth in your houſe to recommend you to the next chief governor who comes over here, for a good civil employment, or to be one of his ſecretaries; which your parliament men are fond enough of, when there is no room at home. The wine is good and reaſonable; you may dine twice a-week at the deanery-houſe; there is a ſet of company in this town ſufficient for one man; folks will admire you; becauſe they have read you, and read of you; and a good employment will make you live tolerably in London, or ſumptuouſly here; or if you divide between both places, it will be for your health.

I wiſh I could do more than ſay I love you. I left you in a good way both for the late court, and the ſucceſſors; and by the force of too much honeſty or too little ſublunary wiſdom, you fell between two ſtools. Take care of your health and money; be leſs modeſt, and more active; or elſe turn parſon, and get a biſhoprick here; would to God they would ſend us as good ones from your ſide!

I am ever, &c.

LETTER VIII.

Mr POPE *to Dr* SWIFT.

Jan. 12. 1723.

I Find a rebuke in a late letter of yours, that both ſtings and pleaſeth me extremely. Your ſaying that I ought to have writ a poſtſcript to my friend Gay's,

Gay's, makes me not content to write leſs than a whole letter; and your ſeeming to take his kindly, gives me hopes you will look upon this as a ſincere effect of friendſhip. Indeed, as I cannot but own the lazineſs with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us hath both had and given*) a ſurfeit of writing; ſo I really thought you would know yourſelf to be ſo certainly intitled to my friendſhip, that it was a poſſeſſion you could not imagine ſtood in need of any further deeds or writings to aſſure you of it.

WHATEVER you ſeem to think of your withdrawn and ſeparate ſtate at this diſtance, and in this abſence, Dean Swift lives ſtill in England, in every place and company where he would chuſe to live; and I find him in all the converſations I keep, and in all the hearts in which I deſire any ſhare.

WE have never met theſe many years without mention of you. Beſides my old acquaintance, I have found that all my friends of a later date are ſuch as were yours before. Lord Oxford, Lord Harcourt, and Lord Harley, may look upon me as one entailed upon them by you. Lord Bolingbroke is now returned (as I hope) to take me with all his other hereditary rights: and indeed he ſeems grown ſo much a philoſopher, as to ſet his heart upon ſome of them as little, as upon the poet you gave him. It is ſure my ill fate, that all thoſe I moſt loved, and with whom I moſt lived, muſt be baniſhed. After both of you left England, my conſtant hoſt was the Biſhop of Rocheſter †. Sure, this is a nation that is curſedly afraid of being over-run with too much politeneſs, and cannot regain one great genius, but at the expence of another ‡. I tremble for my Lord Peterborow, (whom I now lodge with); he has too much wit as well as

* Alluding to his large work on Homer.

† Dr Atterbury.

‡ The Biſhop of Rocheſter thought this to be indeed the caſe; and that the price agreed on for Lord B's return was his baniſhment; an imagination which ſo ſtrongly poſſeſſed him when he went abroad, that all the expoſtulations of his friends could not convince him of the folly of it. *Ward.*

as courage, to make a ſolid general*: and if he eſcapes being baniſhed by others, I fear he will baniſh himſelf. This leads me to give you ſome account of the manner of my life and converſation; which has been infinitely more various and diſſipated, than when you knew me and cared for me; and among all ſexes, parties, and profeſſions. A glut of ſtudy and retirement in the firſt part of my life caſt me into this; and this, I begin to ſee, will throw me again into ſtudy and retirement.

The civilities I have met with from oppoſite ſets of people, have hindred me from being violent or ſour to any party; but at the ſame time the obſervations and experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me leſs fond of, and leſs ſurpriſed at any. I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the violences and hardſhips I ſee practiſed by either. The merry vein you knew me in, is ſunk into a turn of reflection, that has made the world pretty indifferent to me; and yet I have acquired a quietneſs of mind which by fits improves into a certain degree of chearfulneſs, enough to make me juſt ſo good-humoured as to wiſh that world well. My friendſhips are increaſed by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminiſhed. Averſions I have none, but to knaves, (for fools I have learned to bear with); and ſuch I cannot be commonly civil to; for I think thoſe men are next to knaves who converſe with them. The greateſt man in power of this ſort ſhall hardly make me bow to him, unleſs I had a perſonal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleaſure of my life is one I learned from you both how to gain and how to uſe; the freedom of friendſhip with men much my ſuperiors. To have pleaſed great men, according to Horace, is a praiſe; but not

* This Mr Walſh ſeriouſly thought to be the caſe, where, in a letter to Mr Pope, he ſays.—"When we were in the north, "my Lord Wharton ſhewed me a letter he had received from "a certain great general in Spain, [Lord Peterborow]. I told "him, I would by all means have that general recalled, and "ſet to writing here at home; for it was impoſſible that a man "with ſo much wit as he ſhewed, could be fit to command an "army, or do any other buſineſs." Pope's works, vol. 7. let. 5. *Sept* 9. 1706. *Warb.*

not to have flattered them, and yet not have diſpleaſed them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all intercourſe with poets and ſcribblers, unleſs where by great chance I have found a modeſt one. By theſe means I have had no quarrels with any perſonally; none have been enemies, but who were alſo ſtrangers to me; and as there is no great need of an eclairciſſement with ſuch, whatever they writ or ſaid, I never retaliated; not only never ſeeming to know, but often really never knowing any thing of the matter. There are very few things that give me the anxiety of a wiſh; the ſtrongeſt I have, would be to paſs my days with you, and a few ſuch as you: but fate has diſperſed them all about the world; and I find to wiſh it is as vain, as to wiſh to ſee the millennium and the kingdom of the juſt upon earth.

If I have ſinned in my long ſilence, conſider there is one to whom you yourſelf have been as great a ſinner. As ſoon as you ſee his hand, you will learn to do me juſtice, and feel in your heart how long a man may be ſilent to thoſe he truly loves and reſpects.

LETTER IX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE *to Dr* SWIFT.

I Am not ſo lazy as Pope, and therefore you muſt not expect from me the ſame indulgence to lazineſs; in defending his own cauſe he pleads yours, and becomes your advocate while he appeals to you as his judge. You will do the ſame on your part; and I, and the reſt of your common friends, ſhall have great juſtice to expect from two ſuch righteous tribunals. You reſemble perfectly the two alehouſe-keepers in Holland, who were at the ſame time burgomaſters of the town, and taxed one another's bills alternately. I declare before-hand I will not ſtand to the award. My title to your friendſhip is good, and wants neither deeds nor writings to confirm it: but annual acknowledgments at leaſt are neceſſary to preſerve it; and I begin to ſuſpect, by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time

to diſpute it, and to urge preſcription againſt me. I would not ſay one word to you about myſelf, ſince it is a ſubject on which you appear to have no curioſity, was it not to try how far the contraſt between Pope's fortune and manner of life, and mine, may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform and leſs diſſipated, than when you knew me and cared for me. That love which I uſed to ſcatter with ſome profuſion among the female kind, has been theſe many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes, (for ſo they are called, tho' ſometimes very improperly), and a retirement from the world, have made that juſt and nice diſcrimination between my acquaintance and my friends, which we have ſeldom ſagacity enough to make for ourſelves; thoſe inſects of various hues, which uſed to hum and buz about me while I ſtood in the ſunſhine, have diſappeared ſince I lived in the ſhade. No man comes to a hermitage but for the ſake of the hermit; a few philoſophical friends come often to mine; and they are ſuch as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you was nine years ago.

THE hoarſe voice of party was never heard in this quiet place; gazettes and pamphlets are baniſhed from it; and if the lucubrations of Iſaac Bickerſtaff be admitted, this diſtinction is owing to ſome ſtrokes, by which it is judged that this illuſtrious philoſopher had (like the Indian Tohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Perſian Zoroaſter, and others his perſecutors among the Zabians, Magians, and the Egyptian ſeers) both his outward and his inward doctrine, and that he was of no ſide at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I ever was of any party myſelf; nay, I am often ſo happily abſorbed by the abſtracted reaſon of things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any ſuch monſter as party. Alas, I am ſoon awakened from that pleaſing dream by the Greek and Roman hiſtorians, by Guicciardini, by Machiavel, and Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no hiſtory of our own country, till that body of it which you promiſe to finiſh, appears *.

* See the ſecond note p. 23. above.

I am under no apprehenſion that a glut of ſtudy and retirement ſhould caſt me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the ſingle regret which I ever feel, is, that I fell ſo late into this courſe of life: my philoſophy grows confirmed by habit; and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you: *Jam non conſilio bonus, ſed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere poſſim, ſed niſi recte facere non poſſim.* The little incivilities I have met with from oppoſite ſets of people have been ſo far from rendering me violent or ſour to any, that I think myſelf obliged to them all. Some have cured me of my fears, by ſhewing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by ſhewing how precarious popular friendſhips are; all have cured me of ſurpriſe. In driving me out of party, they have driven me out of curſed company; and in ſtripping me of titles, and rank, and eſtate, and ſuch trinkets, which every man that will may ſpare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world ſo indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleaſed at what happens in it, any farther than perſonal friendſhips intereſt me in the affairs of it; and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect tranquillity is the general tenor of my life: good digeſtions, ſerene weather, and ſome other mechanic ſprings, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am ſometimes gay, but I am never ſad. I have gained new friends, and have loſt ſome old ones. My acquiſitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleaſure, becauſe they have not been made lightly. I know no vows ſo ſolemn as thoſe of friendſhip, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance ſhould, methinks, precede them. My loſſes of this kind give me but little trouble: I contributed nothing to them; and a friend who breaks with me unjuſtly, is not worth preſerving. As ſoon as I leave this town, (which will be in a few days), I ſhall fall back into that courſe of life which keeps knaves and fools at a great diſtance from me: I have an averſion to them both, but in the ordinary courſe of life I think I can bear the ſenſible

knave better than the fool. One muſt indeed with the former be in ſome or other of the attitudes of thoſe wooden men whom I have ſeen before a ſword-cutler's ſhop in Germany: but even in theſe conſtrained poſtures the witty raſcal will divert me; and he that diverts me, does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another coin. The fool obliges me to be almoſt as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the torpor, or he teaſes me like the fly. This is the picture of an old friend, and more like him than that will be which you once aſked, and which he will ſend you, if you continue ſtill to deſire it.——Adieu, dear Swift; with all thy faults I love thee entirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

LETTER X.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, Sept. 20. 1723.

RETURNING from a ſummer expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an appendix longer than yours from Lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miſerable malady than an unwillingneſs to write letters to our beſt friends; and a man might be philoſopher enough in finding out reaſons for it. One thing is clear, that it ſhews a mighty difference betwixt friendſhip and love, for a lover (as I have heard) is always ſcribbling to his miſtreſs. If I could permit myſelf to believe what your civility makes you ſay, that I am ſtill remembered by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep myſelf here—*Non ſum qualis eram.* I left you in a period of life, when one year does more execution than three at yours; to which if you add the dulneſs of the air and of the people, it will make a terrible ſum. I have no very ſtrong faith in you pretenders to retirement; you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner,

and

and form concluſions *de contemptu mundi et fuga ſeculi*; unleſs a poet grows weary of too much applauſe, as miniſters do of too much weight of buſineſs.

YOUR happineſs is greater than your merit, in chuſing your favourites ſo indifferently among either party; this you owe partly to your education, and partly to your genius employing you in an art in which faction has nothing to do; for I ſuppoſe Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the conſtitution of church and ſtate, than a Chriſtian at Conſtantinople; and you are ſo much the wiſer and the happier, becauſe both parties will approve your poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

YOUR notions of friendſhip are new to me †. I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the firſt places in my friendſhip, but they are not in the way: I am condemned to another ſcene; and therefore I diſtribute it in pennyworths to thoſe about me, and who diſpleaſe me leaſt; and ſhould do the ſame to my fellow-priſoners if I were condemned to jail. I can likewiſe tolerate knaves much better than fools, becauſe their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them; which however I own is more dangerous tho' not ſo troubleſome as that of fools. I have often endeavoured to eſtabliſh a friendſhip among all men of genius, and would fain have it done: they are ſeldom above three or four contemporaries; and if they could be united, would drive the world before them. I think it was ſo among the poets in the time of Auguſtus; but envy, and party, and pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the ſubalterns, of which you are ſeldom without a large tribe. Under the name of poets and ſcribblers, I ſuppoſe you mean the fools you are content to ſee ſometimes when they happen to be modeſt; which was not frequent among them while I was in the world.

I would deſcribe to you my way of living, if any method could be called ſo in this country. I chuſe my

† Yet they are the Chriſtian notions. *Ward.*

companions among thoſe of leaſt conſequence and moſt compliance. I read the moſt trifling books I can find; and whenever I write, it is upon the moſt trifling ſubjects: but riding, walking, and ſleeping, take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procraſtinate more than I did twenty years ago; and have ſeveral things to finiſh, which I put off to twenty years hence: *Hæc eſt vita ſolutorum*, &c. I ſend you the compliments of a friend of yours, who hath paſſed four months this ſummer with two grave acquaintance at his country-houſe, without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles diſtant; yet when he returns to London, I will engage you ſhall find him as deep in the court of requeſts, the park, the opera's, and the coffee-houſe, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You muſt remember me with great affection to Dr Arburthnot, Mr Congreve, and Gay.——I think there are no more *eodem tertio's* between you and me, except Mr Jervas, to whoſe houſe I addreſs this, for want of knowing where you live: for it was not clear from your laſt, whether you lodge with Lord Peterborow, or he with you.

I am ever, &c.

LETTER XI.

Sep. 14. 1725.

I Need not tell you with what real delight I ſhould have done any thing you deſired, and in particular any good offices in my power towards the bearer of your letter, who is this day gone for France. Perhaps it is with poets as with prophets; they are ſo much better liked in another country than their own, that your gentleman, upon arriving in England, loſt his curioſity concerning me. However, had he tried, he had found me his friend; I mean he had found me yours. I am diſappointed at not knowing better a man whom you eſteem, and comfort myſelf only with having got a letter from you; with which, after all, I ſit down a gainer; ſince to my great pleaſure, it confirms my hope of once more

more ſeeing you. After ſo many diſperſions and ſo many diviſions, two or three of us may yet be gathered together; not to plot, not to contrive ſilly ſchemes of ambition, or to vex our own or others hearts with buſy vanities, (ſuch as perhaps at one time of life or other take their tour in every man); but to divert ourſelves, and the world too if it pleaſes, or at worſt, to laugh at others as innocently and as unhurtfully as at ourſelves. Your travels † I hear much of; my own, I promiſe you, ſhall never be more in a ſtrange land, but a diligent, I hope uſeful, inveſtigation of my own territories ‡. I mean no more tranſlations, but ſomething domeſtic, fit for my own country, and for my own time.

If you come to us, I'll find you elderly ladies enough that can halloo, and two that can nurſe, and they are too old and feeble to make too much noiſe; as you will gueſs, when I tell you they are my own mother and my own nurſe. I can alſo help you to a lady who is as deaf, tho' not ſo old, as yourſelf; you'll be pleaſed with one another, I'll engage, tho' you don't bear one another; you'll converſe like ſpirits by intuition. What you'll moſt wonder at, is, ſhe is conſiderable at court, yet no party-woman; and lives in court, yet would be eaſy, and make you eaſy.

One of thoſe you mention, (and I dare ſay always will remember) Dr Arbuthnot, is at this time ill of a very dangerous diſtemper, an impoſthume in the bowels; which is broke, but the event is very uncertain. Whatever that be, (he bids me tell you, and I write this by him) he lives or dies your faithful friend; and one reaſon he has to deſire a little longer life, is the wiſh to ſee you once more.

He is gay enough in this circumſtance to tell you, he would give you (if he could) ſuch advice as might cure your deafneſs; but he would not adviſe you, if you were cured, to quit the pretence of it, becauſe you may by that means hear as much as you will, and anſwer as little as you pleaſe. Believe me

Yours, &c.

† *Gulliver.* ‡ *The eſſay on man.*

LETTER XII.

From Dr SWIFT.

Sept. 29. 1725.

I Am now returning to the noble ſcene of Dublin, into the grand monde, for fear of burying my parts; to ſignalize myſelf among curates and vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in relating to the weight of bread and butter, thro' thoſe dominions where I govern. I have employed my time (beſides ditching) in finiſhing, correcting, amending and tranſcribing my travels *, in four parts complete, newly augmented, and intended for the preſs when the world ſhall deſerve them, or rather when a printer ſhall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the ſcheme of our meeting after diſtreſſes and diſperſions: but the chief end I propoſe to myſelf in all my labours, is to vex the world, rather than divert it; and if I could compaſs that deſign without hurting my own perſon or fortune, I would be the moſt indefatigable writer you have ever ſeen, without reading. I am exceedingly pleaſed that you have done with tranſlations. Lord Treaſurer Oxford often lamented, that a raſcally world ſhould lay you under a neceſſity of miſemploying your genius for ſo long a time. But ſince you will now be ſo much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one laſh the more at my requeſt. I have ever hated all nations, profeſſions, and communities; and all my love is towards individuals. For inſtance, I hate the tribe of lawyers; but I love Counſellor ſuch a one, and Judge ſuch a one. 'Tis ſo with phyſicians, (I will not ſpeak of my own trade), ſoldiers, Engliſh, Scotch, French, and the reſt. But principally I hate and deteſt that animal called *man*, altho' I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and ſo forth. This is the ſyſtem upon which I have governed myſelf many years, (but do not tell), and ſo I ſhall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials towards a treatiſe, proving the falſity of that definition *animal rationale*,

* Gulliver's Travels.

tionale, and to ſhew it ſhould be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of miſanthropy (tho' not in Timon's manner) the whole building of my travels is erected; and I never will have peace of mind till all honeſt men are of my opinion. By conſequence you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deſerve my eſteem may do ſo too. The matter is ſo clear, that it will admit of no diſpute; nay I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point.

I did not know your Odyſſey was finiſhed, being yet in the country, which I ſhall leave in three days. I thank you kindly for the preſent; but ſhall like it three fourths the leſs, for the mixture you mention of other hands; however, I am glad you ſaved yourſelf ſo much drudgery.—I have been long told by Mr Ford of your great atchievements in building and planting, and eſpecially of your ſubterranean paſſage to your garden, whereby you turned a blunder into a beauty, which is a piece of *art poetica*.

I have almoſt done with Harridans, and ſhall ſoon become old enough to fall in love with girls of fourteen. The lady whom you deſcribe to live at court, to be deaf, and no party-woman, I take to be mythology, but know not how to moralize it. She cannot be Mercy; for Mercy is neither deaf, nor lives at court: Juſtice is blind, and perhaps deaf; but neither is ſhe a court-lady: Fortune is both blind and deaf, and a court-lady; but then ſhe is a moſt damnable party-woman, and will never make me eaſy, as you promiſe. It muſt be Riches, which anſwers all your deſcription. I am glad ſhe viſits you; but my voice is ſo weak, that I doubt ſhe will never hear me.

Mr Lewis ſent me an account of Dr Arbuthnot's illneſs; which is a very ſenſible affliction to me, who, by living ſo long out of the world, have loſt that hardneſs of heart contracted by years and general converſation. I am daily loſing friends, and neither ſeeking nor getting others. Oh, if the world had but a dozen of Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my travels! But however he is not without fault. There is a paſſage in Bede, highly commending the piety and learning of the Iriſh in that

age;

age; where, after abundance of praiſes, he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas! they keep Eaſter at a wrong time of the year. So our Doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or uſeful; but, alas, he hath a ſort of ſlouch in his walk! I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Chriſtian, tho' not a Catholic.

I hear nothing of our friend Gay, but I find the court keeps him at hard meat. I adviſed him to come over here with a Lord Lieutenant. Philips writes little flams (as Lord Leiceſter called thoſe ſort of verſes) on Miſs Carteret. A Dublin blackſmith, a great poet, hath imitated his manner in a poem to the ſame Miſs. Philips is a complainer; and on this occaſion I told Lord Carteret, that complainers never ſucceeded at court, tho' railers do.

Are you altogether a country-gentleman, that I muſt addreſs to you out of London, to the hazard of your loſing this precious letter, which I will now conclude, altho' ſo much paper is left? I have an ill name, and therefore ſhall not ſubſcribe it; but you will gueſs it comes from one who eſteems and loves you about half as much as you deſerve, I mean as much as he can.

I am in great concern at what I am juſt told is in ſome of the news-papers, that Lord Bolingbroke is much hurt by a fall in hunting. I am glad he has ſo much youth and vigour left, (of which he hath not been thrifty); but I wonder he has no more diſcretion.

LETTER XIII.

Oct. 15. 1725.

I Am wonderfully pleaſed with the ſuddenneſs of your kind anſwer. It makes me hope you are coming towards us, and that you incline more and more to your old friends, in proportion as you draw nearer to them, and are getting into our vortex. Here is one who was once a powerful planet, but has now (after long experience of all that comes of ſhining) learned to be content, with returning to his firſt point, without the thought

of

or ambition of ſhining at all. Here is another, who thinks one of the greateſt glories of his father was to have diſtinguiſhed and loved you, and who loves you hereditarily. Here is Arbuthnot, recovered from the jaws of death, and more pleaſed with the hope of ſeeing you again, than of reviewing a world; every part of which he has long deſpiſed, but what is made up of a few men like yourſelf. He goes abroad again, and is more chearful than even health can make a man; for he has a good conſcience into the bargain, (which is the moſt catholic of all remedies, tho' not the moſt univerſal). I knew it would be a pleaſure to you to hear this, and in truth that made me write ſo ſoon to you.

I am ſorry poor P. is not promoted in this age; for certainly if his reward be of the next, he is of all poets the moſt miſerable. I am alſo ſorry for another reaſon; if they don't promote him, they'll ſpoil the concluſion of one of my ſatires, where, having endeavoured to correct the taſte of the town in wit and criticiſm, I end thus,

But what avails to lay down rules for ſenſe?
In ——'s reign theſe fruitleſs lines were writ,
When Ambroſe Philips was preferr'd for wit!

Our friend Gay is uſed as the friends of Tories are by Whigs (and generally by Tories too). Becauſe he had humour, he was ſuppoſed to have dealt with Dr Swift; in like manner as when any one had learning formerly, he was thought to have dealt with the devil. He puts his whole truſt at court in that lady whom I deſcribed to you, and whom you take to be an allegorical creature of fancy. I wiſh ſhe really were riches for his ſake: tho' as for yours, I queſtion whether (if you knew her) you would change her for the other.

LORD BOLINGBROKE had not the leaſt harm by his fall. I wiſh he had received no more by his other fall. Lord Oxford had none by his. But Lord Bolingbroke is the moſt improved mind ſince you ſaw him, that ever was improved, without ſhifting into a new body or being: *paulo minus ab angelis*. I have often imagined to myſelf, that if ever all of us meet again, after ſo many varieties and changes, after ſo much of the old world and of the old

old man in each of us has been altered, that ſcarce a ſingle thought of the one, any more than a ſingle atom of the other, remains juſt the ſame; I've fancied, I ſay, that we ſhould meet like the righteous in the millennium, quite in peace, diveſted of all our former paſſions, ſmiling at our paſt follies, and content to enjoy the kingdom of the juſt in tranquillity. But I find you would rather be employed as an avenging angel of wrath, to break your vial of indignation over the heads of the wretched creatures of this world; nay, would make them *eat your book*, which you have made, I doubt not, as bitter a pill for them as poſſible.

I won't tell you what deſigns I have in my head (beſides writing a ſet of maxims in oppoſition to all Rochefoucault's principles *) till I ſee you here, face to face. Then you ſhall have no reaſon to complain of me, for want of a generous diſdain of this world, tho' I have not loſt my ears in yours and their ſervice. Lord Oxford too (whom I have now the third time mentioned in this letter, and he deſerves to be always mentioned in every thing that is addreſſed to you, or comes from you) expects you: that ought to be enough to bring you hither; 'tis a better reaſon than if the nation expected you. For I really enter as fully as you can deſire, into your principle of love of individuals; and I think the way to have a public ſpirit, is firſt to have a private one: for who can believe, (ſaid a friend of mine), that any man can care for a hundred thouſand people, who never cared for one? No ill-humoured man can ever be a patriot, any more than a friend.

I deſigned to have left the following page for Dr Arbuthnot to fill; but he is ſo touched with the period in yours to me concerning him, that he intends to anſwer it by a whole letter. He too is buſy about a book, which I gueſs he will tell you of. So adieu.—What remains worth telling you? Dean Berkley is well, and happy in the proſecution of his ſcheme. Lord Oxford and

* This was only ſaid as an oblique reproof of the horrid miſanthropy in the foregoing letter; and which he ſuppoſed might be chiefly occaſioned by the Dean's fondneſs for Rochefoucault, whoſe *maxims* are founded on the principle of an univerſal ſelfiſhneſs in human nature. *Warb.*

and Lord Bolingbroke in health; Duke Diſney ſo alſo; Sir William Wyndham better; Lord Bathurſt well. Theſe, and ſome others preſerve their ancient honour and ancient friendſhip. Thoſe who do neither, if they were d—d, what is it to a Proteſtant prieſt, who has nothing to do with the dead? I anſwer for my own part, as a Papiſt, I would not pray them out of purgatory.

MY name is as bad an one as yours, and hated by all bad poets, from Hopkins and Sternhold to Gildon and Cibber. The firſt prayed againſt me with the Turk, and a modern imitator of theirs (whom I leave you to find out) has added the Chriſtian to them, with proper definitions of each, in this manner.

The Pope's the whore of Babylon,
The Turk he is a Jew;
The Chriſtian is an Infidel
That ſitteth in a pew.

LETTER XIV.

From Dr SWIFT.

Nov. 26. 1725.

I Should ſooner have acknowledged yours, if a feveriſh diſorder, and the relics of it, had not diſabled me for a fortnight. I now begin to make excuſes, becauſe I hope I am pretty near ſeeing you, and therefore I would cultivate an acquaintance; becauſe if you do not know me when we meet, you need only keep one of my letters, and compare it with my face, for my face and letters are counter-parts of my heart. I fear I have not expreſſed that right; but I mean well, and I hate blots. I look in your letter, and in my conſcience you ſay the ſame thing, but in a better manner. Pray tell my Lord Bolingbroke, that I wiſh he were baniſhed again; for then I ſhould hear from him, when he was full of philoſophy, and talked *de contemptu mundi*. My Lord Oxford was ſo extremely kind as to write to me immediately an account of his ſon's birth: which I immediately acknowl-

acknowledged; but before my letter could reach him, I wiſhed it in the ſea. I hope I was more afflicted than his Lordſhip. 'Tis hard that parſons and beggars ſhould be over-run with brats, while ſo great and good a family wants an heir to continue it. I have received his father's picture, but I lament (*ſub ſigillo confeſſionis*) that it is not ſo true a reſemblance as I could wiſh. Drown the world! I am not content with deſpiſing it, but I would anger it, if I could with ſafety. I wiſh there were an hoſpital built for its deſpiſers, where one might act with ſafety; and it need not be a large building, only I would have it well endowed. P** is *fort chancellant*, whether he ſhall turn parſon or no. But all employments here are engaged, or in reverſion. Caſt wits and caſt beaux have a proper ſanctuary in the church: yet we think it a ſevere judgment, that a fine gentleman, and ſo much the finer for hating eccleſiaſtics, ſhould be a domeſtic humble retainer to an Iriſh prelate. He is neither ſecretary nor gentleman-uſher, yet ſerves in both capacities. He hath publiſhed ſeveral reaſons why he never came to ſee me; but the beſt is, that I have not waited on his Lordſhip. We have had a poem ſent from London, in imitation of that on Miſs Carteret. It is on Miſs Harvey of a day old; and we ſay and think it is yours. I wiſh it were not, becauſe I am againſt monopolies.——You might have ſpared me a few more lines of your ſatire, but I hope in a few months to ſee it all. To hear boys like you talk of millenniums and tranquillity! I am older by thirty years, Lord Bolingbroke by twenty, and you but by ten, than when we laſt were together; and we ſhould differ more than ever, you coquetting a maid of honour, my Lord looking on to ſee how the gameſters play, and I railing at you both. I deſire you and all my friends will take a ſpecial care, that my diſaffection to the world may not be imputed to my age; for I have credible witneſſes ready to depoſe, that it hath never varied from the twenty-firſt to the f--ty-eight year of my life, (pray fill that blank charitably). I tell you after all, that I do not hate mankind: it is *vous autres* who hate them, becauſe you would have them reaſonable animals, and are angry at being diſappointed. I have always rejected that definition, and made another of

my

my own. I am no more angry with——than I was with the kite that laſt week flew away with one of my chickens; and yet I was pleaſed when one of my ſervants ſhot him two days after. This I ſay, becauſe you are ſo hardy as to tell me of your intentions to write maxims in oppoſition to Rochefoucault, who is my favourite, becauſe I found my whole character in him *: however, I will read him again, becauſe it is poſſible I may have ſince undergone ſome alteration.——Take care the bad poets do not outwit you, as they have ſerved the good ones in every age, whom they have provoked to tranſmit their names to poſterity. Mœvius is as well known as Virgil; and Gildon will be as well known as you, if his name gets into your verſes: and as to the difference between good and bad fame, 'tis a perfect trifle. I aſk a thouſand pardons, and ſo leave you for this time, and will write again, without concerning myſelf whether you write or no.

I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

Dec. 10. 1725.

I Find myſelf the better acquainted with you for a long abſence, as men are with themſelves for a long affliction. Abſence does but hold off a friend, to make one ſee him the more truly. I am infinitely more pleaſed to hear you are coming near us, than at any thing you ſeem to think in my favour; an opinion which has perhaps been aggrandized by the diſtance or dulneſs of Ireland, as objects look larger thro' a medium of fogs: and yet I am infinitely pleaſed with that too. I am much the happier for finding (a better thing than our wits) our judgments jump in the notion, that all ſcribblers ſhould be paſſed by in ſilence. To vindicate one's ſelf againſt ſuch naſty ſlander, is much as wiſe as it was in your countryman, when the people imputed a ſtink to him, to prove the contrary by ſhewing his backſide. So let Gildon and Philips reſt in peace! what Virgil had to do with Mœvius, that he ſhould wear him upon his ſleeve

* This, methinks, is no great compliment to his own heart. *Warb.*

to all eternity, I don't know. I have been the longer upon this, that I may prepare you for the reception both you and your works may poſſibly meet in England. We, your true acquaintance, will look upon you as a good man, and love you; others will look upon you as a wit, and hate you. So you know the worſt; unleſs you are as vindicative as Virgil, or the aforeſaid Hibernian.

I wiſh as warmly as you for an hoſpital in which to lodge the deſpiſers of the world; only I fear it would be filled wholly, like Chelſea, with maimed ſoldiers, and ſuch as had been diſabled in its ſervice. I would rather have thoſe that, out of ſuch generous principles as you and I, deſpiſe it, fly in its face, than retire from it. Not that I have much anger againſt the great; my ſpleen is at the little rogues of it. It would vex one more to be knocked on the head with a piſs-pot, than by a thunder-bolt. As to great oppreſſors, they are like kites or eagles; one expects miſchief from them: but to be ſquirted to death (as poor Wycherly ſaid to me on his deathbed) by apothecaries apprentices, by the under-ſtrappers of under-ſecretaries to ſecretaries who were no ſecretaries,—this would provoke as dull a dog as Ph—s himſelf.

So much for enemies: now for friends. Mr L——— thinks all this indiſcreet: the Doctor not ſo; he loves miſchief the beſt of any good-natured man in England. Lord B. is above trifling. When he writes of any thing in this world, he is more than mortal: *if ever he trifles, it muſt be when he turns a divine.* Gay is writing tales for Prince William. I ſuppoſe Mr Philips will take this very ill, for two reaſons; one, that he thinks all child-iſh things belong to him; and the other, becauſe he'll take it ill to be taught, that one may write things to a child without being childiſh. What have I more to add, but that Lord Oxford deſires earneſtly to ſee you; and that many others, whom you do not think the worſt of, will be gratified by it? None more, be aſſured, than

Yours, &c.

P. S. Pope and you are very great wits, and, I think, *very indifferent* philoſophers. If you deſpiſed the world

as

as much as you pretend, and perhaps believe, you would not be ſo angry with it. The founder of your ſect, that noble original whom you think it ſo great an honour to reſemble *, was a ſlave to the worſt part of the world, to the court; and all his big words were the language of a ſlighted lover, who deſired nothing ſo much as a reconciliation, and feared nothing ſo much as a rupture. I believe the world hath uſed me as ſcurvily as moſt people; and yet I could never find in my heart to be thoroughly angry with the ſimple, falſe, capricious thing. I ſhould bluſh alike, to be diſcovered fond of the world, or piqued at it. Your definition of *animal rationis capax*, inſtead of the common one *animal rationale*, will not bear examination. Define but reaſon, and you will ſee why your diſtinction is no better than that of the Pontiff Cotta, between *mala ratio*, and *bona ratio*. But enough of this. Make us a viſit, and I'll ſubſcribe to any ſide of theſe important queſtions which you pleaſe. We differ leſs than you imagine perhaps, when you wiſhed me baniſhed again: but I am not leſs true to you and to philoſophy in England, than I was in France.

Yours, &c. B.

LETTER XVI.

From Dr SWIFT.

London, May 4. 1726.

I Had rather live in forty Irelands than under the frequent diſquiets of hearing you are out of order. I always apprehend it moſt after a great dinner; for the leaſt tranſgreſſion of yours, if it be only two bits and one ſup more than your ſtint, is a great debauch; for which you certainly pay more than thoſe ſots who are carried dead drunk to bed. My Lord Peterborow ſpoiled every body's dinner, but eſpecially mine, with telling us, that you were detained by ſickneſs. Pray let me have three lines under any hand or pot-hook that will give me a better account of your health; which concerns me more than others, becauſe I love and eſteem

* Seneca.

you for reaſons that moſt others have little to do with, and would be the ſame altho' you had never touched a pen, further than with writing to me.

I am gathering up my luggage, and preparing for my journey. I will endeavour to think of you as little as I can; and when I write to you, I will ſtrive not to think of you. This I intend in return to your kindneſs; and further, I know no body has dealt with me ſo cruelly as you; the conſequences of which uſage I fear will laſt as long as my life; for ſo long ſhall I be, in ſpite of my heart, entirely yours.

LETTER XVII.

Aug. 22. 1726.

MAny a ſhort ſigh you coſt me the day I left you, and many more you will coſt me, till the day you return. I really walked about like a man baniſhed; and when I came home, found it no home. 'Tis a ſenſation like that of a limb lopped off; one is trying every minute unawares to uſe it, and finds it is not. I may ſay you have uſed me more cruelly than you have done any other man; you have made it more impoſſible for me to live at eaſe without you. Habitude itſelf would have done that, if I had leſs friendſhip in my nature than I have. Beſides my natural memory of you, you have made a local one, which preſents you to me in every place I frequent. I ſhall never more think of Lord Cobham's, the woods of Ciceter, or the pleaſing proſpect of Byberry, but your idea muſt be joined with them; nor ſee one ſeat in my own garden, or one room in my own houſe, without a phantom of you, ſitting or walking before me. I travelled with you to Cheſter, I felt the extreme heat of the weather, the inns, the roads, the confinement and cloſeneſs of the uneaſy coach, and wiſhed a hundred times I had either a deanery or a horſe in my gift. In real truth, I have felt my ſoul peeviſh ever ſince with all about me, from a warm uneaſy deſire after you. I am gone out of myſelf to no purpoſe, and cannot catch you. *Inhiat in pedes* was not more properly applied to a poor dog after a hare, than to me with regard

regard to your departure. I wiſh I could think no more of it, but lie down and ſleep till we meet again, and let that day (how far ſoever off it be) be the morrow. Since I cannot, may it be my amends, that every thing you wiſh may attend you where you are, and that you may find every friend you have there, in the ſtate you wiſh him or her; ſo that your viſits to us may have no other effect, than the progreſs of a rich man to a remote eſtate, which he finds greater than he expected; which knowledge only ſerves to make him live happier where he is, with no diſagreeable proſpect if ever he ſhould chuſe to remove. May this be your ſtate till it become what I wiſh. But indeed I cannot expreſs the warmth with which I wiſh you all things, and myſelf you. Indeed you are ingraved elſewhere than on the cups you ſent me, (with ſo kind an inſcription), and I might throw them into the Thames without injury to the giver. I am not pleaſed with them, but take them very kindly too: and had I ſuſpected any ſuch uſage from you, I ſhould have enjoyed your company leſs than I really did: for at this rate I may ſay,

Nec tecum poſſum vivere, nec ſine te.

I will bring you over juſt ſuch another preſent, when I go to the deanery of St Patrick's; which I promiſe you to do, if ever I am enabled to return your kindneſs. *Denarem pateras*, &c. Till then I'll drink (or Gay ſhall drink) daily healths to you, and I'll add to your inſcription the old Roman vow for years to come, V OTIS X. VOTIS XX. My mother's age gives me authority to hope it for yours. Adieu.

LETTER XVIII.

Sept. 3. 1726.

YOurs to Mr Gay gave me greater ſatisfaction than that to me (tho' that gave me a great deal); for to hear that you were ſafe at your journey's end, exceeds the account of your fatigues while in the way to it: otherwiſe believe me, every tittle of each is important to me, which ſets any one thing before my eyes that

that happens to you. I writ you a long letter, which I gueſs reached you the day after your arrival. Since then I had a conference with Sir——, who expreſſed his deſire of having ſeen you again before you left us. He ſaid, he obſerved a willingneſs in you to live among us; which I did not deny; but at the ſame time told him, you had no ſuch deſign in your coming this time, which was merely to ſee a few of thoſe you loved: but that indeed all thoſe wiſhed it, and particularly Lord Peterborow and myſelf, who wiſhed you loved Ireland leſs, had you any reaſon to love England more. I ſaid nothing but what I think would induce any man to be as fond of you as I, plain truth, did they know either it or you. I can't help thinking (when I conſider the whole ſhort liſt of our friends) that none of them except you and I are qualified for the mountains of Wales. The Doctor goes to cards, Gay to court; one loſes money, one loſes his time: another of our friends labours to be unambitious, but he labours in an unwilling ſoil. One Lady you like has too much of France to be fit for Wales: another is too much a ſubject to princes and potentates, to reliſh that wild taſte of liberty and poverty. Mr Congreve is too ſick to bear a thin air; and ſhe that leads him, too rich to enjoy any thing. Lord Peterborow can go to any climate, but never ſtay in any. Lord Bathurſt is too great a huſbandman to like barren hills, except they are his own to improve. Mr Bethel indeed is too good and too honeſt to live in the world; but yet 'tis fit, for its example, he ſhould. We are left to ourſelves in my opinion, and may live where we pleaſe, in Wales, Dublin, or Bermudas: and for me, I aſſure you I love the world ſo well, and it loves me ſo well, that I care not in what part of it I paſs the reſt of my days. I ſee no ſunſhine but in the face of a friend.

I had a glimpſe of a letter of yours lately, by which I find you are (like the vulgar) apter to think well of people out of power, than of people in power; perhaps 'tis a miſtake, but however there's ſomething in it generous. Mr*** takes it extreme kindly, I can perceive, and he has a great mind to thank you for that good opinion, for which I believe he is only to thank his

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ill fortune: for, if I am not in an error, he would rather be in power, than out.

To ſhew you how fit I am to live in the mountains, I will, with great truth, apply to myſelf an old ſentence: "Thoſe that are in, may abide in; and thoſe that are "out, may abide out: yet to me, thoſe that are in ſhall "be as thoſe that are out, and thoſe that are out ſhall be "as thoſe that are in."

I am indifferent as to all thoſe matters; but I miſs you as much as I did the firſt day, when (with a ſhort ſigh) I parted. Where-ever you are, (or on the mountains of Wales, or on the coaſt of Dublin,

Tu mihi, ſeu magni ſuperas jam ſaxa Timavi,
Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris———),

I am, and ever ſhall be yours, *&c.*

LETTER XIX.

Mr GAY *to Dr* SWIFT.

Nov. 17. 1726.

ABout ten days ago a book was publiſhed here of the travels of one Gulliver, which hath been the converſation of the whole town ever ſince. The whole impreſſion ſold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, tho' all agree in liking it extremely. 'Tis generally ſaid that you are the author; but I am told, the bookſeller declares, he knows not from what hand it came. From the higheſt to the loweſt it is univerſally read, from the cabinet-counſel to the nurſery. The politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the ſatire on general ſocieties of men is too ſevere. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perſpicuity, who are in ſearch for particular applications in every leaf; and 'tis highly probable we ſhall have keys publiſhed to give light into Gulliver's deſign. Lord——is the perſon who leaſt approves it, thinking it as a deſign of evil conſequence to depreciate human nature.

nature; at which it cannot be wondered that he takes moſt offence, being himſelf the moſt accompliſhed of his ſpecies, and ſo loſing more than any other of that praiſe which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man *. Your friend, my Lord Harcourt, commends it very much, tho' he thinks in ſome places the matter too far carried. The Dutcheſs-Dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it; ſhe ſays ſhe can dream of nothing elſe ſince ſhe read it: ſhe declares, that ſhe hath now found out, that her whole life hath been loſt in careſſing the worſt part of mankind, and treating the beſt as her foes; and that if ſhe knew Gulliver, tho' he had been the worſt enemy ſhe ever had, ſhe would give up her preſent acquaintance for his friendſhip. You may ſee by this, that you are not much injured by being ſuppoſed the author of this piece. If you are, you have diſobliged us, and two or three of your beſt friends, in not giving us the leaſt hint of it while you were with us; and in particular Dr Arbuthnot, who ſays, it is ten thouſand pities he had not known it, he could have added ſuch abundance of things upon every ſubject. Among lady-critics, ſome have found out that Mr Gulliver had a particular malice to maids of honour. Thoſe of them who frequent the church, ſay, his deſign is impious, and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithſtanding, I am told the Princeſs hath read it with great pleaſure. As to other critics, they think the flying iſland is the leaſt entertaining; and ſo great an opinion the town have of the impoſſibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himſelf, 'tis agreed that part was not writ by the ſame hand, tho' this hath its defenders too. It hath paſſed Lords and Commons, *nemine contradicente*; and the whole town, men, women, and children, are quite full of it.

PERHAPS I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never ſeen, and which hath not yet reached Ireland. If it hath not, I believe what we have ſaid

* It is no wonder a man of worth ſhould condemn a ſatire on his ſpecies; as it injures virtue, and violates truth: and as little, that a corrupt man ſhould approve it, becauſe it juſtifies his principles, and tends to excuſe his practice. *Warb.*

ſaid will be ſufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to ſend it to you.

BUT it will be much better to come over yourſelf, and read it here; where you will have the pleaſure of variety of commentators, to explain the difficult paſſages to you.

WE all rejoice that you have fixed the preciſe time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima*; which we modern naturaliſts pronounce ought to be reckoned, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, ſtyl. Greg. at fartheſt. But to us your friends, the coming of ſuch a black ſwallow as you, will make a ſummer in the worſt of ſeaſons. We are no leſs glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley; and in town you know you have a lodging at court.

THE Princeſs is clothed in Iriſh ſilk; pray give our ſervice to the weavers. We are ſtrangely ſurpriſed to hear that the bells in Ireland ring without your money. I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B—hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like Houyhnhnm) have treated him as a Yahoo, and diſcarded him your ſervice. I fear you do not underſtand theſe modiſh terms, which every creature now underſtands but yourſelf.

YOU tell us your wine is bad, and that the clergy do not frequent your houſe, which we look upon to be tautology. The beſt advice we can give you is, to make them a preſent of your wine, and come away to better.

YOU fancy we envy you, but you are miſtaken: we envy thoſe you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

LETTER XX.

Nov. 16. 1726.

I Have reſolved to take time; and, in ſpite of all misfortunes and demurs, which ſickneſs, lameneſs, or diſability of any kind can throw in my way, to write you (at intervals) a long letter. My two leaſt fingers of

one

one hand hang impediments to the others *, like uſeleſs dependents, who only take up room, and never are active or aſſiſtant to our wants. I ſhall never be much the better for them.—I congratulate you firſt upon what you call your couſin's wonderful book, which is *publica trita manu* at preſent, and I propheſy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by ſome ſtateſmen, is delightful; I wiſh I could tell you how every ſingle man looks upon it, to obſerve which has been my whole diverſion this fortnight. I've never been a night in London ſince you left me, till now, for this very end; and indeed it has fully anſwered my expectations.

I find no conſiderable man very angry at the book. Some indeed think it rather too bold, and too general a ſatire: but none, that I hear of, accuſe it of particular reflections; (I mean no perſons of conſequence, or good judgment; the mob of critics, you know, always are deſirous to apply ſatire to thoſe they envy for being above them): ſo that you needed not to have been ſo ſecret upon this head. Motte received the copy, he tells me, he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropped at his houſe in the dark, from a hackney-coach. By computing the time, I found it was after you left England; ſo, for my part, I ſuſpend my judgment.

I am pleaſed with the nature and quality of your preſent to the Princeſs. The Iriſh ſtuff you ſent to Mrs. H. her R. H. laid hold of, and has made up for her own uſe. Are you determined to be national in every thing, even in your civilities? You are the greateſt politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational politician, there's no great fear of you, you will never ſucceed.

ANOTHER thing in which you have pleaſed me, was what

* This was occaſioned by a bad accident as he was returning home in a friend's chariot; which in paſſing a bridge was overturned, and thrown with the horſes into the river. The glaſſes being up, and Mr Pope unable to break them, he was in immediate danger of drowning; when the poſtillion, who had juſt recovered himſelf, beat the glaſs which lay uppermoſt, to pieces: a fragment of which cut one of Mr Pope's hands very dangerouſly. *Warb.*

what you ſay to Mr P. by which it ſeems to me, that you value no man's civility above your own dignity, or your own reaſon. Surely, without flattery, you are now above all parties of men; and it is high time to be ſo, after twenty or thirty years obſervation of the great world.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri.

I queſtion not, many men would be of your intimacy, that you might be of their intereſt: but God forbid any honeſt or witty man ſhould be of any, but that of his country. They have ſcoundrels enough to write for their paſſions and their deſigns; let us write for truth, for honour, and for poſterity. If you muſt needs write about politics at all, (but perhaps 'tis full as wiſe to play the fool any other way), ſurely it ought to be ſo as to preſerve the dignity and integrity of your character with thoſe times to come, which will moſt impartially judge of you.

I wiſh you had writ to Lord Peterborow; no man is more affectionate toward you. Don't fancy none but Tories are your friends; for at that rate I muſt be at moſt but half your friend, and ſincerely I am wholly ſo. Adieu, write often, and come ſoon; for many wiſh you well, and all would be glad of your company.

LETTER XXI.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, Nov. 17. 1726.

I Am juſt come from anſwering a letter of Mrs H——'s, writ in ſuch myſtical terms, that I ſhould never have found out the meaning, if a book had not been ſent me, called *Gulliver's Travels*, of which you ſay ſo much in yours. I read the book over; and in the ſecond volume obſerve ſeveral paſſages which appear to be patched and altered *, and the ſtyle of a different

* This was the fact, which is complained of and [illegible] the *Dublin* edition of the Dean's works, Work—[illegible] *this edition.*

ſort, unleſs I am much miſtaken. Dr Arbuthnot likes the projectors leaſt*; others, you tell me, the flying iſland: ſome think it wrong to be ſo hard upon whole bodies or corporations; yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular perſons are moſt to be blamed: ſo that, in theſe caſes, I think the beſt method is, to let cenſure and opinion take their courſe. A biſhop here ſaid, that book was full of improbable lies; and, for his part, he hardly believed a word of it. And ſo much for Gulliver.

GOING to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumſtance of returning to Ireland. It is a ſhame you do not perſuade your miniſters to keep me on that ſide, if it were but by a court-expedient of keeping me in priſon for a plotter; but at the ſame time I muſt tell you, that ſuch journeys very much ſhorten my life, for a month here is longer than ſix at Twickenham.

How comes friend Gay to be ſo tedious? Another man can publiſh fifty thouſand lies ſooner than he can fifty fables.

I am juſt going to perform a very good office; it is to aſſiſt with the Archbiſhop, in degrading a parſon who couples all our beggars; by which I ſhall make one happy man; and decide the great queſtion of an indelible character in favour of the principles in faſhion. This I hope you will repreſent to the miniſtry in my favour, as a point of merit: ſo farewel till I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the parſon, who by a law here is to be hanged the next couple he marries. He declared to us, that he reſolved to be hanged; only deſired, that when he was to go to the gallows, the Archbiſhop would take off his excommunication. Is not he a good Catholic? and yet he is but a Scotchman. This is the only Iriſh event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deſerves notice——Let me add, that if I were Gulliver's friend, I would deſire all my acquaintance to give out, that his copy was baſely mangled, and abuſed, and added to, and blotted out by

* Becauſe he underſtood it to be intended as a ſatire on the *Royal Society*. *Warb.*

by the printer; for ſo to me it ſeems, in the ſecond volume particularly. Adieu.

LETTER XXII.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dec. 5. 1726.

I Believe the hurt in your hand affects me more than it does yourſelf; and with reaſon, becauſe I may probably be a greater loſer by it. What have accidents to do with thoſe who are neither jockeys, nor fox-hunters, nor bullies, nor drunkards? and yet a raſcally groom ſhall gallop a foundered horſe ten miles upon a cauſey, and get home ſafe.

I am very much pleaſed that you approve what was ſent; becauſe I remember to have heard a great man ſay, that nothing required more judgment than making a preſent; which when it is done to thoſe of high rank, ought to be of ſomething that is not readily got for money. You oblige me, and at the ſame time do me juſtice, in what you obſerve as to Mr P. Beſides, it is too late in life for me to act otherwiſe, and therefore I follow a very eaſy road to virtue, and purchaſe it cheap. If you will give me leave to join us, is not your life and mine a ſtate of power, and dependence a ſtate of ſlavery? We care not three pence whether a prince or miniſter will ſee us or no: we are not afraid of having ill offices done us, nor are at the trouble of guarding our words for fear of giving offence. I do agree, that riches are liberty; but then we are to put into the balance, how long our apprenticeſhip is to laſt in acquiring them.

SINCE you have received the verſes, I moſt earneſtly intreat you to burn thoſe which you do not approve, and in thoſe few where you may not diſlike ſome parts, blot out the reſt, and ſometimes (tho' it be againſt the lazineſs of your nature) be ſo kind to make a few corrections, if the matter will bear them. I have ſome few of thoſe things I call thoughts moral and diverting; if you pleaſe, I will ſend the beſt I can pick from them,

to add to the new volume. I have reaſon to chuſe the method you mention of mixing the ſeveral verſes, and I hope thereby, among the bad critics, to be intitled to more merit than is my due.

This moment I am ſo happy to have a letter from my Lord Peterborow, for which I intreat you will preſent him with my humble reſpects and thanks, tho' he all-to-be Gullivers me by very ſtrong inſinuations. Tho' you deſpiſe riddles, I am ſtrongly tempted to ſend a parcel to be printed by themſelves, and make a nine penny job for the bookſeller. There are ſome of my own, wherein I exceed mankind; *mira poemata!* the moſt ſolemn that were ever ſeen; and ſome writ by others, admirable indeed, but far inferior to mine; but I will not praiſe myſelf. You approve that writer who laughs and makes others laugh: but why ſhould I who hate the world, or you who do not love it, make it ſo happy? therefore I reſolve from henceforth to handle only ſerious ſubjects, *niſi quid tu, docte Trebati, diſſentis.*

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

March 8. 1726-7.

MR Stopford will be the bearer of this letter, for whoſe acquaintance I am, among many other favours, obliged to you: and I think the acquaintance of ſo valuable, ingenious, and unaffected a man, to be none of the leaſt obligations.

OUR miſcellany is now quite printed. I am prodigiouſly pleaſed with this joint volume; in which methinks we look like friends, ſide by ſide, ſerious and merry by turns, converſing interchangeably, and walking down hand in hand to poſterity; not in the ſtiff forms of learned authors, flattering each other, and ſetting the reſt of mankind at nought; but in a free, unimportant, natural, eaſy manner, diverting others juſt as we diverted ourſelves. The third volume conſiſts of verſes; but I would chuſe to print none but ſuch as have ſome peculiarity,

liarity, and may be diſtinguiſhed for ours from other writers. There's no end of making books, Solomon ſaid, and above all, of making miſcellanies, which all men can make. For unleſs there be a character in every piece, like the mark of the elect, I ſhould not care to be one of the twelve thouſand ſigned.

You received, I hope, ſome commendatory verſes from a horſe and a Lilliputian, to Gulliver, and an heroic epiſtle of Mrs Gulliver. The bookſeller would fain have printed them before the ſecond edition of the book; but I would not permit it without your approbation, nor do I much like them. You ſee how much like a poet I write; and yet if you were with us you'd be deep in politics. People are very warm, and very angry, very little to the purpoſe; but therefore the more warm and the more angry. *Non noſtrum eſt tantas componere lites.* I ſtay at Twitnam, without ſo much as reading news-papers, votes, or any other paltry pamphlets. Mr Stopford will carry you a whole parcel of them, which are ſent for your diverſion, but not imitation. For my own part, methinks I am at Glubdubdrib, with none but ancients and ſpirits about me.

I am rather better than I uſe to be at this ſeaſon, but my hand (tho', as you ſee, it has not loſt its cunning) is frequently in very awkward ſenſations, rather than pain. But to convince you it is pretty well, it has done ſome miſchief already, and juſt been ſtrong enough to cut the other hand, while it was aiming to prune a fruit-tree.

Lady Bolingbroke has writ you a long, lively letter, which will attend this. She has very bad health, he very good. Lord Peterborow has writ twice to you. We fancy ſome letters have been intercepted, or loſt by accident. About ten thouſand things I want to tell you: I wiſh you were as impatient to hear them, [illegible] ſo you would, you muſt come early this ſpring. [illegible] Let me have a line from you. I am vexed [illegible] Stopford as ſoon as I knew him [illegible] have known him no longer. If every [illegible] to value muſt ſettle in Ireland, [illegible] more of them, and I forgive you [illegible]

LETTER XXIV.

Oct. 2. 1727.

IT is a perfect trouble to me to write to you; and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affected me so much, that it made me like a girl. I can't tell what to say to you; I only feel that I wish you well in every circumstance of life; that it is almost as good to be hated as to be loved, considering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themselves so utterly impotent to do any good, or give any ease to those who deserve most from us. I would very fain know, as soon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was sorry to find you could think yourself easier in any house than in mine; tho' at the same time I can allow for a tenderness in your way of thinking, even when it seemed to want that tenderness. I can't explain my meaning; perhaps you know it. But the best way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I live, to visit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added some disagreeable news from Ireland, which might occasion your so sudden departure: for the last time I saw you, you assured me you would not leave us this whole winter, unless your health grew better; and I don't find it did so. I never complied so unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in staying so intirely from you; nor could I have had the constancy to do it, if you had not promised, that before you went, we should meet, and you would send to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to those you mention in yours. We are quite sorry for you. I mean for ourselves. I hope, as you do, that we shall meet in a more durable and more satisfactory state; but the less sure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe, we shall have something better than even a friend, there;

there; but certainly here we have nothing ſo good. Adieu for this time. May you find every friend you go to as pleaſed and happy, as every friend you went from is ſorry and troubled.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXV.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, Oct. 12. 1727.

I Have been long reaſoning with myſelf upon the condition I am in, and in concluſion have thought it beſt to return to what fortune hath made my home. I have there a large houſe, and ſervants and conveniencies about me. I may be worſe than I am; and I have no where to retire. I therefore thought it beſt to return to Ireland, rather than go to any diſtant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleaſes God to reſtore me to my health, I ſhall readily make a third journey; if not, we muſt part, as all human creatures have parted. You are the beſt and kindeſt friend in the world, and I know no body alive or dead to whom I am ſo much obliged: and if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wiſhed that God almighty would be ſo eaſy to the weakneſs of mankind, as to let old friends be acquainted in another ſtate; and if I were to write an Utopia for heaven, that would be one of my ſchemes. This wildneſs you muſt allow for, becauſe I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be ſick here, without the vexation of making my friends uneaſy; yet my giddineſs alone would not have done, if that unſociable comfortleſs deafneſs had not quite tired me. And I believe I ſhould have returned from the inn, if I had not feared it was only a ſhort intermiſſion, and the year was late, and my licence expiring. Surely, beſides all other faults, I ſhould be a very ill judge, to doubt your friendſhip and kindneſs. But it hath pleaſed God,

that

that you are not in a ſtate of health, to be mortified with the care and ſickneſs of a friend. Two ſick friends never did well together; ſuch an office is fitter for ſervants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent, whether we give them trouble or no. The caſe would be quite otherwiſe if you were with me; you could refuſe to ſee any body; and here is a large houſe, where we need not hear each other if we were both ſick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both ſexes at command, who are of no conſequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and treat ſoftly when I am only giddy and would ſleep.

I had another reaſon for my haſte hither; which was changing my agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs; to which however I am grown ſo indifferent, that I believe I ſhall loſe two or three hundred pounds rather than plague myſelf with accounts; ſo that I am very well qualified to be a Lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.

PRAY God continue and increaſe Mr Congreve's amendment; tho' he does not deſerve it like you, having been too laviſh of that health which nature gave him.

I hope my Whitehall landlord is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the preacher ſaid, "the day "of judgment was nearer than ever it had been before."

PRAY God ſend you health, *det ſalutem, det opes; animam æquam tibi ipſe parabis.* You ſee Horace wiſhed for money, as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I ſhall never be a friend to the court till you do ſo too.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

From Dr SWIFT.

October 30. 1727.

THE firſt letter I writ after my landing was to Mr Gay; but it would have been wiſer to direct it to Tonſon or Lintot, to whom I believe his lodgings are

better known than to the runners of the poſt-office. In that letter you will find what a quick change I made in ſeven days from London to the deanery, thro' many nations and languages unknown to the civilized world. And I have often reflected, in how few hours, with a ſwift horſe, or a ſtrong gale, a man may come among a people as unknown to him as the antipodes. If I did not know you more by your converſation and kindneſs than by your letter, I might be baſe enough to ſuſpect, that, in point of friendſhip, you act like ſome philoſophers who writ much better upon virtue than they practiſed it. In anſwer, I can only ſwear, that you have taught me to dream, which I had not done in twelve years further than by inexpreſſible nonſenſe; but now I can every night diſtinctly ſee Twickenham, and the grotto, and Dawley, and many other *et cetera's*, and it is but three nights ſince I beat Mrs Pope. I muſt needs confeſs, that the pleaſure I take in thinking on you, is very much leſſened by the pain I am in about your health. You pay dearly for the great talents God hath given you; and for the conſequences of them, in the eſteem and diſtinction you receive from mankind, unleſs you can provide a tolerable ſtock of health; in which purſuit I cannot much commend your conduct, but rather intreat you would mend it, by following the advice of my Lord Bolingbroke, and your other phyſicians. When you talked of cups and impreſſions, it came into my head to imitate you in quoting ſcripture, not to your advantage. I mean what was ſaid to David by one of his brothers; *I know thy pride, and the naughtineſs of thy heart.* I remember when it grieved your ſoul to ſee me pay a penny more than my club at an inn, when you had maintained me three months at bed and board; for which, if I had dealt with you in the Smithfield way, it would have coſt me a hundred pounds; for I live worſe here upon more. Did you ever conſider, that I am for life almoſt twice as rich as you, and pay no rent, and drink French wine twice as cheap as you do Port, and have neither coach, chair, nor mother? As to the world, I think you ought to ſay to it with St Paul, *If we have ſown unto you ſpiritual things, is it a great thing if we ſhall reap your carnal things?*

This

This is more proper ſtill, if you conſider the French word *ſpiritual*, in which ſenſe the world ought to pay you better than they do. If you made me a preſent of a thouſand pound, I would not allow myſelf to be in your debt; and if I made you a preſent of two, I would not allow myſelf to be out of it. But I have not half your pride: witneſs what Mr Gay ſays in his letter, that I was cenſured for begging preſents, tho' I limited them to ten ſhillings. I ſee no reaſon (at leaſt my friendſhip and vanity ſee none) why you ſhould not give me a viſit, when you ſhall happen to be diſengaged. I will ſend a perſon to Cheſter to take care of you, and you ſhall be uſed by the beſt folks we have here, as well as civility and good nature can contrive. I believe local motion will be no ill phyſic; and I will have your coming inſcribed on my tomb, and recorded in never-dying verſe.

I thank Mrs Pope for her prayers, but I know the myſtery. A perſon of my acquaintance, who uſed to correſpond with the laſt Great Duke of Tuſcany, ſhewing one of the Duke's letters to a friend, and profeſſing great ſenſe of his Highneſs's friendſhip, read this paſſage out of the letters, *I would give one of my fingers to procure your real good*. The perſon to whom this was read, and who knew the Duke well, ſaid, the meaning of *real good* was only, that the other might turn a good Catholic. Pray aſk Mrs Pope, whether this ſtory is applicable to her and me? I pray God bleſs her, for I am ſure ſhe is a good chriſtian, and (which is almoſt as rare) a good woman.

Adieu.

LETTER XXVII.

Mr GAY *to Dr* SWIFT.

Oct. 22. 1727.

THE Queen's family is at laſt ſettled; and in the liſt I was appointed Gentleman-uſher to the Princeſs Louiſa, the youngeſt Princeſs; which, upon account that I am ſo far advanced in life, I have declined accepting;

accepting; and have endeavoured, in the beſt manner I could, to make my excuſes by a letter to her Majeſty. So now all my expectations are vaniſhed; and I have no proſpect, but in depending wholly upon myſelf, and my own conduct. As I am uſed to diſappointments, I can bear them; but as I can have no more hopes, I can no more be diſappointed; ſo that I am in a bleſſed condition.——You remember you were adviſing me to go into Newgate to finiſh my ſcenes the more correctly.—I now think I ſhall, for I have no attendance to hinder me; but my Opera is already finiſhed. I leave the reſt of this paper to Mr Pope.

GAY is a free man, and I writ him a long congratulatory letter upon it. Do you the ſame. It will mend him, and make him a better man than a court could do. Horace might keep his coach in Auguſtus's time, if he pleaſed; but I won't in the time of our Auguſtus. My poem, (which it grieves me that I dare not ſend you a copy of, for fear of the Curls and Dennis's of Ireland, and ſtill more for fear of the worſt of traitors, our friends and admirers), my poem, I ſay, will ſhew what a diſtinguiſhing age we lived in. Your name is in it, with ſome others, under a mark of ſuch ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu, and God bleſs you, and give you health and ſpirits,

Whether thou chuſe Cervantes' ſerious air,
Or laugh and ſhake in Rab'lais' eaſy chair,
Or in the graver gown inſtruct mankind,
Or, ſilent, let thy morals tell thy mind.

Theſe two verſes are over and above what I have ſaid of you in the poem. Adieu.

LETTER XXVIII.

Dr SWIFT *to Mr* GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 23. 1727.

I Entirely approve your refuſal of that employment, and your writing to the Queen. I am perfectly confident

fident you have a keen enemy in the miniſtry. God forgive him, but not till he puts himſelf in a ſtate to be forgiven. Upon reaſoning with myſelf, I ſhould hope they are gone too far to diſcard you quite, and that they will give you ſomething; which, altho' much leſs than they ought, will be (as far as it is worth) better circumſtantiated, and ſince you already juſt live, a middling help will make you juſt tolerable. Your lateneſs in life (as you ſo ſoon call it) might be improper to begin the world with, but almoſt the eldeſt men may hope to ſee changes in a court. A miniſter is always ſeventy: you are thirty years younger; and conſider, Cromwel himſelf did not begin to appear till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a ſhilling, which Dr Birch ſaid was a ſerious thing. Get a ſtronger fence about your 1000*l.* and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be adviſed by your Twickenham landlord and me about an annuity. You are the moſt refractory, honeſt, good-natured man I ever have known. I could argue out this paper.——I am very glad your Opera is finiſhed, and hope your friends will join the reader to make it ſucceed, becauſe you are ill-uſed by others.

I have known courts theſe thirty-ſix years, and know they differ; but in ſome things they are extremely conſtant. Firſt, in the trite old maxim of a miniſter's never forgiving thoſe he hath injured. Secondly, in the inſincerity of thoſe who would be thought the beſt friends. Thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale-bearing. Fourthly, in ſacrificing thoſe whom we really wiſh well, to a point of intereſt, or intrigue. Fifthly, in keeping every thing worth taking, for thoſe who can do ſervice or diſſervice.

Now, why does not Pope publiſh his dulneſs *? The rogues he marks, will die of themſelves in peace, and ſo will his friends, and ſo there will be neither puniſhment nor reward.——Pray inquire how my Lord St John does? There's no man's health in England I am more concerned about than his.——I wonder whether you begin to taſte the pleaſure of independency; or whether you do not ſometimes leer upon the court, *oculo retorto*.

Will

* The Dunciad.

Will you not think of an annuity, when you are two years older, and have doubled your purchaſe-money? Have you dedicated your Opera, and got the uſual dedication-fee of twenty guineas? How is the Doctor? Does he not chide, that you never called upon him for hints? Is my Lord Bolingbroke, at the moment I am writing, a planter, a philoſopher, or a writer? Is Mr Pultney in expectation of a ſon, or my Lord Oxford of a new old manuſcript?

I bought your Opera to-day for ſixpence; a curſed print. I find there is neither dedication nor preface, both which wants I approve; it is in the *grand gout*.

WE are as full of it, *pro modulo noſtro*, as London can be; continually acting, and houſes cramm'd, and the Lord Lieutenant ſeveral times there laughing his heart out. I did not underſtand, that the ſcene of Locket and Peachum's quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Caſſius, till I was told it. I wiſh Mackheath, when he was going to be hanged, had imitated Alexander the Great when he was dying. I would have had his fellow-rogues deſire his commands about a ſucceſſor, and he to anſwer, let it be the moſt worthy, *&c.* We hear a million of ſtories about the Opera, of the applauſe at the ſong, *That was levell'd at me*, when two great miniſters were in a box together, and all the world ſtaring at them. I am heartily glad your Opera hath mended your purſe, tho' perhaps it may ſpoil your court.

WILL you deſire my Lord Bolingbroke, Mr Pultney, and Mr Pope, to command you to buy an annuity with two thouſand pounds, that you may laugh at courts, and bid miniſters———

EVER preſerve ſome ſpice of the alderman, and prepare againſt age, and dulneſs, and ſickneſs, and coldneſs, or death of friends. A whore has a reſource left, that ſhe can turn bawd; but an old decayed poet is a creature abandoned, and at mercy, when he can find none. Get me likewiſe Polly's Mezzotinto. Lord, how the ſchool-boys at Weſtminſter, and univerſity-lads adore you at this juncture! Have you made as many men laugh as miniſters can make weep?

I will excuſe Sir——the trouble of a letter. When ambaſſadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius

upon the death of his nephew, after two years; the Emperor anſwered, that he likewiſe condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and reſpected him very much, and do ſtill as much as ever; and it is a return ſufficient, if he pleaſes to accept the offers of my moſt humble ſervice.

THE Beggar's Opera hath knocked down Gulliver; I hope to ſee Pope's Dulneſs knock down the Beggar's Opera, but not till it hath fully done its job.

To expoſe vice, and make people laugh with innocence, does more public ſervice than all the miniſters of ſtate from Adam to Walpole; and ſo adieu.

LETTER XXIX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE *to Dr* SWIFT.

POPE charges himſelf with this letter. He has been here two days; he is now hurrying to London; he will hurry back to Twickenham in two days more; and, before the end of the week, he will be, for ought I know, at Dublin. In the mean time, his *Dulneſs* * grows and flouriſhes, as if he was there already. It will indeed be a noble work. The many will ſtare at it, the few will ſmile, and all his patrons, from Bickerſtaff to Gulliver, will rejoice, to ſee themſelves adorned in that immortal piece.

I hear that you have had ſome return of your illneſs, which carried you ſo ſuddenly from us, if indeed it was your own illneſs which made you in ſuch haſte to be at Dublin. Dear Swift, take care of your health. I'll give you a receipt for it, *à la Montagne*, or, which is better, *à la Bruyere. Nouriſſer bien votre corps; ne le fatiguer jamais: laiſſer rouiller l'eſprit, meuble inutil, voire outil dangereux: laiſſer ſonner vos cloches le matin, pour éveiller les chanoines, et pour faire dormir le Doyen d'un ſommeil doux et profond, qui lui procure de beaux ſonges: lever vous tard, et aller à l'égliſe, pour vous faire payer d'avoir bien dormi et bien dejeuné.* As to myſelf, (a perſon about whom

* The Dunciad.

whom I concern myſelf very little), I muſt ſay a word or two out of complaiſance to you. I am in my farm, and here I ſhoot ſtrong and tenacious roots. I have caught hold of the earth, (to uſe a gardener's phraſe), and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an eaſy matter to tranſplant me again. Adieu. Let me hear from you, at leaſt of you. I love you for a thouſand things; for none more than for the juſt eſteem and love which you have for all the ſons of Adam.

P. S. According to Lord Bolingbroke's account, I ſhall be at Dublin in three days. I cannot help adding a word, to deſire you to expect my ſoul there with you by that time; but as for the jade of a body that is tacked to it, I fear there will be no dragging it after. I aſſure you I have few friends here to detain me, and no powerful one at court abſolutely to forbid my journey. I am told the genocracy are of opinion, that they want no better writers than Cibber, and the Britiſh journaliſt; ſo that we may live at quiet, and apply ourſelves to our more abſtruſe ſtudies. The only courtiers I know, or have the honour to call my friends, are John Gay and Mr Bowry. The former is at preſent ſo employed in the elevated airs of his Opera, and the latter in the exaltation of his high dignity, (that of her Majeſty's waterman), that I can ſcarce obtain a categorical anſwer from either to any thing I ſay to them. But the Opera ſucceeds extremely, to yours and my extreme ſatisfaction, of which he promiſes this poſt to give you a full account. I have been in a worſe condition of health than ever, and think my immortality is very near out of my enjoyment: ſo it muſt be in you, and in poſterity, to make me what amends you can for dying young. Adieu. While I am, I am yours. Pray love me, and take care of yourſelf.

LETTER XXX.

March 23. 1727-8.

I Send you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boſton in New England, wherein you'll find a real perſon

a member of their parliament, of the name of *Jonathan Gulliver*. If the fame of that traveller has travelled thither, it has travelled very quick to have folks chriſtened already by the name of the ſuppoſed author. But if you object, that no child ſo lately chriſtened, could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into parliament; I reply, (to ſolve the riddle), that the perſon is an *Anabaptiſt*, and not chriſtened till full age, which ſets all right. However it be, the accident is very ſingular, that theſe two names ſhould be united.

Mr Gay's Opera has been acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole ſeaſon. So he has more than a fence about his thouſand pound *: he'll ſoon be thinking of a fence about his two thouſand. Shall no one of us live as we would wiſh each other to live? Shall he have no annuity, you no ſettlement on this ſide, and I no proſpect of getting to you on the other? this world is made for Cæſar,—as Cato ſaid; for ambitious, falſe, or flattering people, to domineer in. Nay they would not, by their good will, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words in quiet. I deſpiſe the world yet, I aſſure you, more than either Gay or you, and the court more than all the reſt of the world. As for thoſe ſcribblers for whom you apprehend I would ſuppreſs my *Dulneſs*, (which, by the way, for the future, you are to call by a more pompous name, *The Dunciad*), how much that neſt of hornets are my regard, will eaſily appear to you, when you read the treatiſe of the Bathos.

At all adventures, yours and my name ſhall ſtand linked as friends to poſterity, both in verſe and proſe, and, as Tully calls it, *in conſuetudine ſtudiorum*. Would to God our perſons could but as well and as ſurely be inſeparable! I find my other ties dropping from me: ſome worn off, ſome torn off, others relaxing daily: my

* Before Mr Gay had fenced this thouſand pounds, he had a conſultation with his friends about the diſpoſal of it. Mr L. adviſed him to intruſt it to the funds, and live upon the intereſt: Dr Arbuthnot, to intruſt it to Providence, and live upon the principal; and Mr Pope was for purchaſing an annuity for life. In this uncertainty he could only ſay with the old man in Terence, *Feciſtis probe*:

Incertior ſum multo, quam dudum. Warb.

my greateſt, both by duty, gratitude, and humanity, time is ſhaking every moment, and it now hangs but by a thread! I am many years the older, for living ſo much with one ſo old; much the more helpleſs, for having been ſo long helped and tended by her; much the more conſiderate and tender, for a daily commerce with one who required me juſtly to be both to her; and conſequently the more melancholy and thoughtful; and the leſs fit for others, who want only in a companion or a friend, to be amuſed or entertained. My conſtitution too has had its ſhare of decay, as well as my ſpirits; and I am as much in the decline at forty as you at ſixty. I believe we ſhould be fit to live together, could I get a little more health, which might make me not quite inſupportable. Your deafneſs would agree with my dulneſs; you would not want me to ſpeak when you could not hear. But God forbid you ſhould be as deſtitute of the ſocial comforts of life, as I muſt when I loſe my mother; or that ever you ſhould loſe your more uſeful acquaintance ſo utterly, as to turn your thoughts to ſuch a broken reed as I am, who could ſo ill ſupply your wants. I am extremely troubled at the returns of your deafneſs; you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; every thing you do or ſay in this kind, obliges me, nay, delights me, to ſee the juſtice you do me in thinking me concerned in all your concerns; ſo that tho' the pleaſanteſt thing you can tell me be that you are better or eaſier, next to that it pleaſes me, that you make me the perſon you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happieſt end I know of this life, ſo the next felicity is, to get rid of fools and ſcoundrels; which I can't but own to you was one part of my deſign in falling upon theſe authors, whoſe incapacity is not greater than their inſincerity; and of whom I have always found, (if I may quote myſelf),

That each bad author is as bad a friend.

This poem will rid me of thoſe inſects.

Cedite, Romani ſcriptores, cedite, Graii;
Neſcio quid majus naſcitur Iliade;

I mean than *my Iliad*; and I call it *Neſcio quid*, which is a degree of modeſty; but however, if it ſilence theſe fellows *, it muſt be ſomething greater than any Iliad in Chriſtendom. Adieu.

LETTER XXXI.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, May 10. 1728.

I Have with great pleaſure ſhewn the New-England news-paper with the two names *Jonathan Gulliver*; and I remember Mr. Forteſcue ſent you an account from the aſſizes, of one *Lemuel Gulliver*, who had a cauſe there, and loſt it on his ill reputation of being a liar. Theſe are not the only obſervations I have made upon odd ſtrange accidents in trifles, which in things of great importance would have been matter for hiſtorians. Mr Gay's Opera hath been acted here twenty times; and my Lord Lieutenant † tells me, it is very well performed; he hath ſeen it often, and approves it much.

You give a moſt melancholy account of yourſelf, and which I do not approve. I reckon, that a man ſubject like us to bodily infirmities, ſhould only occaſionally converſe with great people, notwithſtanding all their good qualities, eaſineſſes, and kindneſſes. There is another race which I prefer before them, as beef and mutton for conſtant diet before partridges; I mean a middle kind both for underſtanding and fortune; who are perfectly eaſy, never impertinent, complying in every thing, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and ſit with me five times for once that I go to them, and whom I can tell without offence, that I am otherwiſe engaged at preſent. This you cannot expect from any of thoſe that either you, or I, or both are acquainted with on your ſide; who are only fit for our healthy ſeaſons, and have much buſineſs

* It did, in a little time, effectually ſilence them. *Ward.*

† Lord Carteret.

buſineſs of their own. God forbid I ſhould condemn you to Ireland, (*quanquam O !*); and for England I deſpair; and indeed a change of affairs would come too late at my ſeaſon of life, and might probably produce nothing on my behalf. You have kept Mrs Pope longer, and have had her care beyond what from nature you could expect; not but her loſs will be very ſenſible, whenever it ſhall happen. I ſay one thing, that both ſummers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life in general better for a middling fortune: you will have an abſolute command of your company, with whatever obſequiouſneſs or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly houſekeeper *, who hath been my W—lp—le above thirty years, whenever I lived in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villa's near this town: you have a warm apartment in this houſe, and two gardens for amuſement. I have ſaid enough, yet not half. Except abſence from friends, I confeſs freely that I have no diſcontent at living here; beſides what ariſes from a ſilly ſpirit of Liberty, which as it neither ſours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor ſpoils my ſtomach farther than in imagination, ſo I reſolve to throw it off.

You talk of this Dunciad; but I am impatient to have it *eclare per ora*;—there is now a vacancy for fame. The Beggar's Opera hath done its taſk; *diſcedat, uti conviva ſatur.* Adieu.

LETTER XXXII.

From Dr SWIFT.

June 1. 1728.

I Look upon my Lord Bolingbroke and us two, as a peculiar triumvirate, who have nothing to expect, or to fear; and ſo far fitteſt to converſe with one another: only he and I are a little ſubject to ſchemes, and one of us (I won't ſay which) upon very weak appearances, and this you have nothing to do with. I do profeſs, without affectation, that your kind opinion of me

* Mrs Brent.

me as a patriot, (ſince you call it ſo), is what I do not deſerve; becauſe what I do is owing to perfect rage and reſentment, and the mortifying ſight of ſlavery, folly, and baſeneſs about me, among which I am forced to live. And I will take my oath, that you have more virtue in an hour, than I in ſeven years: for you deſpiſe the follies and hate the vices of mankind, without the leaſt ill effect on your temper; and with regard to particular men, you are inclined always rather to think the better; whereas with me it is always directly contrary. I hope, however, this is not in you from a ſuperior principle of virtue, but from your ſituation; which hath made all parties and intereſts indifferent to you, who can be under no concern about high and low church, Whig and Tory, or who is firſt miniſter.——Your long letter was the laſt I received till this by Dr Delany, altho' you mention another ſince. The Doctor told me your ſecret about the Dunciad; which does not pleaſe me, becauſe it defers gratifying my vanity in the moſt tender point, and perhaps may wholly diſappoint it. As to one of your inquiries, I am eaſy enough in great matters; but have a thouſand paltry vexations in my little ſtation; and the more contemptible, the more vexatious. There might be a Lutrin writ upon the tricks uſed by my chapter to teaſe me. I do not converſe with one creature of ſtation or title, but I have a ſet of eaſy people whom I entertain when I have a mind. I have formerly deſcribed them to you; but when you come, you ſhall have the honours of the country as much as you pleaſe; and I ſhall, on that account, make a better figure as long as I live. Pray God preſerve Mrs Pope for your ſake and eaſe; I love and eſteem her too much to wiſh it for her own: if I were five and twenty, I would wiſh to be of her age, to be as ſecure as ſhe is of a better life. Mrs P. B. has writ to me, and is one of the beſt letter-writers I know; very good ſenſe, civility, and friendſhip, without any ſtiffneſs or conſtraint. The Dunciad has taken wind here; but if it had not, you are as much known here as in England, and the univerſity-lads will croud to kiſs the hem of your garment. I am grieved to hear that my Lord Bolingbroke's ill health forced him to the Bath. Tell me, is not

Temperance

Temperance a neceſſary virtue for great men, ſince it is the parent of Eaſe and Liberty? ſo neceſſary for the uſe and improvement of the mind, and which philoſophy allows to be the greateſt felicities of life? I believe, had health been given ſo liberally to you, it would have been better huſbanded without ſhame to your parts.

LETTER XXXIII.

Dawley, June 28. 1728.

I Now hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two hay-cocks; but his attention is ſomewhat diverted, by caſting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you ſay, but for fear of a ſhower. He is pleaſed with your placing him in the triumvirate between yourſelf and me; tho' he ſays, that he doubts he ſhall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power like Auguſtus, and another with all the pleaſures like Anthony. It is upon a foreſight of this, that he has fitted up his farm; and you will agree, that this ſcheme of retreat at leaſt is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all peccant humours, he finds, are purged out of him; and his great temperance and œconomy are ſo ſignal, that the firſt is fit for my conſtitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up ſo much money as to buy a biſhoprick in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might inquire of his hay-makers; but as to his temperance, I can anſwer, that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-broth, beans and bacon, and a barn-door fowl.

Now his Lordſhip is run after his cart, I have a moment left to myſelf to tell you, that I overheard him yeſterday agree with a painter for 200 *l.* to paint his country-hall with trophies of rakes, ſpades, prongs, *&c.* and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a farm.——Now turn over a new leaf.——

He bids me aſſure you, he ſhould be ſorry not to have more ſchemes of kindneſs for his friends, than of ambi-

tion

tion for himſelf. There, tho' his ſchemes may be weak, the motives at leaſt are ſtrong. And he ſays further, if you could bear as great a fall and decreaſe of your revenues, as he knows by experience he can, you would not live in Ireland an hour.

THE Dunciad is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inſcription, which makes me proudeſt. It will be attended with *Proeme, Prolegomena, Teſtimonia Scriptorum, Index Authorum*, and notes *Variorum*. As to the latter, I deſire you to read over the text, and make a few in any way you like beſt *, whether dry raillery, upon the ſtyle and way of commenting of trivial critics; or humorous, upon the authors in the poem; or hiſtorical, of perſons, places, times; or explanatory; or collecting the parallel paſſages of the antients. Adieu. I am pretty well, my mother not ill; Dr Arbuthnot vexed with his fever by intervals; I am afraid he declines, and we ſhall loſe a worthy man: I am troubled about him very much.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

From Dr SWIFT.

July 16. 1728.

I Have often run over the *Dunciad* in an Iriſh edition, (I ſuppoſe full of faults), which a gentleman ſent me. The notes I could wiſh to be very large, in what relates to the perſons concerned; for I have long obſerved, that twenty miles from London no body underſtands hints, initial letters, or town facts and paſſages; and in a few years not even thoſe who live in London. I would have the names of thoſe ſcribblers printed indexically at the beginning or end of the poem, with an account of their works, for the reader to refer to. I would have all the parodies (as they are called) referred to the author they imitate.——When I began this long paper, I thought I ſhould have filled it with ſetting

* *Dr Swift* did ſo.

ting down the ſeveral paſſages I had marked in the edition I had; but I find it unneceſſary, ſo many of them falling under the ſame rule. After twenty times reading the whole, I never, in my opinion, ſaw ſo much good ſatire, or more good ſenſe, in ſo many lines. How it paſſes in Dublin, I know not yet: but I am ſure it will be a great diſadvantage to the poem, that the perſons and facts will not be underſtood, till an explanation comes out, and a very full one. I imagine it is not to be publiſhed till towards winter, when folks begin to gather in town. Again I inſiſt, you muſt have your aſteriſks filled up with ſome real names of real dunces.

I am now reading your preceding letter of June 28. and find that all I have adviſed above is mentioned there. I would be glad to know whether the quarto edition is to come out anonymouſly, as publiſhed by the commentator, with all his pomp of prefaces, &c. and among many complaints of ſpurious editions. I am thinking whether the editor ſhould not follow the old ſtyle of this excellent author, &c. and refine in many places when you meant no refinement; and into the bargain, take all the load of naming the dunces, their qualities, hiſtories, and performances.

As to yourſelf, I doubt you want a ſpurrer on to exerciſe and to amuſements; but to talk of decay at your ſeaſon of life, is a jeſt. But you are not ſo regular as I. You are the moſt temperate man God-ward, and the moſt intemperate yourſelf-ward, of moſt I have known. I ſuppoſe Mr Gay will return from the Bath with twenty pounds more fleſh, and two hundred leſs in money. Providence never deſigned him to be above two and twenty, by his thoughtleſſneſs and cullibility. He hath as little foreſight of age, ſickneſs, poverty, or loſs of admirers, as a girl at fifteen. By the way, I muſt obſerve, that my Lord Bolingbroke (from the effects of his kindneſs to me) argues moſt ſophiſtically: the fall from a million to a hundred thouſand pounds is not ſo great, as from eight hundred pounds a-year to one: beſides, he is a controller of fortune, and poverty dares not look a great miniſter in the face under his loweſt declenſion. I never knew him live ſo great and expenſively as he hath done ſince his return from exile; ſuch

mortals

mortals have reſources that others are not able to comprehend. But God bleſs you, whoſe great genius has not ſo tranſported you as to leave you to the courteſy of mankind; for wealth is liberty, and liberty is a bleſſing fitteſt for a philoſopher,—and Gay is a ſlave juſt by two thouſand pounds too little.——And Horace was of my mind, and let my Lord contradict him, if he dares.——

LETTER XXXV.

Bath, Nov. 12. 1728.

I Have paſſed ſix weeks in queſt of health, and found it not; but I found the folly of ſolicitude about it in a hundred inſtances; the contrariety of opinions and practices, the inability of phyſicians, the blind obedience of ſome patients, and as blind rebellion of others. I believe at a certain time of life, men are either fools or phyſicians for themſelves, and zealots or divines for themſelves.

It was much in my hopes that you intended us a winter's viſit; but laſt week I repented that wiſh, having been alarmed with a report of your lying ill on the road from Ireland; from which I am juſt relieved, by an aſſurance that you are ſtill at Sir A———'s planting and building; two things I envy you for, beſides a third, which is the ſociety of a valuable lady. I conclude, (tho' I know nothing of it), that you quarrel with her, and abuſe her every day, if ſhe is ſo. I wonder I hear of no lampoons upon her, either made by yourſelf, or by others, becauſe you eſteem her. I think it a vaſt pleaſure, that whenever two people of merit regard one another, ſo many ſcoundrels envy and are angry at them: it is bearing teſtimony to a merit they cannot reach; and if you knew the infinite content I have received of late, at the finding yours and my name conſtantly united in any ſilly ſcandal, I think you would go near to ſing *Io triumphe!* and celebrate my happineſs in verſe; and, I believe, if you won't, I ſhall. The inſcription to the Dunciad is now printed, and inſerted in the poem. Do you care I ſhould ſay

any

any thing farther how much that poem is yours? ſince certainly without you it had never been. Would to God we were together for the reſt of our lives! The whole weight of ſcribblers would juſt ſerve to find us amuſement, and not more. I hope you are too well employed to mind them. Every ſtick you plant, and every ſtone you lay, is to ſome purpoſe; but the buſineſs of ſuch lives as theirs is but to die daily, to labour, and raiſe nothing. I only wiſh we could comfort each other under our bodily infirmities; and let thoſe who have ſo great a mind to have more wit than we, win it and wear it. Give us but eaſe, health, peace, and fair weather! I think it is the beſt wiſh in the world, and you know whoſe it was. If I lived in Ireland, I fear the wet climate would endanger more than my life; my humour, and health; I am ſo atmoſpherical a creature.

I muſt not omit acquainting you, that what you heard of the words ſpoken of you in the drawing-room, was not true. The ſayings of princes are generally as ill related, as the ſayings of wits. To ſuch reports little of our regard ſhould be given, and leſs of our conduct influenced by them.

LETTER XXXVI.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, Feb. 13. 1728.

I Lived very eaſily in the country. Sir A. is a man of ſenſe, and a ſcholar, has a good voice, and my Lady a better; ſhe is perfectly well bred, and deſirous to improve her underſtanding, which is very good, but cultivated too much like a fine lady. She was my pupil there, and ſeverely chid when ſhe read wrong. With that, and walking, and making twenty little amuſing improvements, and writing family-verſes of mirth by way of libels on my Lady, my time paſſed very well, and in very great order; infinitely better than here, where ſee no creature but my ſervants, and my old Preſby-

terian houſekeeper, denying myſelf to every body, till I ſhall recover my ears.

THE account of another Lord Lieutenant was only in a common news-paper when I was in the country; and if it ſhould have happened to be true, I would have deſired to have had acceſs to him, as the ſituation I am in requires. But this renews the grief for the death of our friend Mr Congreve, whom I loved from my youth, and who ſurely, beſides his other talents, was a very agreeable companion. He had the misfortune to ſquander away a very good conſtitution in his younger days; and I think a man of ſenſe and merit like him, is bound in conſcience to preſerve his health, for the ſake of his friends, as well as of himſelf. Upon his own account I could not much deſire the continuance of his life under ſo much pain, and ſo many infirmities. Years have not yet hardened me; and I have an addition of weight on my ſpirits ſince we loſt him; tho' I ſaw him ſo ſeldom; and poſſibly, if he had lived on, ſhould never have ſeen him more. I do not only wiſh, as you aſk me, that I was unacquainted with any deſerving perſon, but almoſt that I never had a friend. Here is an ingenious good-humoured phyſician*, a fine gentleman, an excellent ſcholar, eaſy in his fortunes, kind to every body, hath abundance of friends, entertains them often and liberally; they paſs the evening with him at cards, with plenty of good meat and wine, eight or a dozen together; he loves them all, and they him. He has twenty of theſe at command; if one of them dies, it is no more than poor Tom! he gets another, or takes up with the reſt, and is no more moved than at the loſs of his cat; he offends no body, is eaſy with every body. ——Is not this the true happy man? I was deſcribing him to my Lady A——, who knows him too; but ſhe hates him mortally by my character, and will not drink his health. I would give half my fortune for the ſame temper; and yet I cannot ſay I love it; for I do not love my Lord ——, who is much of the Doctor's nature. I hear Mr Gay's ſecond Opera †, which you mention, is forbid; and then he will be once more fit to be adviſed, and reject your advice. Adieu.

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* *Dr Helſham.* † Polly.

LETTER XXXVII.

Dr SWIFT *to Lord* BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, March 21. 1729.

YOU tell me you have not quitted the deſign of collecting, writing, *&c.* This is the anſwer of every ſinner who defers his repentance. I wiſh Mr Pope were as great an urger as I, who long for nothing more than to ſee truth under your hands, laying all detraction in the duſt.——I find myſelf diſpoſed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful; and my rage is ſo ignoble, that it deſcends even to reſent the folly and baſeneſs of the enſlaved people among whom I live. I knew an old Lord in Leiceſterſhire, who amuſed himſelf with mending pitchforks and ſpades for his tenants *gratis*. Yet I have higher ideas left, if I were nearer to objects on which I might employ them; and contemning my private fortune, would gladly croſs the channel, and ſtand by, while my betters were driving the boars out of the garden, if there be any probable expectation of ſuch an endeavour. When I was of your age, I often thought of death; but now after a dozen years more, it is never out of my mind, and terrifies me leſs. I conclude, that Providence hath ordered our fears to decreaſe with our ſpirits: and yet I love *la baggatelle* better than ever; for finding it troubleſome to read at night, and the company here growing taſteleſs, I am always writing bad proſe, or nonſe verſes, either of rage or raillery, whereof ſome few eſcape to give offence or mirth, and the reſt are burnt.

THEY print ſome Iriſh traſh in London, and charge it on me, which you will clear me of to my friends; for all are ſpurious except one paper*, for which Mr Pope very lately chid me. I remember your Lordſhip uſed to ſay, that a few good ſpeakers would in time carry any point that was right; and that the common

* Intitled, *A libel on Dr Delany and a certain great Lord.*

method of a majority, by calling, To the queſtion, would never hold long when reaſon was on the other ſide. Whether politics do not change like gaming by the invention of new tricks, I am ignorant; but I believe in your time you would never, as a miniſter, have ſuffered an act to paſs thro' the H. of C———s, only becauſe you were ſure of a majority in the H. of L—s to throw it out: becauſe it would be unpopular, and conſequently a loſs of reputation. Yet this we are told hath been the caſe in the qualification-bill relating to penſioners. It ſhould ſeem to me, that corruption, like avarice, hath no bounds. I had opportunities to know the proceedings of your miniſtry better than any other man of my rank; and having not much to do, I have often compared it with theſe laſt ſixteen years of a profound peace all over Europe, and we running ſeven millions in debt. I am forced to play at ſmall game, to ſet the beaſts here a-madding, merely for want of better game: *Tentanda via eſt, qua me quoque poſſim, &c.* ——The d— take thoſe politics, where a dunce might govern for a dozen years together. I will come in perſon to England, if I am provoked, and ſend for the dictator from the plough. I diſdain to ſay, *O mihi præteritos*—but *cruda deo viridiſque ſenectus.* Pray, my Lord, how are the gardens? have you taken down the mount, and removed the yew-hedges? Have you not bad weather for the ſpring-corn? Has Mr Pope gone farther in his ethic poems? and is the head-land ſown with wheat? and what ſays Polybius? and how does my Lord St Sohn*? Which laſt queſtion is very material to me, becauſe I love Burgundy, and riding between Twickenham and Dawley.——I built a wall five years ago; and when the maſons played the knaves, nothing delighted me ſo much as to ſtand by, while my ſervants threw down what was amiſs. I have likewiſe ſeen a monkey overthrow all the diſhes and plates in a kitchen, merely for the pleaſure of ſeeing them tumble, and hearing the clatter they made in their fall. I wiſh you would invite me to ſuch another entertainment: but you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me

* Lord St John of Batterſea, father to Lord Bolingbroke.

me to have done with the world; and so I would, if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole. I wonder you are not ashamed to let me pine away in this kingdom, while you are out of power.

I come from looking over the *melange* above written, and declare it to be a true copy of my present disposition; which must needs please you, since nothing was ever more displeasing to myself. I desire you to present my most humble respects to my Lady.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Dr SWIFT *to Lord* BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, April 5. 1729.

I Do not think it could be possible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your scurvy suit, which always hung as a dead weight on my heart. I hated it in all its circumstances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a situation of life that must make it every way vexatious. And as I am infinitely obliged to you for the justice you do me, in supposing your affairs do at least concern me as much as my own; so I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read last summer in a news-paper, that you are writing the history of your own times. I suppose such a report might arise from what was not secret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of history; which you often promised Mr Pope and me to do. I know he desires it very much; and I am sure I desire nothing more, for the honour and love I bear you, and the perfect knowledge I have of your public virtue. My Lord, I have no other notion of OEconomy, than that it is the parent of Liberty and Ease; and I am not the only friend you have who hath chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, tho' not with his mouth, as I have done. For there is a silly error in the world, even among friends otherwise very good, not to intermeddle with mens affairs in such nice matters. And, my Lord,

I have made a maxim, that ſhould be writ in letters o diamonds. That a wiſe man ought to have money in hi head, but not in his heart. Pray, my Lord, inquire whether your prototype, my Lord Digby, after the re ſtoration, when he was at Briſtol, did not take ſome ca of his fortune, notwithſtanding that quotation I ſen ſent you out of his ſpeech to the H. of Commons? h my conſcience, I believe Fortune, like other drab values a man gradually leſs for every year he lives. I have demonſtration for it: becauſe if I play at piqu for ſixpence with a man or a woman two years younge than myſelf, I always loſe; and there is a young gi of twenty, who never fails of winning my money a backgammon, tho' ſhe is a bungler, and the game is eccleſiaſtic. As to the public, I confeſs nothing coul cure my itch of meddling with it, but theſe frequent re turns of deafneſs, which have hindred me from paſſing laſt winter in London: yet I cannot but conſider th perfidiouſneſs of ſome people, who I thought, when I wa laſt there, upon a change that happened, were the mo impudent in forgetting their profeſſions that I have eve known. Pray, will you pleaſe to take your pen, an blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in, That *res nolunt diu male adminiſtrari*; the commo neſs makes me not know who is the author, but ſure he muſt be ſome modern.

I am ſorry for Lady Bolingbroke's ill health. But I proteſt I never knew a very deſerving perſon of that ſex who had not too much reaſon to complain of ill health I never wake without finding life a more inſignifican thing than it was the day before; which is one gre advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I ſhall be ſorry to loſe. But my greate miſery is recollecting the ſcene of twenty years paſt and then all on a ſudden dropping into the preſent. I remember, when I was a little boy, I felt a great fli at the end of my line, which I drew up almoſt on the ground, but it dropt in; and the diſappointment vexe me to this very day; and I believe it was the type of all my future diſappointments. I ſhould be aſhamed to ſay this to you, if you had not a ſpirit fitter to bea your own misfortunes, than I have to think of them.

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Is there patience left to reflect, by what qualities wealth and greatneſs are got, and by what qualities they are loſt? I have read my friend Congreve's verſes to Lord Cobham, which end with a vile and falſe moral, and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus, which he imitates, "That all times are equally virtuous and vitious;" wherein he differs from all poets, philoſophers, and chriſtians, that ever writ. It is more probable, that there may be an equal quantity of virtues always in the world; but ſometimes there may be a peck of it in Aſia, and hardly a thimble-full in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of ſincerity; for I will venture all I am worth, that there is not one human creature in power, who will not be modeſt enough to confeſs that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of corruption. I ſay this, becauſe I have a ſcheme, in ſpite of your notions, to govern England upon the principles of virtue; and when the nation is ripe for it, I deſire you will ſend for me. I have learned this by living like a hermit, by which I am got backwards about nineteen hundred years in the æra of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedneſs of men. I dine alone upon half a diſh of meat, mix water with my wine, walk ten miles a-day, and read Baronius. *Hic explicit epiſtola ad Dom. Bolingbroke, et incipit ad amicum Pope.*

HAVING finiſhed my letter to Ariſtippus, I now begin to you. I was in great pain about Mrs Pope, having heard from others that ſhe was in a very dangerous way, which made me think it unſeaſonable to trouble you. I am aſhamed to tell you, that when I was very young, I had more deſire to be famous than ever ſince; and fame, like all things elſe in this life, grows with me every day more a triſle. But you who are ſo much younger, altho' you want that health you deſerve, yet your ſpirits are as vigorous as if your body were founder. I hate a crowd, where I have not an eaſy place to ſee and be ſeen. A great library always makes me melancholy, where the beſt author is as much ſqueezed, and as obſcure, as a porter at a coronation. In my own little library, I value the compliments of Gra-

vius

vius and Gronovius, which make thirty-one volumes in folio, (and were given me by my Lord Bolingbroke), more than all my books beſides; becauſe whoever comes into my cloſet, caſts his eyes immediately upon them, and will not vouchſafe to look upon Plato or Xenophon. I tell you, it is almoſt incredible how opinions change, by the decline or decay of ſpirits; and I will further tell you, that all my endeavours from a boy to diſtinguiſh myſelf, were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be uſed like a Lord by thoſe who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong, it is no great matter; and ſo the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue ribband, or of a coach and ſix horſes. To be remembered for ever on the account of our friendſhip, is what would exceedingly pleaſe me; but yet I never loved to make a viſit, or be ſeen walking with my betters, becauſe they get all the eyes and civilities from me. I no ſooner writ this than I corrected myſelf, and remembered Sir Fulk Grevil's epitaph, "Here lies, &c. who was friend "to Sir Philip Sidney." And therefore I moſt heartily thank you, for your deſire that I would record our friendſhip in verſe; which if I can ſucceed in, I will never deſire to write one more line in poetry while I live. You muſt preſent my humble ſervice to Mrs Pope, and let her know I pray for her continuance in the world, for her own reaſon, that ſhe may live to take care of you.

LETTER XXXIX.

From Dr SWIFT.

Aug. 11. 1729.

I AM very ſenſible, that in a former letter I talked very weakly of my own affairs, and of my imperfect wiſhes and deſires; which however I find with ſome comfort do now daily decline, very ſuitable to my ſtate of health for ſome months paſt. For my head is never perfectly free from giddineſs, and eſpecially towards night. Yet my diſorder is very moderate, and I have been without a fit of deafneſs this half-year; ſo I am like

like a horſe, which, tho' off his mettle, can trot on tolerably; and this compariſon puts me in mind to add, that I am returned to be a rider, wherein I wiſh you would imitate me. As to this country, there have been three terrible years dearth of corn, and every place ſtrowed with beggars; but dearths are common in better climates, and our evils here lie much deeper. Imagine a nation, the two thirds of whoſe revenues are ſpent out of it, and who are not permitted to trade with the other third, and where the pride of women will not ſuffer them to wear their own manufactures, even where they excel what come from abroad. This is the true ſtate of Ireland in a very few words. Theſe evils operate more every day, and the kingdom is abſolutely undone, as I have been telling often in print theſe ten years paſt.

WHAT I have ſaid requires forgiveneſs; but I had a mind for once to let you know the ſtate of our affairs, and my reaſon for being more moved than perhaps becomes a clergyman, and a piece of a philoſopher: and perhaps the increaſe of years and diſorders may hope for ſome allowance to complaints, eſpecially when I may call myſelf a ſtranger in a ſtrange land. As to poor Mrs Pope, (if ſhe be ſtill alive), I heartily pity you and pity her. Her great piety and virtue will infallibly make her happy in a better life, and her great age hath made her fully ripe for heaven and the grave, and her beſt friends will moſt wiſh her eaſed of her labours, when ſhe hath ſo many good works to follow them. The loſs you will feel by the want of her care and kindneſs, I know very well; but ſhe has amply done her part, as you have yours. One reaſon why I would have you in Ireland when you ſhall be at your own diſpoſal, is, that you may be maſter of two or three years [illegible] *viſæ frugis in annos copia*, ſo as not to be [illegible] laſt when years increaſe, and perhaps [illegible] pairs: and when this kingdom is utterly [illegible] nmy ſupport me for the few years I ſhall [illegible] and who knows but you may pay me [illegible] eſt, for the ſpoonful of wine, and [illegible] will coſt me to feed you? I am confident [illegible] much reaſon to complain of ingrati[illegible]

hand at daſhing out a character by great ſtrokes, a at the ſame time a delicate one at fine touches. G forbid you ſhould draw mine, if I were conſcious of a guilt: but if I were conſcious only of folly, God fo it! for as no body can detect a great fault ſo well you, no body would ſo well hide a ſmall one. B after all, that Lady means to do good, and does harm, which is a vaſt deal for a courtier. I can aſſ you, that Lord Peterborow always ſpeaks kindly you, and certainly has as great a mind to be your frie as any one. I muſt throw away my pen; it cannot will never tell you, what I inwardly am to you. *Sequeo monſtrare, et ſentio tantum.*

LETTER XLI.

Lord BOLINGBROKE *to Dr* SWIFT.

Bruſſels, Sept. 27. 1729.

I Have brought your French acquaintance * thus on her way into her own country, and confident better in health than ſhe was when ſhe went to A I begin to entertain hopes, that ſhe will recover ſuch degree of health as may render old age ſupportable. B of us have cloſed the tenth luſtre, and it is high time determine how we ſhall play the laſt act of the farc Might not my life be intitled much more properly *What-d'ye call it*, than a *farce?* Some comedy, a gr deal of tragedy, and the whole interſperſed with ſce of Harlequin, Scaramouch, and Dr Baloardo, the pr totype of your hero——I uſed to think ſometimes fo merly of old age and of death; enough to prepare a mind, not enough to anticipate ſorrow, to daſh the jo of youth, and to be all my life a dying. I find the b nefit of this practice now, and find it more as I proce on my journey: little regret when I look backward little apprehenſion when I look forward. You com plain grievouſly of your ſituation in Ireland: I wou complain of mine too in England; but I will not

* Lady Bolingbroke.

nay, I ought not; for I find by long experience, that I can be unfortunate without being unhappy. I do not approve your joining together the *figure of living*, and the *pleasure of giving*, tho' your old prating friend Montagne does something like it in one of his rhapsodies. To tell you my reasons, would be to write an essay, and I shall hardly have time to write a letter: but if you will come over, and live with Pope and me, I'll shew you in an instant why these two things should not *aller de pair*; and that forced retrenchments on both may be made, without making us even uneasy. You know that I am too expensive, and all mankind knows that I have been cruelly plundered; and yet I feel in my mind the power of descending without anxiety two or three stages more. In short Mr Dean, if you will come to a certain farm in Middlesex, you shall find that I can live frugally without growling at the world, or being peevish with those whom Fortune has appointed to eat my bread, instead of appointing me to eat theirs: and yet I have naturally as little disposition to frugality as any man alive. You say you are no philosopher, and I think you are in the right to dislike a word which is so often abused. But I am sure you like to follow reason, not custom, (which is sometimes the reason, and oftener the caprice of others, of the mob of the world). Now, to be sure of doing this, you must wear your philosophical spectacles as constantly as the Spaniards used to wear theirs. You must make them part of your dress; and sooner part with your broad-brimmed beaver, your gown, your scarf, or even that emblematical vestment, your surplice. Thro' this medium you will see few things to be vexed at, few persons to be angry at: and yet there will frequently be things which we ought to wish altered, and persons whom we ought to wish hanged.

In your letter to Pope, you agree, that a regard for fame becomes a man more towards his exit, than at his entrance into life; and yet you confess, that the longer you live, the more you grow indifferent about it. Your sentiment is true and natural; your reasoning, I am afraid, is not so upon this occasion. Prudence will make us desire fame, because it gives us many real and great advantages in all the affairs of life. Fame is the wise

man's means: his ends are his own good, and the good of ſociety. You poets and orators have inverted this order; you propoſe fame as the end; and good or at leaſt great actions, as the means. You go further; you teach our ſelf-love to anticipate the applauſe which we ſuppoſe will be paid by poſterity to our names; and with idle notions of immortality you turn other heads beſides your own. I am afraid this may have done ſome harm in the world.

FAME is an object which men purſue ſucceſsfully by various, and even contrary courſes. Your doctrine leads them to look on this end as eſſential, and on the means as indifferent; ſo that Fabricius and Craſſus, Cato and Cæſar, preſſed forward to the ſame goal. After all, perhaps it may appear, from a conſideration of the depravity of mankind, that you could do no better, nor keep up virtue in the world, without calling this paſſion, or this direction of ſelf-love, into your aid. Tacitus has crouded this excuſe for you, according to his manner, into a maxim, *contemptu famæ contemni virtutes.* But now, whether we conſider fame as an uſeful inſtrument in all the occurrences of private and public life, or whether we conſider it as the cauſe of that pleaſure which our ſelf-love is ſo fond of; methinks, our entrance into life, or (to ſpeak more properly) our youth, not our old age, is the ſeaſon when we ought to deſire it moſt, and therefore when it is moſt becoming to deſire it with ardor. If it is uſeful, it is to be deſired moſt when we have, or may hope to have, a long ſcene of action open before us. Towards our exit, this ſcene of action is, or ſhould be cloſed; and then, methinks, it is unbecoming to grow fonder of a thing which we have no longer occaſion for. If it is pleaſant, the ſooner we are in poſſeſſion of fame, the longer we ſhall enjoy this pleaſure. When it is acquired early in life, it may tickle us on till old age; but when it is acquired late, the ſenſation of pleaſure will be more faint, and mingled with the regret of our not having taſted it ſooner.

From my farm, October 5.

I am here. I have ſeen Pope, and one of my firſt inquiries was after you. He tells me a thing I am ſorry to

to hear; you are building, it ſeems, on a piece of land you have acquired for that purpoſe, in ſome county of Ireland *. Tho' I have built in a part of the world, which I prefer very little to that where you have been thrown and confined by our ill fortune and yours, yet I am ſorry you do the ſame thing. I have repented a thouſand times of my reſolution, and I hope you will repent of yours before it is executed. Adieu, my old and worthy friend. May the phyſical evils of life fall as eaſily upon you, as ever they did on any man who lived to be old; and may the moral evils which ſurround us, make as little impreſſion on you, as they ought to make on one who has ſuch ſuperior ſenſe to eſtimate things by, and ſo much virtue to wrap himſelf up in.

MY wife deſires not to be forgotten by you. She's faithfully your ſervant, and zealouſly your admirer. She will be concerned and diſappointed not to find you in this iſland at her return, which hope both ſhe and I had been made to entertain before I went abroad.

LETTER XLII.

Dr SWIFT *to Lord* BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, Oct. 31. 1729.

I Received your Lordſhip's travelling letter of ſeveral dates, at ſeveral ſtages, and from different nations, languages, and religions. Neither could any thing be more obliging than your kind remembrance of me in ſo many places. As to your ten luſtres, I remember, when I complained in a letter to Prior, that I was fifty years old, he was half angry in jeſt, and anſwered me out of Terence, *Iſta commemoratio eſt quaſi exprobratio.* How then ought I to rattle you, when I have a dozen years more to anſwer for, all monaſtically paſſed in this country of liberty, and delight, and money, and good company! I go on anſwering your letter. It is you were my hero, but the other † never was: yet if he were, it was your own fault, who taught me to love him, and

* In the county of Armagh, called *Drapier's hill.*
† Lord Oxford.

often vindicated him, in the beginning of your minſtry, from my accuſations. But I granted he had the greateſt inequalities of any man alive, and his whole ſcene was fifty times more a What-d'ye-call it, than yours: for I declare yours was *unie*, and I wiſh you would ſo order it, that the world may be as wiſe as I upon that article. Mr Pope wiſhes it too; and I believe there is not a more honeſt man in England, even without wit. But you regard us not.——I was forty ſeven years old * when I began to think of death; and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in the morning, and end when I am going to ſleep.——I write to Mr Pope, and not to you My birth, altho' from a family not undiſtinguiſhed in its time, is many degrees inferior to yours; all my pretenſions from perſon and parts infinitely ſo; I a younger ſon of younger ſons; you born to a great fortune: yet I ſee you, with all your advantages, ſunk to a degree that you could never have been without them: but yet I ſee you as much eſteemed, as much beloved, as much dreaded, and perhaps more, (tho' it be almoſt impoſſible), than ever you were in your higheſt exaltation;—only I grieve like an alderman, that you are not ſo rich. And yet, my Lord, I pretend to value money as little as you; and I will call five hundred witneſſes (if you will take Iriſh witneſſes) to prove it. I renounce your whole philoſophy, becauſe it is not your practice. By the *figure of living*, (if I uſed that expreſſion to Mr Pope), I do not mean the parade, but a ſuitableneſs to your mind; and as for the *pleaſure of giving*, I know your ſoul ſuffers when you are debarred of it. Could you, when your own generoſity and contempt of outward things, (be not offended, it is no eccleſiaſtical, but an Epictetian phraſe), could you, when theſe have brought you to it, come over, and live with Mr Pope and me at the deanery? I could almoſt wiſh the experiment were tried;—no. God forbid, that ever ſuch a ſcoundrel as Want ſhould dare to approach you. But in the mean time do not brag; retrenchments are not your talent. But, as old Weymouth ſaid to me in his lordly Latin, *Philoſopha verba ignava opera*; I wiſh you could learn arithmetic, that three and two make five, and will

* *The year of* Queen Anne's death.

will never make more. My philoſophical ſpectacles which you adviſed me to, will tell me, that I can live on 50 *l.* a year, (wine excluded, which my bad health forces me to); but I cannot endure that *otium* ſhould be *ſine dignitate*.—My Lord, what I would have ſaid of fame, is meant of fame which a man enjoys in his life; becauſe I cannot be a great Lord, I would acquire what is a kind of *ſubſidium*; I would endeavour that my betters ſhould ſeek me by the merit of ſomething diſtinguiſhable, inſtead of my ſeeking them. The deſire of enjoying it in after times is owing to the ſpirit and folly of youth: but with age we learn to know the houſe is ſo full, that there is no room for above one or two at moſt in an age thro' the whole world. My Lord, I hate and love to write to you; it gives me pleaſure, and kills me with melancholy. The d———take ſtupidity, that it will not come to ſupply the want of philoſophy.

LETTER XLIII.

From Dr SWIFT.

Oct. 31. 1729.

YOU were ſo careful of ſending me the Dunciad, that I have received five of them, and have pleaſed four friends. I am one of every body who approve every part of it, text and comment; but am one abſtracted from every body, in the happineſs of being recorded your friend, while wit, and humour, and politeneſs ſhall have any memorial among us. As for your octavo edition, we know nothing of it; for we have an octavo of our own, which hath ſold wonderfully, conſidering our poverty, and dulneſs, the conſequence of it.

I writ this poſt to Lord B. and told him in my letter, that, with a great deal of loſs for a frolic, I will fly as ſoon as build; I have neither years, nor ſpirits, nor money, nor patience for ſuch amuſements. The frolic is gone off, and I am only a 100 *l.* the poorer. But this kingdom is grown ſo exceſſively poor, that we wiſe men muſt think of nothing but getting a little ready money. It is thought there are not two hundred thouſand pounds

of ſpecie in the whole iſland; for we return thrice as much to our abſentees, as we get by trade, and ſo are all inevitably undone; which I have been telling them in print theſe ten years, to as little purpoſe as if it came from the pulpit. And this is enough for Iriſh politics, which I only mention, becauſe it ſo nearly touches myſelf. I muſt repeat what, I believe, I have ſaid before, that I pity you much more than Mrs Pope. Such a parent and friend hourly declining before your eyes, is an object very unfit for your health, and duty, and tender diſpoſition; and I pray God it may not affect you too much. I am as much ſatisfied that your additional 100*l. per annum* is for your life as if it were for ever. You have enough to leave your friends, I would not have them glad to be rid of you; and I ſhall take care that none but my enemies will be glad to get rid of me. You have imbroiled me with Lord B——— about the figure of living, and the pleaſure of giving. I am under the neceſſity of ſome little paltry figure in the ſtation I am: but I make it as little as poſſible. As to the other part, you are baſe, becauſe I thought myſelf as great a giver as ever was of my ability; and yet in proportion you exceed, and have kept it till now a ſecret even from me, when I wondered how you were able to live with your whole little revenue. Adieu.

L——C———, who doth his duty of a good governor in inſlaving this kingdom as much as he can, talks to me of you in the manner he ought.

LETTER XLIV.

Lord BOLINGBROKE *to Dr* SWIFT.

Nov. 19. 1729.

I Find that you have laid aſide your project of building in Ireland, and that we ſhall ſee you in this iſland *cum zephyris, et hirundine prima.* I know not whether the love of fame increaſes as we advance in age; ſure I am that the force of friendſhip does. I loved you almoſt twenty years ago: I thought of you as well as I do now; better was beyond the power of conception, or, to avoid an equivoque, beyond the extent of my ideas. Whether you are more obliged to me for loving

loving you as well when I knew you leſs, or for loving you as well after loving you ſo many years, I ſhall not determine. What I would ſay is this: Whilſt my mind grows daily more independent of the world, and feels leſs need of leaning on external objects, the ideas of friendſhip return oftener, they buſy me, they warm me more: is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great ſeparation approaches? or is it that they who are to live together in another ſtate, (for *vera amicitia non niſi inter bonos*), begin to feel more ſtrongly that divine ſympathy which is to be the great band of their future ſociety. There is no one thought which ſooths my mind like this. I encourage my imagination to purſue it, and am heartily afflicted when another faculty of the intellect * comes boiſterouſly in, and wakes me from ſo pleaſing a dream, if it be a dream. I will dwell no more on œconomics than I have done in my former letter. Thus much only I will ſay, that *otium cum dignitate* is to be had with 500 *l.* a year as well as with 5000: the difference will be found in the value of the man, and not in that of the eſtate. I do aſſure you, that I have never quitted the deſign of collecting, reviſing, improving, and extending ſeveral materials which are ſtill in my power; and I hope that the time of ſetting myſelf about this laſt work of my life is not far off. Many papers of much curioſity and importance are loſt, and ſome of them in a manner which would ſurpriſe and anger you. However, I ſhall be able to convey ſeveral great truths to poſterity, ſo clearly and ſo authentically, that the Burnets and the Oldmixons of another age may rail, but not be able to deceive. Adieu, my friend. I have taken up more of this paper than belongs

* Viz. *Reaſon*. Tully (or, what is much the ſame, his diſciple) obſerves ſomething like this on the like occaſion; where, ſpeaking of Plato's famous book of the ſoul, he ſays, *Neſcio quomodo, dum lego, adſentior; cum poſui librum, et mecum ipſe de immortalitate animorum cœpi cogitare, adſenſio illa omnis elabitur.* Cicero ſeems to have had but a confuſed notion of the *cauſe* which the letter-writer has here explained, namely, that the *imagination* is always ready to indulge ſo flattering an idea, but ſeverer *reaſon* corrects and diſclaims it. As to RELIGION, that is out of the queſtion; for Tully wrote to his few philoſophic friends. *Warb.*

belongs to me, ſince Pope is to write to you. No matter: for, upon recollection, the rules of proportion are not broken; he will ſay as much to you in one page, as I have ſaid in three. Bid him talk to you of the work he is about, I hope in good earneſt, it is a fine one; and will be, in his hands, an original *. His ſole complaint is, that he finds it too eaſy in the execution. This flatters his lazineſs; it flatters my judgment, who always thought, that (univerſal as his talents are) this is eminently and peculiarly his, above all the writers I know living or dead; I do not except Horace. Adieu.

LETTER XLV.

Nov. 28. 1729.

THIS letter (like all mine) will be a rhapſody; it is many years ago ſince I wrote as a wit †. How many occurrences or informations muſt one omit, if one determined to ſay nothing that one could not ſay prettily? I lately received from the widow of one dead correſpondent, and the father of another, ſeveral of my own letters of about fifteen and twenty years old; and it was not unentertaining to myſelf to obſerve, how and by what degrees I ceaſed to be a witty writer; as either my experience grew on the one hand, or my affection to my correſpondents on the other. Now, as I love you better than moſt I have ever met with in the world, and eſteem you too the more, the longer I have compared you with the reſt of the world; ſo inevitably I write to you more negligently, that is, more openly, and what all but ſuch as love one another will call writing worſe. I ſmile to think how Curl would be bit, were our epiſtles to fall into his hands, and how glorioufly they would fall ſhort of every ingenious reader's expectations?

You can't imagine what a vanity it is to me, to have ſomething to rebuke you for in the way of œconomy. I love the man that builds a houſe *ſubito ingenio*, and makes a wall for a horſe; then cries, "We wiſe "men

* Eſſay on man.

† He uſed to value himſelf on this particular. *Warb.*

" men muſt think of nothing but getting ready money." I am glad you approve my annuity; all we have in this world is no more than an annuity; as to our own enjoyment: but I will increaſe your regard for my wiſdom, and tell you, that this annuity includes alſo the life of another*, whoſe concern ought to be as near me as my own, and with whom my whole proſpects ought to finiſh. I throw my javelin of hope no farther, *Cur brevi fortes jaculamur ævo*—&c.

The ſecond (as it is called, but indeed the eighth) edition of the Dunciad, with ſome additional notes and epigrams, ſhall be ſent you, if I know any opportunity; if they reprint it with you, let them by all means follow that octavo edition.—The Drapier's letters are again printed here, very laudably as to paper, print, &c.; for you know I diſapprove Iriſh politics, (as my commentator tells you), being a ſtrong and jealous ſubject of England. The lady you mention, you ought not to complain of for not acknowledging your preſent; ſhe having lately received a much richer preſent from Mr Knight of the South-ſea; and you are ſenſible ſhe cannot ever return it to one in the condition of an outlaw. It is certain, as he can never expect any favour†, his motive muſt be wholly diſintereſted. Will not this reflection make you bluſh? Your continual deplorings of Ireland make me wiſh you were here long enough to forget thoſe ſcenes that ſo afflict you: I am only in fear if you were, you would grow ſuch a patriot here too, as not to be quite at eaſe, for your love of old England.——It is very poſſible, your journey in the time I compute, might exactly tally with my intended one to you; and if you muſt ſoon again go back, you would not be unattended. For the poor woman decays perceptibly every week; and the winter may too probably put an end to a very long, and a very irreproachable life. My conſtant attendance on her does indeed affect my mind very much, and leſſen extremely my deſires of long life; ſince I ſee the beſt that can come of it is a miſerable benediction. I look upon myſelf to be

* His Mother's.

† He was miſtaken in this. Mr Knight was pardoned, and came home in the year 1742. *Warb.*

be many years older in two years ſince you ſaw me: the natural imbecillity of my body, joined now to this acquired old age of the mind, makes me at leaſt as old as you, and we are the fitter to crawl down the hill together: I only deſire I may be able to keep pace with you. My firſt friendſhip at ſixteen, was contracted with a man of ſeventy: and I found him not grave enough or conſiſtent enough for me though we lived well to his death. I ſpeak of old Mr Wycherly; ſome letters of whom (by the by) and of mine, the bookſellers have got and printed, not without the concurrence of a noble friend of mine and yours*. I don't much approve of it; tho' there is nothing for me to be aſhamed of, becauſe I will not be aſhamed of any thing I do not do myſelf, or of any thing that is not immoral, but merely dull, (as for inſtance, if they printed this letter I am now writing; which they eaſily may, if the underlings at the poſt-office pleaſe to take a copy of it). I admire, on this conſideration, your ſending your laſt to me quite open, without a ſeal, wafer, or any cloſure whatever, manifeſting the utter openneſs of the writer I would do the ſame by this, but fear it would look like affectation to ſend two letters ſo together.——I will fully repreſent to our friend, (and, I doubt not, it will touch his heart), what you ſo feelingly ſet forth as to the badneſs of your Burgundy, &c. He is an extreme honeſt man; and indeed ought to be ſo, conſidering how very indiſcreet and unreſerved he is: but I do not approve this part of his character, and will never join with him in any of his idleneſſes in the way of wit. You know my maxim, to keep as clear of all offence, as I am clear of all intereſt in either party. I was once diſpleaſed before at you, for complaining to Mr * * * of my not having a penſion, and am ſo again at your naming it to a certain Lord. I have given proof in the courſe of my whole life, (from the time when I was in the friendſhip of Lord Bolingbroke and Mr Craggs, even to this when I am civilly treated by Sir R. Walpole), that I never

* See the occaſion, in the ſecond and third paragraphs of the preface to the firſt volume of Pope's letters, the 7th of Warburton's edition of his works.

never thought myſelf ſo warm in any party's cauſe as to deſerve their money; and therefore would never have accepted it: but give me leave to tell you, that of all mankind the two perſons I would leaſt have accepted any favour from, are thoſe very two to whom you have unluckily ſpoken of it. I deſire you to take off any impreſſions which that dialogue may have left on his Lordſhip's mind, as if I ever had any thought of being beholden to him, or any other in that way. And yet you know I am no enemy to the preſent conſtitution; I believe, as ſincere a wellwiſher to it, nay even to the church eſtabliſhed, as any miniſter in or out of employment whatever; or any Biſhop of England or Ireland. Yet am I of the religion of Eraſmus, a Catholic: ſo I live, ſo I ſhall die; and hope one day to meet you, Biſhop Atterbury, the younger Craggs, Dr Garth, Dean Berkely, and Mr Hutchiſon, in that place to which God of his infinite mercy bring us, and every body!

LORD B.'s anſwer to your letter I have juſt received, and join it to this packet. The work he ſpeaks of with ſuch abundant partiality, is a ſyſtem of ethics in the Horatian way.

LETTER XLVI.

April 14. 1730.

THIS is a letter extraordinary, to do and ſay nothing but recommend to you (as a clergyman, and a charitable one) a pious and a good work, and for a good and an honeſt man: moreover he is above ſeventy, and poor, which you might think included in the word *honeſt*. I ſhall think it a kindneſs done myſelf, if you can propagate Mr Weſtley's ſubſcription for his commentary on Job, among your divines, (biſhops excepted, of whom there is no hope), and among ſuch as are believers, or readers of ſcripture; even the curious may find ſomething to pleaſe them, if they ſcorn to be edified. It has been the labour of eight years of this learned man's life; I call him what he is, a learned man, and I engage you will approve his proſe more than you formerly could his poetry. Lord Bolingbroke is a favourer

favourer of it, and allows you to do your beſt to ſerve an old Tory, and a ſufferer for the church of England, though you are a Whig, as I am.

We have here ſome verſes in your name, which I am angry at. Sure you would not uſe me ſo ill as to flatter me. I therefore think it is ſome other weak Iriſhman.

P. S. I did not take the pen out of Pope's hands, I proteſt to you. But ſince he will not fill the remainder of the page, I think I may without offence. I ſeek no epiſtolary fame, but am a good deal pleaſed to think that it will be known hereafter that you and I lived in the moſt friendly intimacy together.——Pliny writ his letters for the public; ſo did Seneca, ſo did Balſac, Voiture, *&c.* Tully did not; and therefore theſe give us more pleaſure than any which have come down to us from antiquity. When we read them, we pry into a ſecret which was intended to be kept from us. That is a pleaſure. We ſee Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey, and others, ſuch as they really were, and not ſuch as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be, or as hiſtorians and poets have repreſented them to ours. That is another pleaſure. I remember to have ſeen a proceſſion at Aix-la-Chapelle, wherein an image of Charlemagne is carried on the ſhoulders of a man, who is hid by the long robe of the imperial ſaint. Follow him into the veſtry; you ſee the bearer ſlip from under the robe, and the gigantic figure dwindles into an image of the ordinary ſize, and is ſet by among other lumber. ——I agree much with Pope, that our climate is rather better than that you are in, and perhaps your public ſpirit would be leſs grieved, or oftner comforted, here than there. Come to us therefore on a viſit at leaſt. It will not be the fault of ſeveral perſons here, if you do not come to live with us. But great good-will and little power produce ſuch ſlow and feeble effects as can be acceptable to heaven alone, and heavenly men. ———I know you will be angry with me, if I ſay nothing to you of a poor woman*, who is ſtill on the other ſide of the water in a moſt languiſhing ſtate of health.

* Lady Bolingbroke.

health. If ſhe regains ſtrength enough to come over, (and ſhe is better within a few weeks), I ſhall nurſe her in this farm * with all the care and tenderneſs poſſible. If ſhe does not, I muſt pay her the laſt duty of friendſhip where-ever ſhe is, tho' I break thro' the whole plan of life which I have formed in my mind. Adieu. I am moſt faithfully and affectionately yours.

LETTER XLVII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE *to Dr* SWIFT.

Jan. 1730-31.

I Begin my letter, by telling you, that my wife has been returned from abroad about a month, and that her health, tho' feeble and precarious, is better than it has been theſe two years. She is much your ſervant; and as ſhe has been her own phyſician with ſome ſucceſs, imagines ſhe could be yours with the ſame. Would to God you was within her reach. She would, I believe, preſcribe a great deal of the *medicina animi*, without having recourſe to the books of Triſmegiſtus. Pope and I ſhould be her principal apothecaries in the courſe of the cure; and tho' our beſt botaniſts complain, that few of the herbs and ſimples which go to the compoſition of theſe remedies, are to be found at preſent in our ſoil, yet there are more of them here than in Ireland; beſides, by the help of a little chymiſtry, the moſt noxious juices may become ſalubrious, and rank poiſon a ſpecific.——Pope is now in my library with me, and writes to the world, to the preſent and to future ages, whilſt I begin this letter which he is to finiſh to you. What good he will do to mankind, I know not; this comfort he may be ſure of, he cannot do leſs than you have done before him. I have ſometimes thought, that if preachers, hangmen, and moral writers keep vice at a ſtand, or ſo much as retard the progreſs of it, they do as much as human nature admits. A real reformation is not to be brought about by ordi-

* Lord Bolingbroke's ſeat at Dawley in Middleſex. *Warb.*

nary means; it requires thoſe extraordinary means which become puniſhments as well as leſſons. National corruption muſt be purged by national calamities.—Let us hear from you We deſerve this attention, becauſe we deſire it, and becauſe we believe that you deſire to hear from us.

LETTER XLVIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE *to Dr* SWIFT.

March 29.

I Have delayed ſeveral poſts anſwering your letter of January laſt, in hopes of being able to ſpeak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the moſt, ſince the ſucceſs of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart; if it can be ſet a-going, you ſhall hear more of it. I was ill in the beginning of the winter for near a week, but in no danger, either from the nature of my diſtemper, or from the attendance of three phyſicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever, I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have paid to health deſerves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and have been ſome years going down the hill; let us make the paſſage as ſmooth as we can. Let us fence againſt phyſical evil by care, and the uſe of thoſe means which experience muſt have pointed out to us: let us fence againſt moral evil by philoſophy. I renounce the alternative you propoſe. But we may, nay, (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination againſt her plaineſt dictates) we ſhall of courſe grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and intereſts of a ſyſtem out of which we are ſoon to go. This is much better than ſtupidity. The decay of paſſion ſtrengthens philoſophy: for paſſion may decay, and ſtupidity not ſucceed. *Paſſions* (ſays Pope, our divine, as you will ſee one time or other) are the *gales* of life. Let us not complain that they do not blow a ſtorm. What hurt does age do us, in ſubduing what we toil to ſubdue all our lives? It is now ſix in

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the morning. I recal the time, (and am glad it is over), when about this hour I uſed to be going to bed, ſurfeited with pleaſure, or jaded with buſineſs: my head often full of ſchemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I riſe at this hour refreſhed, ſerene, and calm? that the paſt, and even the preſent affairs of life, ſtand like objects at a diſtance from me, where I can keep off the diſagreeable ſo as not to be ſtrongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Paſſions in their force would bring all theſe, nay even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and reaſon would but ill defend me in the ſcuffle.

I leave Pope to ſpeak for himſelf; but I muſt tell you how much my wife is obliged to you. She ſays ſhe would find ſtrength enough to nurſe you, if you was here; and yet, God knows, ſhe is extremely weak. The ſlow fever works under, and mines the conſtitution: we keep it off ſometimes; but ſtill it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not aſhamed to ſay to you, that I admire her more every hour of my life. Death is not to her the king of terrors; ſhe beholds him without the leaſt. When ſhe ſuffers much, ſhe wiſhes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable, ſhe looks on him with diſlike, becauſe he is to ſeparate her from thoſe friends to whom ſhe is more attached than to life itſelf.—You ſhall not ſtay for my next, as long as you have for this letter; and in every one Pope ſhall write ſomething much better than the ſcraps of old philoſophers, which were the preſents, *munuſcula*, that Stoical fop Seneca uſed to ſend in every epiſtle to his friend Lucilius.

P. S. My Lord has ſpoken juſtly of his lady: why not I of my mother? Yeſterday was her birthday, now entering on the ninety firſt year of her age; her memory much diminiſhed, but her ſenſes very little hurt, her ſight and hearing good; ſhe ſleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, ſays her prayers; this is all ſhe does. I have reaſon to thank God for continuing ſo long to me a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exerciſe for ſome years thoſe cares which

are now as neceſſary to her as hers have been to me. An object of this ſort daily before one's eyes, very much ſoftens the mind; but perhaps may hinder it from the willingneſs of contracting other ties of the like domeſtic nature, when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy the tender pleaſures. I have formerly made ſome ſtrong efforts to get and to deſerve a friend: perhaps it were wiſer never to attempt it; but live extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to paſs thro', juſt pay your hoſts their due, diſperſe a little charity, and hurry on. Yet am I juſt now writing (or rather planning) a book, to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleaſure, and put morality in good humour.—And juſt now too I am going to ſee one I love very tenderly: and to-morrow to entertain ſeveral civil people, whom if we call friends, it is by the courteſy of England.——*Sic, ſic juvat ire ſub umbras.* While we do live, we muſt make the beſt of life,

Cantantes licet uſque (minus via lædat) eamus,

as the ſhepherd ſaid in Virgil, when the road was long and heavy. I am yours.

LETTER XLIX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE *to Dr* SWIFT.

YOU may aſſure yourſelf, that if you come over this ſpring, you will find me not only got back into the habits of ſtudy, but devoted to that hiſtorical taſk which you have ſet me theſe many years. I am in hopes of ſome materials which will enable me to work in the whole extent of the plan I propoſe to myſelf. If they are not to be had, I muſt accommodate my plan to this deficiency. In the mean time Pope has given me more trouble than he or I thought of; and you will be ſurpriſed to find, that I have been partly drawn by him, and partly by myſelf, to write a pretty large volume upon a very grave and very important ſubject; that I have ventured to pay no regard whatever to any authority except the ſacred authority; and that I have ventured

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to ſtart a thought, which muſt, if it is puſhed as ſucceſſfully as I think it is, render all your metaphyſical theology both ridiculous and abominable. There is an expreſſion in one of your letters to me, which makes me believe you will come into my way of thinking on this ſubject; and yet I am perſuaded, that divines and free-thinkers would both be clamorous againſt it, if it was to be ſubmitted to their cenſure, as I do not intend that it ſhall. The paſſage I mean, is that where you ſay, that you told Dr ** the grand points of Chriſtianity ought to be taken as infallible revelations.*, &c.

IT has happened, that whilſt I was writing this to you, the Doctor came to make me a viſit from London, where I heard he was arrived ſome time ago. He was in haſte to return, and is, I perceive, in great haſte to print. He left with me eight diſſertations †, a ſmall part, as I underſtand, of his work; and deſired me to peruſe, conſider, and obſerve upon them againſt Monday next, when he will come down again. By what I have read of the two firſt, I find myſelf unable to ſerve him. The principles he reaſons upon, are begged in a diſputation of this ſort; and the manner of reaſoning is by no means cloſe and concluſive. The ſole advice I could give him in conſcience, would be that which he would take ill, and not follow. I will get rid of this taſk as well as I can; for I eſteem the man, and ſhould be ſorry to diſoblige him where I cannot ſerve him.

As to retirement and exerciſe, your notions are true. The firſt ſhould not be indulged ſo much as to render us ſavage, nor the laſt neglected ſo as to impair health. But I know men, who, for fear of being ſavage, live with all who will live with them, and who, to preſerve their health, ſaunter away half their time. Adieu. Pope calls for the paper.

P. S. I hope what goes before will be a ſtrong motive

* In this maxim all bigotted *divines* and *free-thinking* politicians agree; the one for fear of diſturbing the eſtabliſhed religion; the other leſt that diſturbance ſhould prove injurious to their adminiſtration of government. *Warb.*

† *Revelation examined with candor.*

tive to your coming. God knows if ever I ſhall ſee Ireland; I ſhall never deſire it, if you can be got hither, or kept here. Yet I think I ſhall be, too ſoon, a freeman—Your recommendations I conſtantly give to thoſe you mention; tho ſome of them I ſee but ſeldom, and am every day more retired. I am leſs fond of the world, and leſs curious about it; yet no way out of humour, diſappointed, or angry; tho' in my way I receive as many injuries as my betters; but I don't feel them; therefore I ought not to vex other people, nor even to return injuries. I paſs almoſt all my time at Dawley and at home. My Lord (of which I partly take the merit to myſelf) is as much eſtranged from politics as I am. Let philoſophy be ever ſo vain, it is leſs vain now than politics, and not quite ſo vain at preſent as divinity. I know nothing that moves ſtrongly but ſatire; and thoſe who are aſhamed of nothing elſe, are ſo of being ridiculous. I fancy, if we three were together but for three years, ſome good might be done even upon this age.

I know you'll deſire ſome account of my health. It is as uſual, but my ſpirits rather worſe. I write little or nothing. You know I never had either a taſte or talent for politics, and the world minds nothing elſe. I have perſonal obligations which I will ever preſerve, to men of different ſides; and I wiſh nothing ſo much as public quiet, except it be my own quiet. I think it a merit, if I can take off any man from grating or ſatirical ſubjects, merely on the ſcore of party: and it is the greateſt vanity of my life, that I have contributed to turn my Lord Bolingbroke to ſubjects moral, uſeful, and more worthy his pen. Dr———'s book is what I can't commend ſo much as Dean Berkeley's*, tho' it has many things ingenious in it, and is not deficient in the writing part: but the whole book, tho' he meant it *ad populum*, is, I think, purely *ad clerum*. Adieu.

LET-

* A fine original work, called, *The minute philoſopher*.

LETTER L.

Dr SWIFT *to Mr* GAY.*

Dublin, March 19. 1729.

I Deny it. I do write to you according to the old ſtipulation; for when you kept your old company, when I write to one, I write to all. But I am ready to enter into a new bargain, ſince you are got into a new world, and will anſwer all your letters. You are firſt to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to the Ducheſs of Queenſberry; and let her know, that I never dine without thinking of her, altho' it be with ſome difficulty that I can obey her, when I dine with folks that have but two prongs, and when the ſauce is not very conſiſtent. You muſt likewiſe tell her Grace, that ſhe is a general toaſt among all honeſt folks here, and particularly at the deanery, even in the face of my Whig ſubjects.——I will leave my money in Lord Bathurſt's hands, and the management of it (for want of better) in yours: and pray keep the intereſt-money in a bag wrapt up and ſealed by itſelf, for fear of your own fingers under your careleſſneſs. Mr Pope talks of you as a perfect ſtranger; but the different purſuits, and manners, and intereſts of life, as fortune hath pleaſed to diſpoſe them, will never ſuffer thoſe to live together, who by their inclinations ought never to part. I hope when you are rich enough, you will have ſome little œconomy of your own in town or country, and be able to give your friend a pint of Port; for the domeſtic ſeaſon of life will come on. I had never much hopes of your vampt play, altho' Mr Pope ſeemed to have, and altho' it were ever ſo good: but you ſhould have done like the parſons, and changed your text, I mean the title, and the names of the perſons. After all, it was an effect of idleneſs; for you are in the prime of life, when invention and judgment go together. I wiſh you had

* The following letters from Dr Swift to Mr Gay, from let. 50. to let. 61. inclusive, were found among Mr Gay's papers, and returned to Dr Swift by the Duke of Queenſberry and Mr Pope.

had 100 l. a-year more for horſes.—I ride and walk whenever good weather invites, and am reputed the beſt walker in this town and five miles round. I writ lately to Mr Pope. I wiſh you had a little villakin in his neighbourhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any lady with a coach and ſix horſes would carry you to Japan.

LETTER LI.

Dublin, Nov. 10. 1730.

WHen my Lord Peterborow, in the Queen's time, went abroad upon his embaſſies, the miniſtry told me, that he was ſuch a vagrant, they were forced to write *at* him by gueſs, becauſe they knew not where to write *to* him. This is my caſe with you; ſometimes in Scotland, ſometimes at Ham-walks, ſometimes God knows where. You are a man of buſineſs, and not at leiſure for inſignificant correſpondence. It was I got you the employment of being my Lord Duke's *primier miniſter:* for his Grace having heard how good a manager you were of my revenue, thought you fit to be intruſted with ten talents. I have had twenty times a ſtrong inclination to ſpend a ſummer near Saliſbury downs, having rode over them more than once, and, with a young parſon of Saliſbury, reckoned twice the ſtones of Stonehenge, which are eithey ninety two or ninety three. I deſire to preſent my moſt humble acknowledgements to my Lady Ducheſs in return of her civility. I hear an ill thing, that ſhe is *matre pulchra filia pulchrior.* I never ſaw her ſince ſhe was a girl, and would be angry ſhe ſhould excel her mother, who was long my principal goddeſs. I deſire you will tell her Grace, that the ill management of forks is not to be helped when they are only bidential, which happens in all poor houſes, eſpecially thoſe of poets; upon which account a knife was abſolutely neceſſary at Mr Pope's, where it was morally impoſſible with a bidential fork to convey a morſel of beef, with the incumbrance of muſtard and turnips, into your mouth at once. And her Grace hath coſt me thirty pounds, to provide tridents for fear of offending

ſending her; which ſum I deſire ſhe will pleaſe to return me.——I am ſick enough to go to the Bath, but have not heard it will be good for my diſorder. I have a ſtrong mind to ſpend my 200 l. next ſummer in France. I am glad I have it, for there is hardly twice that ſum left in this kingdom. You want no ſettlement (I call the family where you live, and the foot you are upon, a ſettlement) till you increaſe your fortune to what will ſupport you with eaſe and plenty, a good houſe and a garden. The want of this I much dread for you. For I have often known a ſhe-couſin of a good family and ſmall fortune, paſſing months among all her relations, living in plenty, and taking her circles, till ſhe grew an old maid, and every body weary of her. Mr Pope complains of ſeldom ſeeing you: but the evil is unavoidable; for different circumſtances of life have always ſeparated thoſe whom friendſhip would join. God hath taken care of this, to prevent any progreſs towards real happineſs here, which would make life more deſirable, and death too dreadful. I hope you have now one advantage that you always wanted before, and the want of which made your friends as uneaſy as it did yourſelf; I mean the removal of that ſolicitude about your own affairs, which perpetually filled your thoughts, and diſturbed your converſation. For if it be true, what Mr Pope ſeriouſly tells me, you will have opportunity of ſaving every groat of the intereſt you receive; and ſo by the time he and you grow weary of each other, you will be able to paſs the reſt of your wineleſs life, in eaſe and plenty, with the additional triumphal comfort of never having received a penny from thoſe taſteleſs ungrateful people from whom you deſerved ſo much, and who deſerve no better geniuſes than thoſe, by whom they are celebrated.——If you ſee Mr Cæſar, preſent my humble ſervice to him; and let him know, that the ſcrub libel printed againſt me here, and reprinted in London, for which he ſhewed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by myſelf, and ſent to a Whig printer. It was in the ſtyle and genius of ſuch ſcoundrels, when the humour of libelling ran in this ſtrain againſt a friend of mine whom you know.——But my paper is ended.

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LETTER LII.

Dublin, Nov. 19. 1730.

I Writ to you a long letter about a fortnight paſt, concluding you were in London, from whence I underſtood one of your former was dated. Nor did I imagine you were gone back to Aimſbury ſo late in the year; at which ſeaſon I take the country to be only a ſcene for thoſe who have been ill uſed by a court, on account of their virtues; which is a ſtate of happineſs the more valuable, becauſe it is not accompanied by envy, altho' nothing deſerves it more. I would gladly ſell a dukedom to loſe favour in the manner their Graces have done. I believe my Lord Carteret, ſince he is no longer Lieutenant, may not wiſh me ill; and I have told him often, that I only hated him as Lieutenant. I confeſs he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than moſt of his predeceſſors; and I confeſs at the ſame time, that he had ſix times a regard to my recommendation, by preferring ſo many of my friends in the church. The two laſt acts of his favour were, to add to the dignities of Dr Delany and Mr Stopford; the laſt of whom was, by you and Mr Pope, put into Mr Pulteney's hands. I told you in my laſt, that a continuance of giddineſs (tho' not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at preſent. For in my caſe, a domeſtic life is neceſſary; where I can, with the centurion, ſay to my ſervant, Go, and he goeth; and, Do this, and he doth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command, and conſequently a Ducheſs is at this time the hatefulleſt lady in the world to me, one only excepted; and I beg her Grace's pardon for that exception; for, in the way I mean, her Grace is ten thouſand times more hateful. I confeſs I begin to apprehend you will ſquander my money, becauſe I hope you never leſs wanted it; and if you go on with ſucceſs for two years longer, I fear I ſhall not have a farthing of it left. The Doctor hath ill informed me, who ſays that Mr Pope is at preſent the chief poetical favourite; yet Mr Pope himſelf talks like a philoſopher, and one wholly retired. But the vogue of our few honeſt folks here is, that Duck

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is abſolutely to ſucceed Euſden in the laurel; the contention being between Concannen, or Theobald, or ſome other hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking; but the dubious ſtate of your affairs in thoſe days was too much the ſubject, and I wiſh the Ducheſs had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing ſo much contributed to my eaſe as the turn of affairs after the Queen's death; by which all my hopes being cut off, I could have no ambition left, unleſs I would have been a greater raſcal than happened to ſuit with my temper. I therefore ſat down quietly at my morſel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all ſucceeding meaſures and miniſtries, by way of ſauce to reliſh my meat: and I confeſs one point of conduct in my Lady Ducheſs's life hath added much poignancy to it. There is a good Iriſh practical bull towards the end of your letter, where you ſpend a dozen lines in telling me you muſt leave off, that you may give my Lady Ducheſs room to write, and ſo you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom; tho I would have remitted you my 200 l. to have left place for as many more.

To the Ducheſs.

MADAM,

MY beginning thus low is meant as a mark of reſpect, like receiving your Grace at the bottom of the ſtairs. I am glad you know your duty; for it hath been a known and eſtabliſhed rule above twenty years in England, That the firſt advances have been conſtantly made me by all ladies who aſpired to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet I know not by what weakneſs, I have condeſcended graciouſly to diſpenſe with you upon this important article. Tho' Mr Gay will tell you, that a nameleſs perſon* ſent me eleven meſſages before I would yield to a viſit: I mean a perſon to whom he is infinitely obliged, for being the occaſion of the happineſs he now enjoys, under the protection and favour of my Lord Duke and your Grace. At the ſame time, I cannot forbear telling you, Madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner

* The Princeſs of Wales, afterward Queen Caroline.

manner of making your advances. You ſay, perhaps you ſhall not like me: I affirm you are miſtaken, which I can plainly demonſtrate; for I have certain intelligence, that another perſon diſlikes me of late; with whoſe likings yours have not for ſome time paſt gone together. However, if I ſhall once have the honour to attend your Grace, I will, out of fear and prudence, appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needleſs: for Diogenes himſelf would be vain, to have received the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your Grace.

LETTER LIII.

Dublin, March 13. 1730-1.

YOur ſituation is an odd on; the Ducheſs is your treaſurer, and Mr Pope tells me you are the Duke's. And I had gone a good way in ſome verſes on that occaſion, preſcribing leſſons to direct your conduct, in a negative way; not to do ſo and ſo, *&c.* like other treaſurers; how to deal with ſervants, tenants, or neighbouring 'ſquires, which I take to be courtiers, parliaments, and princes in alliance; and ſo the parallel goes on, but grows too long to pleaſe me. I prove, that poets are the fitteſt perſons to be treaſurers and managers to great perſons, from their virtue, and contempt of money, *&c.*——Pray, why did you not get a new heel to your ſhoe? unleſs you would make your court at St James's by affecting to imitate the prince of Lilliput. ——But the reſt of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the Ducheſs, I ſhall ſay no more to you, but apply myſelf to her Grace.

MADAM, Since Mr Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and ſince I have the ſame perfection, I will ſettle that matter immediately, to prevent thoſe ill conſequences he apprehends. Your Grace ſhall have your own way, in all places except your own houſe, and the domains about it. There, and there only I expect to have mine; ſo that you have all the world to reign

reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houſes in town and country. I will likewiſe, out of my ſpecial grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right againſt all human kind, except myſelf, and to be never in the wrong, but when you differ from me. You ſhall have a greater privilege in the third article, of ſpeaking your mind; which I ſhall graciouſly allow you now and then to do even to myſelf, and only rebuke you when it does not pleaſe me.

MADAM, I am now got as far as your Grace's letter; which having not read this fortnight, (having been out of town, and not daring to truſt myſelf with the carriage of it), the preſumptuous manner in which you begin had ſlipt out of my memory. But I forgive you to the ſeventeenth line, where you begin to baniſh me for ever, by demanding me to anſwer all the good character ſome partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived ſixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermiſſion of two ſummers in England; and conſequently am fifty years older than I was at the Queen's death, and fifty thouſand times duller, and fifty million times more peeviſh, perverſe, and moroſe: ſo that, under theſe diſadvantages, I can only pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about ſome twenty bars length. Pray, Madam, have you a clear voice? and will you let me ſit at your left hand, at leaſt within three of you? for of two bad ears, my right is the beſt. My groom tells me, that he likes your park, but your houſe is too little. Can the parſon of the pariſh play at backgammon, and hold his tongue? Is any one of your women a good nurſe, if I ſhould fancy myſelf ſick for four and twenty hours? How many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When theſe preliminaries are ſettled, I muſt be very poor, very ſick, or dead, or to the laſt degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Aimſbury. For I profeſs, you are the firſt Lady that ever I deſired to ſee, ſince the firſt of Auguſt 1714; and I have forgot the date when that deſire grew ſtrong upon me; but I know I was not then in England, elſe I would have gone on foot for that happineſs as far as to your houſe in Scotland. But I can ſoon recollect the time, by aſking ſome ladies

here the month, the day, and the hour when I began to endure their company: which however I think was a ſign of my ill judgment; for I do not perceive they mend in any thing but envying or admiring your Grace. I diſlike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad ſpelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr Gay found fault with; wherein you affront Mr Gay, you affront me, and you affront yourſelf. Falſe ſpelling is only excuſable in a chamber-maid, for I would not pardon it in any of your waiting-women.—— Pray God preſerve your Grace and family; and give me leave to expect, that you will be ſo juſt to remember me among thoſe who have the greateſt regard for virtue, goodneſs, prudence, courage, and generoſity; after which you muſt conclude, that I am, with the greateſt reſpect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant, *&c.*

To Mr GAY.

I have juſt got yours of February 24. with a poſtſcript by Mr Pope. I am in great concern for him; I find Mr Pope dictated to you the firſt part, and with great difficulty ſome days after added the reſt. I ſee his weakneſs by his hand-writing. How much does his philoſophy exceed mine? I could not bear to ſee him; I will write to him ſoon.

LETTER LIV.

Dublin, June 29. 1731.

EVer ſince I received your letter, I have been upon a balance about going to England, and landing at Briſtol, to paſs a month at Aimſbury, as the Ducheſs hath given me leave. But many difficulties have interfered. Firſt, I thought I had done with my law-ſuit, and ſo did all my lawyers; but my adverſary, after being in appearance a Proteſtant theſe twenty years, hath declared he was always a Papiſt, and conſequently, by the law here, cannot buy nor (I think) ſell; ſo that I am at ſea again, for almoſt all I am worth. But I have

ſtill

ſtill a worſe evil: for the giddineſs I was ſubject to, inſtead of coming ſeldom and violent, now conſtantly attends me more or leſs; tho' in a more peaceable manner, yet ſuch as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy; and the Ducheſs, in all her youth, ſpirit, and grandeur, will make a very ill nurſe, and her women not much better. Valetudinarians muſt live where they can command, and ſcold; I muſt have horſes to ride, I muſt go to bed and riſe when I pleaſe, and live where all mortals are ſubſervient to me. I muſt talk nonſenſe when I pleaſe, and all who are preſent muſt commend it. I muſt ride thrice a-week, and walk three or four miles beſides, every day.

I always told you Mr —— was good for nothing but to be a rank courtier. I care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may tell this to the Ducheſs; and I hate to ſee you ſo charitable, and ſuch a cully; and yet I love you for it. becauſe I am one myſelf.

You are the ſilliest lover in Chriſtendom. If you like Mrs ——, why do you not command her to take you? if ſhe does not, ſhe is not worth purſuing. You do her too much honour; ſhe hath neither ſenſe nor taſte, if ſhe dares to refuſe you, tho' ſhe had ten thouſand pounds. I do not remember to have told you of thanks that you have not given, nor do I underſtand your meaning, and I am ſure I had never the leaſt thoughts of any myſelf. If I am your friend, it is for my own reputation, and from a principle of ſelf love; and I do ſometimes reproach you for not honouring me by letting the world know we are friends.

I ſee very well how matters go with the Ducheſs in regard to me. I heard her ſay, Mr Gay, fill your letter to the Dean, that there may be no room for me; the frolic is gone far enough; I have writ thrice; I will do no more; if the man has a mind to come, let him come; what a clutter is here? poſitively I will not write a ſyllable more. She is an ungrateful Ducheſs, conſidering how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thouſands ſhe had before.—I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth 7000 *l.* which will bring you 300 *per annum*; and this will maintain you,

with the perquiſite of ſpunging while you are young; and when you are old, will afford you a pint of Port at night, two ſervants, and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink,—provided you live in the country.——— Have you no ſcheme either in verſe or proſe? The Duchefs ſhould keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write; and ſo I have done with you.

MADAM,

SINCE I began to grow old, I have found all ladies become inconſtant, without any reproach from their conſcience. If I wait on you, I declare, that one of your women (which ever it is that has deſigns upon a chaplain) muſt be my nurſe, if I happen to be ſick or peeviſh at your houſe; and in that caſe you muſt ſuſpend your domineering claim till I recover. Your omitting the uſual appendix to Mr Gay's letters hath done me infinite miſchief here; for while you continued them, you would wonder how civil the ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered ſince. I dare not confeſs that I have deſcended ſo low as to write to your Grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but ſuſpected it, I ſhould loſe them all. One of them who had an inkling of the matter, (your Grace will hardly believe it), refuſed to beg my pardon upon her knees, for once neglecting to make my rice-milk.——Pray conſider this, and do your duty, or dread the conſequence. I promiſe you ſhall have your will ſix minutes every hour at Aimſbury, and ſeven in London, while I am in health: but if I happen to be ſick, I muſt govern to a ſecond. Yet, properly ſpeaking, there is no man alive with ſo much truth and reſpect your Grace's moſt obedient and devoted ſervant.

LETTER LV.

Aug. 28. 1731.

YOU and the Duchefs uſe me very ill; for I profeſs I cannot diſtinguiſh the ſtyle or the hand-writing of either. I think her Grace writes more like you than herſelf, and that you write more like her Grace than yourſelf.

yourself. I would swear the beginning of your letter writ by the Duchess, tho' it is to pass for yours; because there is a cursed lie in it, that she is neither young nor healthy; and besides, it perfectly resembles the part she owns. I will likewise swear, that what I must suppose is written by the Duchess, is your hand: and thus I am puzzled and perplexed between you; but I will go on in the innocency of my own heart. I am got eight miles from our famous metropolis, to a country parson's, to whom I lately gave a city-living, such as an English chaplain would leap at. I retired hither for the public good, having two great works in hand: one to reduce the whole politeness, wit, humour, and style of England into a short system, for the use of all persons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour *. The other is of almost equal importance; I may call it the whole duty of servants, in about twenty several stations, from the steward and waiting-woman, down to the scullion and pantry-boy †.——I believe no mortal had ever such fair invitations, as to be happy in the best company of England. I wish I had liberty to print your letter with my own comments upon it. There was a fellow in Ireland, who from a shoe-boy grew to be several times one of the chief governors, wholly illiterate, and with hardly common sense. A Lord Lieutenant told the first King George, that he was the greatest subject he had in both kingdoms; and truly this character was gotten and preserved by his never appearing in England; which was the only wise thing he ever did, except purchasing 16,000 *l.* a-year.———Why, you need not stare: it is easily applied. I must be absent, in order to preserve my credit with her Grace.——Lo here comes in the Duchess again, (I know her by her dd's; but am a fool for discovering my art), to defend herself against my conjecture of what she said.—Madam, I will imitate your Grace, and write to you upon the same line. I own it is a base un-romantic spirit in me to suspend the honour of waiting at your Grace's feet, till I can finish

* *Wagstaff's Dialogues of polite conversation*, published in his life-time. See vol. 7.

† An imperfect thing of this kind, called *Directions to servants in general*, has been published since his death. See vol. 7.

a paltry law-ſuit. It concerns indeed almoſt all my whole fortune; it is equal to half Mr Pope's, and two thirds of Mr Gay's, and about ſix weeks rent of your Grace's. This curſed accident hath drill'd away the whole ſummer. But, Madam, underſtand one thing, that I take all your ironical civilities in a literal ſenſe; and whenever I have the honour to attend you, ſhall expect them to be literally performed: tho' perhaps I ſhall find it hard to prove your hand-writing in a court of juſtice; but that will not be much for your credit. How miſerably hath your Grace been miſtaken, in thinking to avoid envy by running into exile, where it haunts you more than ever it did even at court? *Non te civitas, non regia domus in exilium miſerunt, ſed tu utræſque.* So ſays Cicero, (as your Grace knows), or ſo he might have ſaid.

I am told, that the Craftſman, in one of his papers, is offended with the publiſhers of (I ſuppoſe) the laſt edition of the Dunciad; and I was aſked whether you and Mr Pope were as good friends to the new-diſgraced perſon as formerly? This I knew nothing of, but ſuppoſe it was the conſequence of ſome miſtake. As to writing, I look on you juſt in the prime of life for it, the very ſeaſon when judgment and invention draw together. But ſchemes are perfectly accidental: ſome will appear barren of hints and matter, but prove to be fruitful; and others the contrary: and what you ſay, is paſt doubt, that every one can beſt find hints for himſelf; tho' it is poſſible, that ſometimes a friend may give you a lucky one juſt ſuited to your own imagination. But all this is almoſt paſt with me; my invention and judgment are perpetually at ſifty-cuffs, till they have quite diſabled each other; and the mereſt trifles I ever wrote are ſerious philoſophical lucubrations, in compariſon to what I now buſy myſelf about; as (to ſpeak in the author's phraſe) the world may one day ſee *.

LET-

* His ludicrous prediction was ſince his death, and very much to his diſhonour, ſeriouſly fulfilled. *Warb.*

By this deſire of *letting the world ſee* what other men of leſs wit and more diſcretion would carefully have concealed, Swift has placed himſelf open to the cenſure of his enemies, and beyond the

LETTER LVI.

Sept. 10. 1731.

IF your ramble was on horſeback, I am glad of it on account of your health; but I know your arts of patching up a journey between ſtage-coaches and friends coaches: for you are as arrant a cockney as any hoſier in Cheapſide. One clean ſhirt with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make up your equipage: and as for a night-gown, it is clear from Homer, that Agamemnon roſe without one. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours, that you ought to have ſome great work in ſcheme, which may take up ſeven years to finiſh, beſides two or three under-ones, that may add another 1000 *l.* to your ſtock; and then I ſhall be in leſs pain about you. I know you can find dinners; but you love twelve-penny coaches too well, without conſidering that the intereſt of a whole 1000 *l.* brings you but half a crown a-day. I find a greater longing than ever to come againſt you: and reaſon good, when I am teaſed with Dukes and Ducheſſes for a viſit, all my demands complied with, and all excuſes cut off. You remember, "O happy Don Quixote! queens held his "horſe, and Ducheſſes pulled of his armour," or ſomething to that purpoſe. He was a mean-ſpirited fellow;

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the reach of any defence from his friends. He has not only committed to the preſs a moſt deſpicable heap of writings, but has publicly recorded the loweſt amuſements of his private ſcenes of life, without having once ſuſpected, that perſons whoſe ſtations or abilities have fixed them in a conſpicuous attitude, are looked upon by the reſt of mankind with a very critical, and a very envious eye. Auguſtus, as I remember, was a little aſhamed to be diſcovered at a game of cobnuts; and even Domitian was cunning enough to withdraw into his cloſet to catch flies. Great minds, you will ſay, require to be often unbent. I allow it: but thoſe relaxations might be choſen, ſo as to make idleneſs appear in a beautiful light: and Swift would have forfeited a leſs degree of fame by playing many years at puſhpin, (the records of which he could not have printed); than by compoſing various kinds of nonſenſe, which, by his own option, have been honoured with a place in his works. *Orrery.*

I can ſay ten times more, O happy, &c. ſuch a Ducheſs was deſigned to attend him, and ſuch a Duke invited him to command his palace. *Nam iſtos reges ceteros memorare nolo, hominum mendicabula.* Go read your Plautus, and obſerve Strobilus vapouring after he had found the pot of gold.——I will have nothing to do with that lady: I have long hated her on your account, and the more becauſe you are ſo forgiving as not to hate her: however, ſhe has good qualities enough to make her eſteemed; but not one grain of feeling. I only wiſh ſhe were a fool.——I have been ſeveral months writing near five hundred lines on a pleaſant ſubject, only to tell what my friends and enemies will ſay on me after I am dead*. I ſhall finiſh it ſoon; for I add two lines every week, and blot out four, and alter eight. I have brought in you and my other friends, as well as enemies and detractors.——It is a great comfort to ſee how corruption and ill conduct are inſtrumental in uniting virtuous perſons and lovers of their country of all denominations; Whig and Tory, High and Low church, as ſoon as they are left to think freely, all joining in opinion. If this be diſaffection, pray God ſend me always among the diſaffected! and I heartily wiſh you joy of your ſcurvy treatment at court, which hath given you leiſure to cultivate both public and private virtue, neither of them likely to be ſoon met with within the walls of St. James's or Weſtminſter.——But I muſt here diſmiſs you, that I may pay my acknowledgments to the Duke for the great honour he hath done me.

My LORD,

I could have ſworn that my pride would be always able to preſerve me from vanity; of which I have been in great danger to be guilty for ſome months paſt, firſt by the conduct of my Lady Ducheſs, and now by that of your Grace, which had like to finiſh the work. And I ſhould have certainly gone about ſhewing my letters, under the charge of ſecrecy, to every blab of my acquaintance, if I could have the leaſt hope of prevailing on

This has been publiſhed, and is amongſt the beſt of his poems. See vol. 6.

on any of them to believe, that a man in ſo obſcure a corner, quite thrown out of the preſent world, and within a few ſteps of the next, ſhould receive ſuch condeſcending invitations, from two ſuch perſons to whom he is an utter ſtranger, and who know no more of him than what they have heard by the partial repreſentations of a friend. But in the mean time I muſt deſire your Grace, not to flatter yourſelf, that I waited for your conſent to accept the invitation. I muſt be ignorant indeed, not to know, that the Ducheſs, ever ſince you met, hath been moſt politicly employed in increaſing thoſe forces, and ſharpening thoſe arms, with which ſhe ſubdued you at firſt, and to which, the braver and the wiſer you grow, you will more and more ſubmit. Thus I knew myſelf on the ſecure ſide; and it was a mere piece of good manners to inſert that clauſe, of which you have taken the advantage. But as I cannot forbear informing your Grace, that the Ducheſs's great ſecret in her art of government hath been, to reduce both your wills into one; ſo I am content, in due obſervance to the forms of the world, to return my moſt humble thanks to your Grace for ſo great a favour as you are pleaſed to offer me, and which nothing but impoſſibilities ſhall prevent me from receiving; ſince I am, with the greateſt reaſon, truth, and reſpect, my Lord, your Grace's moſt obedient, *&c.*

MADAM,

I have conſulted all the learned in occult ſciences of my acquaintance, and have ſat up eleven nights to diſcover the meaning of thoſe two hieroglyphical lines in your Grace's hands at the bottom of the laſt Aimſbury letter; but all in vain. Only it is agreed, that the language is Coptic; and a very profound Behmiſt aſſures me, the ſtyle is poetic, containing an invitation from a very great perſon of the female ſex, to a ſtrange kind of man whom ſhe never ſaw: and this is all I can find; which, after ſo many former invitations, will ever confirm me in that reſpect wherewith I am, Madam, your Grace's moſt obedient, *&c.*

LET.

LETTER LVII.

Mr GAY *to Dr* SWIFT.

Dec. 1. 1731.

YOU uſed to complain that Mr Pope and I would not let you ſpeak; you may now be even with me, and take it out in writing. If you don't ſend to me now and then, the poſt-office will think me of no conſequence, for I have no correſpondent but you. You may keep as far from us as you pleaſe; you cannot be forgotten by thoſe who ever knew you; and therefore pleaſe me, by ſometimes ſhewing that I am not forgot by you. I have nothing to take me off from my friendſhip to you. I ſeek no new acquaintance, and court no favour; I ſpend no ſhillings in coaches or chairs, to levees or great viſits; and, as I don't want the aſſiſtance of ſome that I formerly converſed with, I will not ſo much as ſeem to ſeek to be a dependent. As to my ſtudies, I have not been entirely idle, tho' I cannot ſay that I have yet perfected any thing. What I have done is ſomething in the way of thoſe fables I have already publiſhed. All the money I get is by ſaving; ſo that by habit there may be ſome hopes (if I grow richer) of my becoming a miſer. All miſers have their excuſes; the motive to my parſimony is independence. If I were to be repreſented by the Ducheſs, (ſhe is ſuch a downright niggard for me), this character might not be allowed me: but I really think I am covetous enough for any who lives at the court-end of the town, and who is as poor as myſelf: for I don't pretend that I am equally ſaving with S——k. Mr Lewis deſired you might be told, that he hath five pounds of yours in his hands, which he fancies you may have forgot; for he will hardly allow that a verſe-man can have a juſt knowledge of his own affairs. When you got rid of your law-ſuit, I was in hopes that you had got your own, and was free from every vexation of the law; but Mr Pope tells me, you are not entirely out of your perplexity, tho' you have the ſecurity now in your own poſſeſſion. But ſtill your caſe is not ſo bad as Captain Gulliver's, who was ruined

ruined by having a decree for him with coſts. I have had an injunction for me againſt pirating bookſellers, which I am ſure to get nothing by, and will, I fear, in the end drain me of ſome money. When I began this proſecution, I fancied there would be ſome end of it; but the law ſtill goes on; and it is probable I ſhall ſome time or other ſee an attorney's bill as long as the book. Poor Duke Diſney is dead, and hath left what he had among his friends; among whom are Lord Bolingbroke, 500 l.; Mr. Pelham, 500 l.; Sir William Wyndham's youngeſt ſon, 500 l.; Gen. Hill, 500 l.; Lord Maſſam's ſon, 500 l.

You have the good wiſhes of thoſe I converſe with. They know they gratify me, when they remember you; but I really think they do it purely for your own ſake. I am ſatisfied with the love and friendſhip of good men, and envy not the demerits of thoſe who are moſt conſpicuouſly diſtinguiſhed. Therefore, as I ſet a juſt value upon your friendſhip, you cannot pleaſe me more, than letting me now and then know that you remember me; the only ſatisfaction of diſtant friends!

P. S. Mr Gay's is a good letter, mine will be a very dull one; and yet what you will think the worſt of it, is what ſhould be its excuſe, that I write in a head-ach that has laſted three days. I am never ill but I think of your ailments, and repine that they mutually hinder our being together: tho' in one point I am apt to differ from you; for you ſhun your friends when you are in thoſe circumſtances, and I deſire them; your way is the more generous, mine the more tender. Lady——— took your letter very kindly; for I had prepared her to expect no anſwer under a twelve-month; but kindneſs perhaps is a word not applicable to courtiers. However, ſhe is an extraordinary woman there, who will do you common juſtice. For God's ſake, why all this ſcruple about Lord B——'s keeping your horſes, who has a park; or about my keeping you on a pint of wine a day? We are infinitely richer than you imagine. John Gay ſhall help me to entertain you, tho' you come like King Lear with fifty knights.———Tho' ſuch proſpects as I wiſh cannot now be formed, for fixing you with us, time

may

may provide better before you part again. The old Lord may die, the benefice may drop, or, at worſt, you may carry me into Ireland. You will ſee a work of Lord B———'s, and one of mine; which, with a juſt neglect of the preſent age, conſult only poſterity; and, with a noble ſcorn of politics, aſpire to philoſophy. I am glad you reſolve to meddle no more with the low concerns and intereſts of parties, even of countries (for countries are but larger parties). *Quid verum atque decens, curare, et rogitare, noſtrum ſit.* I am much pleaſed with your deſign upon Rochefoucault's maxim; pray finiſh it *. I am happy whenever you join our names together. So would Dr Arbuthnot be: but at this time he can be pleaſed with nothing; for his darling ſon is dying in all probability, by the melancholy account I received this morning.

THE paper you aſk me about is of little value. It might have been a ſeaſonable ſatire upon the ſcandalous language and paſſion with which men of condition have ſtooped to treat one another. Surely they ſacrifice too much to the people, when they ſacrifice their own characters, families, &c. to the diverſion of that rabble of readers. I agree with you in my contempt of moſt popularity, fame, &c.; even as a writer I am cool in it; and whenever you ſee what I am now writing, you'll be convinced I would pleaſe but a few, and, if I could make mankind leſs admirers, and greater reaſoners †. I ſtudy much more to render my own portion of being eaſy, and to keep this peeviſh frame of the human body in good humour. Infirmities have not quite unmanned me; and it will delight you to hear they are not increaſed, tho' not diminiſhed. I thank God, I do not very much want people to attend me, tho' my mother now cannot. When I am ſick, I lie down; when I am better, I riſe up: I am uſed to the head-ach, &c. If greater pains arrive (ſuch as my late rheumatiſm), the ſervants bathe and plaiſter me, or the ſurgeon ſcarifies me; and I bear it, becauſe I muſt. This is the evil of nature, not of fortune. I am juſt now as well as when

* The poem on his own death, formed upon a maxim of *Rochefoucault*.

† *The* poem he means is the Eſſay on man.

when you was here: I pray God you were no worſe. I ſincerely wiſh my life were paſſed near you; and, ſuch as it is, I would not repine at it.——All you mention, remember you, and wiſh you here.

LETTER LVIII.

Dr SWIFT *to Mr* GAY.

Dublin, May 4. 1732.

I AM now as lame as when you writ your letter, and almoſt as lame as your letter itſelf, for want of that limb from my Lady Ducheſs which you promiſed, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a condition to make a true ſtep even on Aimſbury downs; and I declare, that a corporeal falſe ſtep is worſe than a political one; nay worſe than a thouſand political ones; for which I appeal to courts and miniſters, who hobble on and proſper, without the ſenſe of feeling. To talk of riding and walking, is inſulting me; for I can as ſoon fly as do either. It is your pride or lazineſs, more than chair hire, that makes the town expenſive. No honour is loſt by walking in the dark: and in the day, you may beckon a blackguard boy under a gate, near your viſiting place *(experto crede)*, ſave eleven pence, and get half a crown's worth of health. The worſt of my preſent misfortune is, that I eat and drink, and can digeſt neither for want of exerciſe; and, to increaſe my miſery, the knaves are ſure to find me at home, and make huge void ſpaces in my cellars. I congratulate with you, for loſing your great acquaintance. In ſuch a caſe, philoſophy teaches, that we muſt ſubmit, and be content with good ones. I like Lord Cornbury's refuſing his penſion; but I demur at his being elected for Oxford; which I conceive is wholly changed, and entirely devoted to new principles; ſo it appeared to me the two laſt times I was there.

I find, by the whole caſt of your letter, that you are as giddy and as volatile as ever; juſt the reverſe of Mr

Pope, who hath always loved a domeſtic life from his youth. I was going to wiſh you had ſome little place that you could call your own; but I profeſs I do not know you well enough to contrive any one ſyſtem of life that would pleaſe you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the Ducheſs; yet, from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you always joined a violent deſire of perpetually ſhifting places and company, with a rooted lazineſs, and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and ſix horſes is the utmoſt exerciſe you can bear, and this only when you can fill it with ſuch company as is beſt ſuited to your taſte; and how glad would you be, if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting? while I, who am ſo much later in life, can, or at leaſt could, ride 500 miles on a trotting horſe. You mortally hate writing, only becauſe it is the thing you chiefly ought to do; as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you eaſy in your fortune. You are merciful to every thing but money, your beſt friend, whom you treat with inhumanity. Be aſſured, I will hire people to watch all your motions, and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your abſence of mind? Can you attend to trifles? Can you at Aimſbury write domeſtic libels to divert the family, and neighbouring 'ſquires for five miles round? or venture ſo far on horſeback, without apprehending a ſtumble at every ſtep? Can you ſet the footmen a-laughing as they wait at dinner? and do the Ducheſs's women admire your wit? In what eſteem are you with the vicar of the pariſh? Can you play with him at backgammon? Have the farmers found out, that you cannot diſtinguiſh rye from barley, or an oak from a crab-tree? You are ſenſible, that I know the full extent of your country-ſkill is in fiſhing for roaches, or gudgeons at the higheſt.

I love to do you good offices with your friends; and therefore deſire you will ſhow this letter to the Ducheſs, to improve her Grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how uſeful you are like to be in the family. Her Grace ſhall have the honour of my correſpondence again when ſhe goes to Aimſbury. Hear a piece of Iriſh news. I buried the famous General Meredyth's

redyth's father laſt night in my cathedral; he was ninety-ſix years old: ſo that Mrs Pope may live ſeven years longer. You ſaw Mr Pope in health; pray is he generally more healthy than when I was amongſt you? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day. My ſtint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night; but I often dine at home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you; for I would have ſociety, if I could get what I like, people of middle underſtanding and middle rank. Adieu.

LETTER LIX.

Dublin, July 10. 1732.

I Had your letter by Mr Ryves a long time after the date, for I ſuppoſe he ſtaid long in the way. I am glad you determine upon ſomething. There is no writing I eſteem more than fables, nor any thing ſo difficult to ſucceed in; which however you have done excellently well; and I have often admired your happineſs in ſuch a kind of performance, which I have frequently endeavoured at in vain. I remember I acted as you ſeem to hint. I found a moral firſt, and ſtudied for a fable; but could do nothing that pleaſed me, and ſo left off that ſcheme for ever. I remember one, which was, to repreſent what ſcoundrels riſe in armies by a long war; wherein I ſuppoſed the lion was engaged, and having loſt all his animals of worth, at laſt Serjeant Hog came to be a Brigadier, and Corporal Aſs a Colonel, *&c.* I agree with you likewiſe about getting ſomething by the ſtage; which, when it ſucceeds, is the beſt crop for poetry in England. But pray take ſome new ſcheme, quite different from any thing you have already touched. The preſent humour of the players, who hardly (as I was told in London) regard any new play, and your preſent ſituation at the court, are the difficulties to be overcome; but thoſe circumſtances may have altered (at leaſt the former) ſince I left you. My ſcheme was, to paſs a month at Aimſbury, and then go to Twickenham, and live a winter between that and Dawley, and

ſometimes at Riſkins; without going to London, where I now can have no occaſional lodgings. But I am not yet in any condition for ſuch removals. I would fain have you get enough againſt you grow old, to have two or three ſervants about you, and a convenient houſe. It is hard to want thoſe *ſubſidia ſenectuti*, when a man grows hard to pleaſe, and few people care whether he be pleaſed or no. I have a large houſe; yet I ſhould hardly prevail to find one viſitor, if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine: ſo that when I am not abroad on horſeback, I generally dine alone, and am thankful if a friend will paſs the evening with me. I am now with the remainder of my pint before me, and ſo here's your health,—and the ſecond and chief is to my Tunbridge acquaintance, my Lady Ducheſs.———And I tell you, that I fear my Lord Bolingbroke, and Mr Pope, a couple of philoſophers, would ſtarve me; for even of Port wine I ſhould require half a pint a-day, and as much at night: and you were growing as bad, unleſs your Duke and Ducheſs have mended you. Your colic is owing to intemperance of the philoſophical kind: you eat without care; and if you drink leſs than I, you drink too little. But your inattention I cannot pardon, becauſe I imagined the cauſe was removed; for I thought it lay in your forty millions of ſchemes, by court-hopes and court-fears. Yet Mr Pope has the ſame defect, and it is of all others the moſt mortal to converſation; neither is my Lord Bolingbroke untinged with it: all for want of my rule, *vive la bagatelle!* But the Doctor is the king of inattention. What a vexatious life ſhould I lead among you? If the Ducheſs be a *reveuſe*, I will never come to Aimſbury; or if I do, I will run away from you both, to one of her women, and the ſteward and chaplain.

MADAM,

I mentioned ſomething to Mr Gay of a Tunbridge acquaintance, whom we forget of courſe when we return to town: and yet I am aſſured, that if they meet again next ſummer, they have a better title to reſume their commerce. Thus I look on my right of correſponding with your Grace, to be better eſtabliſhed upon your

your return to Aimſbury; and I ſhall at this time deſcend to forget, or at leaſt ſuſpend my reſentments of your neglect all the time you were in London. I ſtill keep in my heart, that Mr Gay had no ſooner turned his back, than you left the place in his letter void which he had commanded you to fill; tho' your guilt confounded you ſo far, that you wanted preſence of mind to blot out the laſt line, where that command ſtared you in the face. But it is my misfortune, to quarrel with all my acquaintance, and always come by the worſt: and fortune is ever againſt me; but never ſo much as by purſuing me out of mere partiality to your Grace, for which you are to anſwer. By your connivance, ſhe hath pleaſed, by one ſtumble on the ſtairs, to give me a lameneſs that ſix months have not been able perfectly to cure: and thus I am prevented from revenging myſelf, by continuing a month at Aimſbury, and breeding confuſion in your Grace's family. No diſappointment thro' my whole life hath been ſo vexatious by many degrees; and God knows whether I ſhall ever live to ſee the inviſible lady to whom I was obliged for ſo many favours, and whom I never beheld ſince ſhe was a brat in hanging ſleeves. I am, and ſhall be ever, with the greateſt reſpect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's moſt obedient and moſt humble, *&c.*

LETTER LX.

Dublin, Aug. 12. 1732.

I Know not what to ſay to the account of your ſtewardſhip; and it is monſtrous to me, that the South-ſea ſhould pay half their debts at one clap. But I will ſend for the money when you put me into the way; for I ſhall want it here, my affairs being in a bad condition, by the miſeries of the kingdom, and my own private fortune being wholly imbroiled, and worſe than ever; ſo that I ſhall ſoon petition the Ducheſs. as an object of charity, to lend me three or four thouſand pounds to keep up my dignity. My one hundred pound will buy me ſix hogſheads of wine, which will ſupport me a year; *proviſæ frugis in annum copia.* Horace de-

fired no more; for I will conſtrue *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get ſome lucky hint, which muſt come by chance, and it ſhall be a thing of importance, *quod et hunc in annum vivat et in plures*; and you ſhall not finiſh it in haſte, and it ſhall be diverting, and uſefully ſatirical, and the Ducheſs ſhall be your critic; and, betwixt you and me, I do not find ſhe will grow weary of you till this time ſeven years. I had lately an offer to change for an Engliſh living, which is juſt too ſhort by 300 l. a-year; and that muſt be made up out of the Ducheſs's pin-money, before I can conſent. I want to be miniſter of Aimſbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riſkins, and prebendary of Weſtminſter; elſe I will not ſtir a ſtep, but content myſelf with making the Ducheſs miſerable three months next ſummer. But I keep ill company: I mean the Ducheſs and you, who are both out of favour; and ſo I find am I, by a few verſes wherein Pope and you have your parts. You hear Dr D——y has got a wife with 1600 l. a-year; I, who am his governor, cannot take one under two thouſand. I wiſh you would inquire of ſuch a one in your neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly books! I profeſs I envy you above all men in England. You want nothing but three thouſand pounds more to keep you in plenty, when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which laſt evil at Aimſbury, you muſt learn to domineer and be peeviſh, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct the ſervants, with ſome other leſſons which I ſhall teach you, and always practiſed myſelf with ſucceſs. I believe I formerly deſired to know, whether the vicar of Aimſbury can play at backgammon. Pray aſk him the queſtion, and give him my ſervice.

To the Ducheſs.

MADAM,

I was the moſt unwary creature in the world, when, againſt my old maxims, I writ firſt to you upon your return to Tun bridge. I beg that this condeſcenſion of mine may go no farther, and that you will not pretend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man

red of any inattention, altho' the pretended cauſes were removed. When I was with Mr Gay laſt in London, talking with him on ſome poetical ſubjects, he would anſwer, "Well, I am determined not to accept the "employment of Gentleman-uſher:" and of the ſame diſpoſition were all my poetical friends; and if you cannot cure him, I utterly deſpair——As to yourſelf, I would ſay to you, (tho' compariſons be odious), what I ſaid to the———, that your quality ſhould be never any motive of eſteem to me: my compliment was then loſt, but it will not be ſo to you. For I know you more by any one of your letters than I could by ſix months converſing. Your pen is always more natural, and ſincere, and unaffected than your tongue: in writing you are too lazy to give yourſelf the trouble of acting a part; and have indeed acted ſo indiſcreetly, that I have you at mercy: and altho' you ſhould arrive to ſuch a height of immorality as to deny your hand, yet whenever I produce it, the world will unite in ſwearing this muſt come from you only.

I will anſwer your queſtion. Mr Gay is not diſcreet enough to live alone, but he is too diſcreet to live alone; and yet (unleſs you mend him) he will live alone even in your Grace's company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the ſubject of bread and butter, is the moſt uſual thing in the world. Parliaments, courts, cities, and kingdoms, quarrel for no other cauſe: from hence, and from hence only, ariſe all the quarrels between Whig and Tory; between thoſe who are in the miniſtry, and thoſe who are out; between all pretenders to employment in the church, the law, and the army. Even the common proverb teaches you this, when we ſay, It is none of my bread and butter; meaning, it is no buſineſs of mine. Therefore I deſpair of any reconcilement between you till the affair of bread and butter be adjuſted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If Mahomet ſhould come to the mountain, how happy would an excellent lady be, who lives a few miles from this town? As I was telling of Mr Gay's way of living at Aimſbury, ſhe offered fifty guineas to have you both at her houſe for one hour over a bottle of Burgundy, which we were then drinking. To your

queſtion

queſtion I anſwer, that your Grace ſhould pull me by the ſleeve till you tore it off; and when you ſaid you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think (according to another proverb) that you tore my cloaths to keep me from going. I never will believe one word you ſay of my Lord Duke, unleſs I ſee three or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of yours. I have a concern in the whole family, and Mr Gay muſt give me a particular account of every branch; for I am not aſhamed of you, tho' you be Duke and Ducheſs, tho' I have been of others who are, &c.; and I do not doubt but even your own ſervants love you, even down to your poſtilions; and when I come to Aimſbury, before I ſee your Grace, I will have an hour's converſation with the vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you talk to Goody Dobſon and all the neighbours, as if you were their equal, and that you were godmother to her ſon Jacky.

I am, and ſhall be ever, with the greateſt reſpect, you Grace's moſt obedient, &c.

LETTER LXI.

Dublin, Oct. 3. 1731.

I Uſually write to friends after a pauſe of a few weeks, that I may not interrupt them in better company, better thoughts, and better diverſions. I believe I have told you of a great man, who ſaid to me, that he never once in his life received a good letter from Ireland: for which there are reaſons enough, without affronting our underſtandings. For there is not one perſon out of this country, who regards any events that paſs here, unleſs he hath an eſtate or employment.—— I cannot tell, that you or I ever gave the leaſt provocation to the preſent miniſtry, much leſs to the court; and yet I am ten times more out of favour than you. For my own part, I do not ſee the politic of opening common letters, directed to perſons generally known; for a man's underſtanding would be very weak to convey ſecrets by the poſt, if he knew any; which I declare I do not: and beſides, I think, the world is already ſo well informed

informed by plain events, that I queſtion whether the miniſters have any ſecrets at all. Neither would I be under any apprehenſion if a letter ſhould be ſent me full of treaſon; becauſe I cannot hinder people from writing what they pleaſe, nor ſending it to me; and altho' it ſhould be diſcovered to have been opened before it came to my hand, I would only burn it, and think no further. I approve of the ſcheme you have to grow ſomewhat richer, tho', I agree, you will meet with diſcouragements; and it is reaſonable you ſhould, conſidering what kind of pens are at this time only employed and encouraged. For you muſt allow, that the bad painter was in the right, who, having painted a cock, drove away all the cocks and hens, and even the chickens, for fear thoſe who paſſed by his ſhop might make a compariſon with his work. And I will ſay one thing in ſpite of the poſt-officers, that ſince wit and learning began to be made uſe of in our kingdoms, they were never profeſſedly thrown aſide, contemned, and puniſhed, till within your own memory; nor dulneſs and ignorance ever ſo openly encouraged and promoted. In anſwer to what you ſay of my living among you, if I could do it to my eaſe; perhaps you have heard of a ſcheme for an exchange in Berkſhire propoſed by two of our friends; but, beſides the difficulty of adjuſting certain circumſtances, it would not anſwer. I am at a time of life that ſeeks eaſe and independence: you will hear my reaſons when you ſee thoſe friends; and I concluded them with ſaying, That I would rather be a freeman among ſlaves, than a ſlave among freemen. The dignity of my preſent ſtation damps the pertneſs of inferior puppies and 'ſquires, which, without plenty and eaſe on your ſide the channel, would break my heart in a month.

MADAM,

SEE what it is to live where I do. I am utterly ignorant of that ſame Strado del Poe; and yet, if that author be againſt lending or giving money, I cannot but think him a good courtier; which I am ſure your Grace is not, no not ſo much as to be a maid of honour. For I am certainly informed, that you are neither

a freethinker, nor can ſell bargains; that you can neither ſpell, nor talk, nor write, nor think like a courtier; that you pretend to be reſpected for qualities which have been out of faſhion ever ſince you were almoſt in your cradle; that your contempt for a fine petticoat is an infallible mark of diſaffection; which is further confirmed by your ill taſte for wit, in preferring two old-faſhioned poets before Duck or Cibber. Beſides, you ſpell in ſuch a manner as no court-lady can read, and write in ſuch an old-faſhioned ſtyle as none of of them can underſtand.——You need not be in pain about Mr Gay's ſtock of health. I promiſe you he will ſpend it all upon lazineſs, and run deep in debt by a winter's repoſe in town; therefore I intreat your Grace will order him to move his chops leſs and his legs more the ſix cold months, elſe he will ſpend all his money in phyſic and coach-hire. I am in much perplexity about your Grace's declaration, of the manner in which you diſpoſe what you call your love and reſpect, which you ſay are not paid to merit, but to your own humour. Now, Madam, my misfortune is, that I have nothing to plead but abundance of merit; and there goes an ugly obſervation, that the humour of ladies is apt to change. Now, Madam, if I ſhould go to Aimſbury, with a great load of merit, and your Grace happen to be out of humour, and will not purchaſe my merchandiſe at the price of your reſpect, the goods may be damaged, and no body elſe will take them off my hands. Beſides, you have declared Mr Gay to hold the firſt part, and I but the ſecond; which is hard treatment, ſince I ſhall be the neweſt acquaintance by ſome years; and I will appeal to all the reſt of your ſex, whether ſuch an innovation ought to be allowed. I ſhould be ready to ſay in the common forms, that I was much obliged to the lady who wiſhed ſhe could give me the beſt living, &c. if I did not vehemently ſuſpect it was the very ſame lady who ſpoke many things to me in the ſame ſtyle; and alſo with regard to the gentleman at your elbow when you writ, whoſe dupe he was, as well as of her waiting-woman: but they were both arrant knaves, as I told him and a third friend, tho' they will not believe it to this day. I deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects

reſpects to my Lord Duke; and, with my heartieſt prayer for the proſperity of the whole family, remain your Grace's, &c.

LETTER LXII.

To Mr POPE.

Dublin, June 12. 1732.

I Doubt, habit hath little power to reconcile us with ſickneſs attended by pain. With me the lowneſs of ſpirits hath a moſt unhappy effect; I am grown leſs patient with ſolitude, and harder to be pleaſed with company; which I could formerly better digeſt, when I could be eaſier without it than at preſent. As to ſending you any thing that I have written ſince I left you, (either verſe or proſe), I can only ſay, that I have ordered by my will, that all my papers of any kind ſhall be delivered you to diſpoſe of as you pleaſe. I have ſeveral things that I have had ſchemes to finiſh, or to attempt; but I very fooliſhly put off the trouble, as ſinners do their repentance: for I grow every day more averſe from writing, which is very natural; and when I take a pen, ſay to myſelf a thouſand times, *Non eſt tanti*. As to thoſe papers of four or five years paſt, that you are pleaſed to require ſoon; they conſiſt of little accidental things writ in the country; family-amuſements; never intended further than to divert ourſelves and ſome neighbours; or ſome effects of anger on public grievances here, which would be inſignificant out of this kingdom. Two or three of us had a fancy, three years ago, to write a weekly paper, and called it an *Intelligencer*. But it continued not long; for the whole volume (it was reprinted in London, and I find you have ſeen it) was the work only of two, myſelf and Dr Sheridan. If we could have got ſome ingenious young man to have been the manager, who ſhould have publiſhed all that might be ſent to him, it might have continued longer, for there were hints enough. But the printer here* could not afford ſuch a young man one farthing for his

* John Harding.

his trouble, the ſale being ſo ſmall, and the price one halfpenny; and ſo it dropt. In the volume you ſaw, (to anſwer your queſtions), the 1ſt, 3d, 5th, 7th, were mine. Of the 8th I writ only the verſes, (very uncorrect, but againſt a fellow we all hated); the 9th mine; the 10th only the verſes, and of thoſe not the four laſt ſlovenly lines. The 15th is a pamphlet of mine, printed before with Dr Sh——'s preface, merely for lazineſs not to diſappoint the town; and ſo was the 19th, which contains only a parcel of facts relating purely to the miſeries of Ireland, and wholly uſeleſs and unentertaining *. As to other things of mine ſince I left you; there are, in proſe, a view of the ſtate of Ireland; a project for eating children; and a defence of Lord Carteret: in verſe, a libel on Dr D —— and Lord Carteret; a letter to Dr D —— on the libels writ againſt him; the barrack, (a ſtolen copy); the lady's journal; the lady's dreſſing room, (a ſtolen copy); the plea of the damned, (a ſtolen copy). All theſe have been printed in London. (I forgot to tell you, that the tale of Sir Ralph was ſent from England). Beſides theſe, there are five or ſix (perhaps more) papers of verſes writ in the north; but perfect family-things, two or three of which may be tolerable; the reſt but indifferent, and the humour only local, and ſome that would give offence to the times. Such as they are, I will bring them, tolerable or bad, if I recover this lameneſs, and live long enough to ſee you either here or there. I forget again to tell you, that the ſcheme of paying debts by a tax on vices, is not one ſyllable mine, but of a young clergyman whom I countenance. He told me it was built upon a paſſage in Gulliver, where a projector hath ſomething upon the ſame thought. This young man is the moſt hopeful we have; a book of his poems was printed in London; Dr D—— is one of his patrons: he is married, and has children, and makes up about 100l. a-year, on which he lives decently. The utmoſt ſtretch of his ambition is, to gather up as much ſuperfluous money as will give him a ſight of you, and half an hour of your preſence; after which

* See vol. 3. note on the Intelligencer, numb. 1.

which he will return home in full ſatisfaction, and in proper time die in peace.

My poetical fountain is drained; and I profeſs I grow gradually ſo dry, that a rhyme with me is almoſt as hard to find as a guinea; and even proſe ſpeculations tire me almoſt as much. Yet I have a thing in proſe, begun above twenty-eight years ago, and almoſt finiſhed. It will make a four-ſhilling volume; and is ſuch a perfection of folly, that you ſhall never hear of it till it is printed, and then you ſhall be left to gueſs *. Nay I have another † of the ſame age, which will require a long time to perfect, and is worſe than the former, in which I will ſerve you the ſame way. I heard lately from Mr——,who promiſes to be leſs lazy in order to mend his fortune. But women who live by their beauty, and men by their wit, are ſeldom provident enough to conſider, that both wit and beauty will go off with years, and there is no living upon the credit of what is paſt.

I am in great concern to hear of my Lady Bolingbroke's ill health returned upon her; and, I doubt, my Lord will find Dawley too ſolitary without her. In that, neither he nor you are companions young enough for me; and I believe the beſt part of the reaſon why men are ſaid to grow children when they are old, is, becauſe they cannot entertain themſelves with thinking; which is the very caſe of little boys and girls, who love to be noiſy among their play-fellows. I am told Mrs Pope is without pain; and I have not heard of a more gentle decay, without uneaſineſs to herſelf or friends: yet I cannot but pity you, who are ten times the greater ſufferer, by having the perſon you moſt love, ſo long before you, and dying daily; and I pray God it may not affect your mind or your health.

* Polite converſation, vol. 7.
† Directions to ſervants, vol. 7.

LETTER LXIII.

Mr POPE *to Dr* SWIFT *.

Dec. 5. 1732.

IT is not a time to complain that you have not answered me two letters, (in the laſt of which I was impatient under ſome fears). It is not now indeed a time to think of myſelf, when one of the neareſt and longeſt ties I have ever had, is broken all on a ſudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died laſt night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his ſenſes entirely at laſt, and poſſeſſing them perfectly till within five hours. He aſked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breaſt. His effects are in the Duke of Queenſberry's cuſtody. His ſiſters, we ſuppoſe, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will.——Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this ſtage? in every friend we loſe a part of ourſelves, and the beſt part. God keep thoſe we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's ſelf the leaſt of all.

I ſhall never ſee you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the moſt amiable by far, his qualities were the gentleſt; but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have loſt had not been ſo amiable, nor ſo good! but that's a wiſh for our own ſakes, not for his. Sure, if innocence and integrity can deſerve happineſs, it muſt be his. Adieu. I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminiſh nothing from it. Yet write to me, and ſoon. Believe no man now living loves you better, I believe no man ever did, than

A. POPE.

Dr

* "On my dear friend Mr Gay's death. Received December "15 but not read till the 20th, by an impulſe, foreboding ſome "*misfortune.*" [This note is indorſed on the original letter in *Dr Swift's* hand]. *Pope.*

DR Arbuthnot, whoſe humanity you know, heartily commends himſelf to you. All poſſible diligence and affection has been ſhown, and continued attendance, on this melancholy occaſion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly diſconſolate.

P. S. By DR ARBUTHNOT.

Dear SIR,

I am ſorry that the renewal of our correſpondence ſhould be upon ſuch a melancholy occaſion. Poor Mr Gay died of an inflammation, and, I believe, at laſt a mortification of the bowels. It was the moſt precipitate caſe I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two phyſicians beſides myſelf. I believed the diſtemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had the pleaſure of a line from you theſe two years; I wrote one about your health, to which I had no anſwer. I wiſh you all health and happineſs; being, with great affection and reſpect, Sir,

Your, &c.

LETTER LXIV.

Dublin, 1732-3.

I Received yours with a few lines from the Doctor, and the account of our loſing Mr Gay; upon which event I ſhall ſay nothing. I am only concerned that long living hath not hardened me: for even in this kingdom, and in a few days paſt, two perſons of great merit, whom I loved very well, have died in the prime of their years, but a little above thirty. I would endeavour to comfort myſelf upon the loſs of friends, as I do upon the loſs of money; by turning to my account-book, and ſeeing whether I have enough left for my ſupport: but in the former caſe I find I have not, any more than in the other; and I know not any man who is in a greater likelihood than myſelf to die poor and friendleſs. You are a much greater loſer than me by his death, as being a more intimate friend, and often his companion; which latter I could never hope to be,

except perhaps once more in my life for a piece of a ſummer. I hope he hath left you the care of any writ'ngs he may have left; and I wiſh, that, with thoſe already extant, they could be all publiſhed in a fair edition under your inſpection. Your poem on the uſe of riches hath been juſt printed here; and we have no objection but the obſcurity of ſeveral paſſages by our ignorance in facts and perſons, which makes us loſe abundance of the ſatire. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honeſtly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them; and writ explanatory notes; which however would have been but few, for my long abſence hath made me ignorant of what paſſes out of the ſcene where I am. I never had the leaſt hint from you about this work, any more than of your former, upon taſte. We are told here, that you are preparing other pieces of the ſame bulk to be inſcribed to other friends, one (for inſtance) to my Lord Bolingbroke, another to Lord Oxford, and ſo on.—Dr Delany preſents you his moſt humble ſervice. He behaves himſelf very commendably; converſes only with his former friends, makes no parade, but entertains them conſtantly at an elegant plentiful table; walks the ſtreets, as uſual, by day light; does many acts of charity and generoſity; cultivates a country-houſe two miles diſtant; and is one of thoſe very few within my knowledge, on whom a great acceſs of fortune hath made no manner of change. And particularly he is often without money, as he was before. We have got my Lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill condition of his eſtate by the knavery of an agent. He is a moſt worthy gentleman, whom, I hope, you will be acquainted with. I am very much obliged by your favour to Mr P——; which I deſire may continue no longer than he ſhall deſerve by his modeſty; a virtue I never knew him to want, but is hard for young men to keep, without abundance of ballaſt. If you are acquainted with the Ducheſs of Queenſberry, I deſire you will preſent her my moſt humble ſervice. I think ſhe is a greater loſer by the death of a friend than either of us. She ſeems a Lady of excellent ſenſe and ſpirit. I had often poſtſcripts from her in our friend's letters to me;

me; and her part was sometimes longer than his, and they made up great part of the little happiness I could have here. This was the more generous, because I never saw her since she was a girl of five years old, nor did I envy poor Mr Gay for any thing so much as being a domestic friend to such a lady. I desire you will never fail to send me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly inquire about Mrs Pope, who, I am told, is but just among the living, and consequently a continual grief to you: she is sensible of your tenderness, which robs her of the only happiness she is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her; you cannot lengthen her days, and I beg she may not shorten yours.

LETTER LXV.

Feb. 16. 1732-3

IT is indeed impossible to speak on such a subject as the loss of Mr Gay, to me an irreparable one. But I send you what I intend for the inscription on his tomb, which the Duke of Queensberry will set up at Westminster. As to his writings, he left no will, nor spoke a word of them, or any thing else, during his short and precipitate illness, in which I attended him to his last breath. The Duke has acted more than the part of a brother to him; and it will be strange if the sisters do not leave his papers totally to his disposal, who will do the same that I would with them. He has managed the comedy (which our poor friend gave to the playhouse the week before his death) to the utmost advantage for his relations; and proposes to do the same with some fables he left finished.

THERE is nothing of late which I think of more than mortality, and what you mention, of collecting the best monuments we can of our friends, their own images in their writings; for those are the best, when their minds are such as Mr Gay's was, and as yours is. I am preparing also for my own; and have nothing so much at heart, as to shew the silly world, that men of wit, or even poets, may be the most moral of mankind. A few

looſe things ſometimes fall from them, by which cenſorious fools judge as ill of them as poſſibly they can, for their own comfort. And indeed, when ſuch unguarded and trifling *jeux d'eſprit* have once got abroad, all that prudence or repentance can do, ſince they cannot be denied, is, to put them fairly upon that foot; and teach the public, (as we have done in the preface to the four volumes of miſcellanies), to diſtinguiſh betwixt our ſtudies and our idleneſſes, our works and our weakneſſes. That was the whole end of the laſt volume of miſcellanies, without which our former declaration in that preface, "That theſe volumes contained all that we have "ever offended in that way," would have been diſcredited. It went indeed to my heart to omit what you called the libel on Dr D——, and the beſt panegyric on myſelf, that either my own times, or any other, could have afforded, or will ever afford to me. The book, as you obſerve, was printed in great haſte; the cauſe whereof was, that the bookſellers here were doing the ſame, in collecting your pieces, the corn with the chaff: I don't mean that any thing of yours is chaff, but with other wit of Ireland, which was ſo, and the whole in your name. I meant principally to oblige them to ſeparate what you writ ſeriouſly from what you writ careleſsly; and thought my own weeds might paſs for a ſort of wild flowers, when bundled up with them.

It was I that ſent you thoſe books into Ireland, and ſo I did my epiſtle to Lord Bathurſt, even before it was publiſhed; and another thing of mine, which is a parody from Horace *, writ in two mornings. I never took more care in my life of any thing than of the former of theſe, nor leſs than of the latter: yet every friend has forced me to print it, tho' in truth my own ſingle motive was about twenty lines toward the latter end, which you will find out.

I have declined opening to you by letters the whole ſcheme of my preſent work, expecting ſtill to do it in a better manner in perſon. But you will ſee pretty ſoon, that the letter to Lord Bathurſt is a part of it: and you will find a plain connection between them, if you read them

* Sat. i. lib. ii. vol. 4. of Warburton's edition of Pope's works.

them in the order juſt contrary to that they were publiſhed in. I imitate thoſe cunning tradeſmen, who ſhow their beſt ſilks laſt; or (to give you a truer idea, tho' it ſounds too proudly) my works will in one reſpect be like the works of Nature, much more to be liked and underſtood, when conſidered in the relation they bear with each other, than when ignorantly looked upon one by one; and often thoſe parts which attract moſt at firſt ſight, will appear to be not the moſt, but the leaſt conſiderable.

I am pleaſed and flattered by your expreſſion of *Ornamé*. The chief pleaſure this work can give me is, that I can in it, with propriety, decency, and juſtice, inſert the name and character of every friend I have, and every man that deſerves to be loved or adorned. But I ſmile at your applying that phraſe to my viſiting you in Ireland; a place where I might have ſome apprehenſion, from their extraordinary paſſion for poetry, and their boundleſs hoſpitality, of being *adorned* to death, and buried under the weight of garlands, like one I have read of ſomewhere or other. My mother lives, (which is an anſwer to that point), and I thank God, tho' her memory be in a manner gone, is yet awake, and ſenſible to me, tho' ſcarce to any thing elſe; which doubles the reaſon of my attendance, and at the ſame time ſweetens it. I wiſh (beyond any other wiſh) you could paſs a ſummer here; I might (too probably) return with you, unleſs you preferred to ſee France firſt, to which country, I think, you would have a ſtrong invitation. Lord Peterborow has narrowly eſcaped death, and yet keeps his chamber. He is perpetually ſpeaking in the moſt affectionate manner of you. He has written you two letters, which you never received, and by that has been diſcouraged from writing more. I can well believe the poſt office may do this, when ſome letters of his to me have met the ſame fate, and two of mine to him. Yet let not this diſcourage you from writing to me, or to him, incloſed in the common way, as I do to you. Innocent men need fear no detection of their thoughts; and, for my part, I would give them free

leave

leave to ſend all I write to Curl, if moſt of what I write was not too ſilly.

I deſire my ſincere ſervices to Dr Delany, who, I agree with you, is a man every way eſteemable. My Lord Orrery is a moſt virtuous and good-natured Nobleman, whom I ſhould be happy to know. Lord B. received your letter thro' my hands. It is not to be told you how much he wiſhes for you. The whole liſt of perſons to whom you ſent your ſervices, return you theirs, with proper ſenſe of the diſtinction.——Your lady-friend is *ſemper eadem*; and I have written an epiſtle to her on that qualification, in a female character; which is thought by my chief critic, in your abſence, to be my *chief d'oeuvre*. But it cannot be printed perfectly, in an age ſo ſore of ſatire, and ſo willing to miſapply characters.

As to my own health, it is as good as uſual. I have lain ill ſeven days of a ſlight fever, (the complaint here) but recovered by gentle ſweats, and the care of Dr Arbuthnot. The play Mr Gay left ſucceeds very well. It is another original in its kind. Adieu. God preſerve your life, your health, your limbs, your ſpirits, and your friendſhips!

LETTER LXVI.

April 2. 1733.

YOU ſay truly, that death is only terrible to us, as it ſeparates us from thoſe we love; but I really think thoſe have the worſt of it who are left by us, if we are true friends. I have felt more, I fancy, in the loſs of Mr Gay, than I ſhall ſuffer in the thought of going away myſelf into a ſtate that can feel none of this ſort of loſſes. I wiſhed vehemently to have ſeen him in a condition of living independent, and to have lived in perfect indolence the reſt of our days together, the two moſt idle, moſt innocent, undeſigning poets of our age. I now as vehemently wiſh you and I might walk into the grave together, by as ſlow ſteps as you pleaſe, but contentedly

contentedly and chearfully. Whether that ever can be, or in what country, I know no more, than into what country we ſhall walk out of the grave. But it ſuffices me to know, it will be exactly what region or ſtate our Maker appoints, and that whatever *is*, is *right*. Our poor friend's papers are partly in my hands; and for as much as is ſo, I will take care to ſuppreſs things unworthy of him. As to the epitaph, I am ſorry you gave a copy: for it will certainly by that means come into print; and I would correct it more, unleſs you would do it for me, and that I ſhall like as well. Upon the whole, I earneſtly wiſh your coming over hither; for this reaſon, among many others, that your influence may be joined with mine, to ſuppreſs whatever we may judge proper of his papers. To be plunged in my neighbour's and my papers, will be your inevitable fate as ſoon as you come. That I am an author whoſe characters are thought of ſome weight, appears from the great noiſe and buſtle that the court and town make about any I give: and I will not render them leſs important, or leſs intereſting, by ſparing vice and folly, or by betraying the cauſe of truth and virtue. I will take care they ſhall be ſuch as no man can be angry at, but the perſons I would have angry. You are ſenſible with what decency and juſtice I paid homage to the Royal family, at the ſame time that I ſatirized falſe courtiers, and ſpies, *&c.* about them. I have not the courage, however, to be ſuch a ſatiriſt as you; but I would be as much, or more, a philoſopher. You call your ſatires libels; I would rather call my ſatires epiſtles. They will conſiſt more of morality than of wit, and grow graver, which you will call duller. I ſhall leave it to my antagoniſts to be witty, if they can, and content myſelf to be uſeful and in the right. Tell me your opinion as to Lady—'s or Lord**'s performance. They are certainly the top wits of the court: and you may judge by that ſingle piece what can be done againſt me; for it was laboured, corrected, recommended, and poſt-diſapproved, ſo far as to be diſowned by themſelves, after each had highly cried it up, for the others*. I have met with ſome complaints, and heard

* See Pope's epiſtle written on this occaſion, at the end of the 2d volume of his letters, the 8th volume in Warburton's edition.

heard at a diſtance of ſome threats, occaſioned by my verſes. I ſent fair meſſages to acquaint them where I was to be found in town, and to offer to call at their houſes to ſatisfy them, and ſo it dropped. It is very poor in any one to rail and threaten at a diſtance, and have nothing to ſay to you when they ſee you.— I am glad you perſiſt and abide by ſo good a thing as that poem*, in which I am immortal for my morality. I never took any praiſe ſo kindly; and yet, I think, I deſerve that praiſe better than I do any other. When does your collection come out, and what will it conſiſt of? I have but laſt week finiſhed another of my epiſtles, in the order of the ſyſtem; and this week (*exercitandi gratia*) I have tranſlated (or rather parodied) another of Horace's, in which I introduce you adviſing me about my expences, houſekeeping, &c. But theſe things ſhall lie by, till you come to carp at them, and alter rhymes, and grammar, and triplets, and cacophonies of all kinds. Our parliament will ſit till Midſummer; which, I hope, may be a motive to bring you rather in ſummer than ſo late as autumn. You uſed to love what I hate, a hurry of politics, &c. Courts I ſee not, courtiers I know not, kings I adore not, queens I compliment not; ſo I am never like to be in faſhion, nor in dependence. I heartily join with you in pitying our poor lady for her unhappineſs; and ſhould only pity her more, if ſhe had more of what they at court call happineſs. Come then, and perhaps we may go all together into France, at the end of the ſeaſon, and compare the liberties of both kingdoms. Adieu. Believe me, dear Sir, (with a thouſand warm wiſhes, mixed with ſhort ſighs), ever yours.

LETTER LXVII.

To Mr POPE.

Dublin, May. 1. 1733.

I Anſwer your letter the ſooner, becauſe I have a particular reaſon for doing ſo. Some weeks ago came over a poem called; *The life and character of Dr S. writ-*

* The ironical libel on Dr Delany.

ten by himſelf. It was reprinted here, and is dedicated to you. It is grounded upon a maxim in Rochefoucault; and the dedication, after a formal ſtory, ſays, that my manner of writing is to be found in every line. I believe I have told you, that I writ a year or two ago near five hundred lines upon the ſame maxim in Rochefoucault, and was a long time about it, as that impoſtor ſays in his dedication, with many circumſtances, all pure invention. I deſire you to believe, and to tell my friends, that in this ſpurious piece there is not a ſingle line, or bit of a line, or thought, any way reſembling the genuine copy, any more than it does Virgil's Æneis; for I never gave a copy of mine, nor lent it out of my ſight. And altho' I ſhewed it to all common acquaintance indifferently, and ſome of them (eſpecially one or two females) had got many lines by heart here and there, and repeated them often; yet it happens, that not one ſingle line, or thought, is contained in this impoſture, altho' it appears, that they who counterfeited me had heard of the true one. But even this trick ſhall not provoke me to print the true one; which indeed is not proper to be ſeen, till I can be ſeen no more. I therefore deſire you will undeceive my friends; and I will order an advertiſement to be printed here, and tranſmit it to England, that every body may know the deluſion, and acquit me; as, I am ſure, you muſt have done yourſelf, if you have read any part of it; which is mean and trivial, and full of that cant that I moſt deſpiſe. I would ſink to be a vicar in Norfolk, rather than be charged with ſuch a performance*. Now I come to your letter.

WHEN I was of your age, I thought every day of death, but now every minute; and a continual giddy diſorder, more or leſs, is a greater addition than that of my years. I cannot affirm, that I pity our friend Gay, but I pity his friends, I pity you, and would at leaſt equally pity myſelf, if I lived amongſt you; becauſe I ſhould have ſeen him oftner than you did, who are a kind of hermit, how great a noiſe ſoever you make by your ill-nature, in not letting the honeſt villains of the times enjoy themſelves in this world, which is their only happineſs,

* See vol. 6. p. 5.

neſs, and terrifying them with another. I ſhould have added in my libel, that, of all men living, you are the moſt happy in your enemies and your friends. And I will ſwear you have fifty times more charity for mankind than I could ever pretend to. Whether the production you mention came from the Lady or the Lord, I did not imagine that they were at leaſt ſo bad verſifiers. Therefore *facit indignatio verſus*, is only to be applied when the indignation is againſt general villany, and never operates when ſome ſort of people write to defend themſelves. I love to hear them reproach you for dulneſs; only I would be ſatisfied, ſince you are ſo dull, why are they ſo angry? Give me a ſhilling, and I will inſure you, that poſterity ſhall never know you had one ſingle enemy, excepting thoſe whoſe memory you have preſerved.

I am ſorry for the ſituation of Mr Gay's papers. You do not exert yourſelf as much as I could wiſh in this affair. I had rather the two ſiſters were hanged, than ſee his works ſwelled by any loſs of credit to his memory. I would be glad to ſee the moſt valuable printed by themſelves; thoſe which ought not to be ſeen, burned immediately; and the others that have gone abroad, printed ſeparately like *opuſcula*, or rather be ſtifled and forgotten. I thought your epitaph was immediately to be ingraved; and therefore I made leſs ſcruple to give a copy to Lord Orrery, who earneſtly deſired it, but to no body elſe: and he tells me, he gave only two, which he will recal. I have a ſhort epigram of his upon it; wherein I would correct a line or two at moſt, and then I will ſend it you (with his permiſſion). I have nothing againſt yours, but the laſt line, *ſtriking their eching*; the two participles, as they are ſo near, ſeem to ſound too like. I ſhall write to the Ducheſs, who hath lately honoured me with a very friendly letter, and I will tell her my opinion freely about our friend's papers. I want health, and my affairs are inlarged; but I will break thro' the latter, if the other mends. I can uſe a courſe of medicines, lame and giddy. My chief deſign, next to ſeeing you, is to be a ſevere critic on you and your neighbour; but firſt kill his father, that he may be able to maintain me in my own way of living, and particularly my horſes. It coſt me near 600 l. for

for a wall to keep mine; and I never ride without two ſervants, for fear of accidents. *Hic vivimus ambitioſa paupertate.* You are both too poor for my acquaintance, but he much the poorer. With you I will find graſs, and wine, and ſervants; but with him not.—The collection you ſpeak of is this. A printer came to me, to deſire he might print my works (as he called them) in four volumes, by ſubſcription. I ſaid I would give no leave, and ſhould be ſorry to ſee them printed here. He ſaid, they could not be printed in London. I anſwered they could, if the partners agreed. He ſaid, "he would be glad of my permiſſion; but as he could "print them without it, and was adviſed that he could "do me no harm, and having been aſſured of numerous "ſubſcriptions, he hoped I would not be angry at his "purſuing his own intereſt, *&c.*" Much of this diſcourſe paſſed; and he goes on with the matter, wherein I determine not to intermeddle, tho' it be much to my diſcontent; and I wiſh it could be done in England rather than here, altho' I am grown pretty indifferent in every thing of that kind. This is the truth of the ſtory.

My vanity turns at preſent on being perſonated in your *Quæ virtus, &c.* You will obſerve in this letter many marks of an ill head and a low ſpirit; but a heart wholly turned to love you with the greateſt earneſtneſs and truth.

LETTER LXVIII.

May 28. 1733.

I Have begun two or three letters to you by ſnatches, and been prevented from finiſhing them by a thouſand avocations and diſſipations. I muſt firſt acknowledge the honour done me by Lord Orrery, whoſe praiſes are that precious ointment Solomon ſpeaks of, which can be given only by men of virtue. All other praiſe, whether from poets or peers, is contemptible alike: and I am old enough, and experienced enough, to know, that the only praiſes worth having, are thoſe beſtowed *by* virtue *for* virtue. My poetry I abandon to the cri-

tics, my morals I commit to the teſtimony of thoſe who know me; and therefore I was more pleaſed with your libel, than with any verſes I ever received. I wiſh ſuch a collection of your writings could be printed here, as you mention going on in Ireland. I was ſurpriſed to receive from the printer that ſpurious piece, called *The life and character of Dr Swift*, with a letter, telling me, the perſon, "who publiſhed it, had aſſured him, the dedication to me was what I would not take ill, or elſe he would not have printed it." I can't tell who the man is, who took ſo far upon him as to anſwer for my way of thinking; tho', had the thing been genuine, I ſhould have been greatly diſpleaſed at the publiſher's part, in doing it without your knowledge.

I am as earneſt as you can be, in doing my beſt to prevent the publiſhing of any thing unworthy of Mr Gay; but I fear his friends partiality. I wiſh you would come over. All the myſteries of my philoſophical work ſhall then be cleared to you, and you will not think that I am not merry enough, nor angry enough. It will not want for ſatire; but as for anger I know it not; or at leaſt only that ſort of which the Apoſtle ſpeaks, *Be ye angry, and ſin not.*

My neighbour's * writings have been metaphyſical, and will next be hiſtorical. It is certainly from him only that a valuable hiſtory of Europe in theſe latter times can be expected. Come, and quicken him; for age, indolence, and contempt of the world, grow upon men apace, and may often make the wiſeſt indifferent whether poſterity be any wiſer than we. To a man in years, health and quiet become ſuch rarities, and conſequently ſo valuable, that he is apt to think of nothing more than of enjoying them whenever he can, for the remainder of life; and this, I doubt not, has cauſed ſo many great men to die without leaving a ſcrap to poſterity.

I am ſincerely troubled for the bad account you give me of your own health. I wiſh every day to hear a better, as much as I do to enjoy my own, I faithfully aſſure you.

LET-

* Lord Bolingbroke.

LETTER LXIX.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, July 8. 1733.

I Muſt condole with you for the loſs of Mrs Pope, of whoſe death the papers have been full*. But I would rather rejoice with you, becauſe, if any circumſtances can make the death of a dear parent and friend a ſubject for joy, you have them all. She died in an extreme old age, without pain, under the care of the moſt dutiful ſon that I have ever known or heard of, which is a felicity not happening to one in a million. The worſt effect of her death falls upon me; and ſo much the worſe, becauſe I expected *aliquis damno uſus in illo*, that it would be followed by making me and this kingdom happy with your preſence. But I am told, to my great misfortune, that a very convenient offer happening, you waved the invitation preſſed on you, alledging the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking. By which I find, that you have given ſome credit to a notion, of our great plenty and hoſpitality. It is true, our meat and wine is cheaper here, as it is always in the pooreſt countries, becauſe there is no money to pay for them. I believe there are not in this whole city three gentlemen out of employment, who are able to give entertainments once a-month. Thoſe who are in employments of church or ſtate, are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen: thoſe indeed may once or twice invite their friends, or any perſon of diſtinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me, they know not above three families where they can occaſionally dine in a whole year. Dr Delany is the only gentleman I know, who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain ſeven or eight friends at dinner, and to paſs the evening; where there is nothing of exceſs, either in eating or drinking. Our old friend Southern (who hath juſt left us) was invited to dinner once or twice by a judge, a biſhop, or a commiſſioner of the

* Mrs Pope died June 7. 1733, aged 93.

revenues; but moſt frequented a few particular friends, and chiefly the Doctor, who is eaſy in his fortune, and very hoſpitable. The conveniencies of taking the air, winter or ſummer, do far exceed thoſe in London. For the two large ſtrands juſt at two ends of the town, are as firm and dry in winter as in ſummer. There are at leaſt ſix or eight gentlemen of ſenſe, learning, good-humour, and taſte, able and deſirous to pleaſe you; and orderly females, ſome of the better ſort, to take care of you. Theſe were the motives that I have frequently made uſe of to entice you hither. And there would be no failure among the beſt people here, of any honours that could be done you. As to myſelf. I declare, my health is ſo uncertain that I dare not venture amongſt you at preſent. I hate the thoughts of London: where I am not rich enough to live otherwiſe than by ſhifting, which is now too late. Neither can I have conveniencies in the country for three horſes and two ſervants, and many others, which I have here at hand. I am one of the governors of all the hackney-coaches, carts, and carriages round this town; who dare not inſult me, like your raſcally waggoners or coachmen, but give me the way: nor is there one lord or 'ſquire for a hundred of yours, to turn me out of the road, or run over me with their coaches and ſix. Thus I make ſome advantage of the public poverty; and give you the reaſons for what I once writ, why I chuſe to be a freeman among ſlaves, rather than a ſlave among freemen. Then I walk the ſtreets in peace without being juſtled, nor ever without a thouſand bleſſings from my friends the vulgar. I am Lord Mayor of 120 houſes, I am abſolute lord of the greateſt cathedral in the kingdom, am at peace with the neighbouring princes, the Lord Mayor of the city, and the Archbiſhop of Dublin; only the latter, like the King of France, ſometimes attempts incroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorrain. In the midſt of this raillery, I can tell you, with ſerioufneſs, that theſe advantages contribute to my eaſe, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter relating to my Lord B——and yourſelf, you agree with me entirely, about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, &c. that grow upon men in years.

And

And if you discover those inclinations in my Lord and yourself, what can you expect from me, whose health is so precarious? and yet, at your or his time of life, I could have leaped over the moon.

LETTER LXX.

Sept. 1. 1733.

I Have every day wished to write to you, to say a thousand things; and yet, I think, I should not have writ to you now, if I was not sick of writing any thing, sick of myself, and (what is worse) sick of my friends too. The world is become too busy for me; every body is so concerned for the public, that all private enjoyments are lost or disrelished. I write more to shew you I am tired of this life, than to tell you any thing relating to it. I live as I did, I think as I did, I love you as I did: but all these are to no purpose; the world will not live, think, or love, as I do. I am troubled for, and vexed at all my friends by turns. Here are some whom you love, and who love you; yet they receive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none of it to you. There is a great gulf between. In earnest, I would go a thousand miles by land to see you, but the sea I dread. My ailments are such, that I really believe a sea sickness (considering the oppression of colical pains, and the great weakness of my breast) would kill me: and if I did not die of that, I must of the excessive eating and drinking of your hospitable town, and the excessive flattery of your most poetical country. I hate to be crammed, either way. Let your hungry poets and your rhyming poets digest it, I cannot. I like much better to be abused and half-starved, than to be so over-praised and over-fed. Drown Ireland! for having caught you, and for having kept you. I only reserve a little charity for her, for knowing your value, and esteeming you. You are the only patriot I know, who is not hated for serving his country. The man who drew your character, and printed it here, was not much in the wrong in many things he said of you: yet he was a very impertinent fellow, for shy-

ing them in words quite different from those you had yourself employed before on the same subject: for surely to alter your words is to prejudice them; and I have been told, that a man himself can hardly say the same thing twice over with equal happiness; nature is so much a better thing than artifice.

I have written nothing this year. It is no affectation to tell you, my mother's loss has turned my frame of thinking. The habit of a whole life is a stronger thing than all the reason in the world. I know I ought to be easy, and to be free; but I am dejected, I am confined: my whole amusement is in reviewing my past life, not in laying plans for my future. I wish you cared as little for popular applause as I; as little for any nation, in contradistinction to others, as I: and then I fancy, you that are not afraid of the sea, you that are a stronger man at sixty than ever I was at twenty, would come and see several people, who are (at last), like the primitive Christians, of one soul and of one mind. The day is come, which I have often wished, but never thought to see; when *every mortal that I esteem, is of the same sentiment in politics and in religion.*

Adieu. All you love are yours; but all are busy, except (dear Sir) your sincere friend.

LETTER LXXI.

Jan. 6. 1734.

I Never think of you, and can never write to you, now, without drawing many of those short sighs of which we have formerly talked. The reflection both of the friends we have been deprived of by death, and of those from whom we are separated almost as eternally by absence, checks me to that degree, that it takes away, in a manner, the pleasure (which yet I feel very sensibly too) of thinking I am now conversing with you. You have been silent to me as to your works; whether those printed here are, or are not genuine. But one, I am sure, is yours; and your method of concealing yourself, puts me in mind of the Indian bird I have read of, who hides his head in a hole, while all his feathers and

and tail ſtick out. You'll have immediately by ſeveral franks (even before it is here publiſhed) my epiſtle to Lord Cobham, part of my *opus magnum*, and the laſt Eſſay on Man; both which, I conclude, will be grateful to your bookſeller, on whom you pleaſe to beſtow them ſo early. There is a woman's war declared againſt me by a certain Lord; his weapons are the ſame which women and children uſe, a pin to ſcratch, and a ſquirt to beſpatter. I write a ſort of anſwer; but was aſhamed to enter the liſts with him, and after ſhewing it to ſome people, ſuppreſſed it: otherwiſe it was ſuch as was worthy of him, and worthy of me. I was three weeks this autumn with Lord Peterborow; who rejoices in your doings, and always ſpeaks with the greateſt affection of you. I need not tell you who elſe do the ſame; you may be ſure almoſt all thoſe whom I ever ſee, or deſire to ſee. I wonder not that B—— paid you no ſort of civility while he was in Ireland; he is too much a half-wit to love a true wit; and too much half honeſt, to eſteem any entire merit. I hope and think he hates me too, and I will do my beſt to make him: he is ſo inſupportably inſolent in his civility to me, when he meets me at one third place, that I muſt affront him to be rid of it. That ſtrict neutrality as to public parties, which I have conſtantly obſerved in all my writings, I think gives me the more title to attack ſuch men, as ſlander and belye my character in private, to thoſe who know me not. Yet even this is a liberty I will never take, unleſs at the ſame time they are peſts of private ſociety, or miſchievous members of the public; that is to ſay, unleſs they are enemies to all men, as well as to me.———Pray write to me when you can. If ever I can come to you, I will: if not, may Providence be our friend and our guard thro' this ſimple world, where nothing is valuable but ſenſe and friendſhip. Adieu, dear Sir; may health attend your years, and then may many years be added to you.

P. S. I am juſt now told, a very curious lady intends to write to you to pump you about ſome poems ſaid to be yours. Pray tell her, that you have not anſwered me on the ſame queſtions, and that I ſhall take it as a thing

thing never to be forgiven from you, if you tell another what you have concealed from me.

LETTER LXXII.

Sep. 15. 1734.

I Have ever thought you as ſenſible as any man I knew, of all the delicacies of friendſhip; and yet I fear (from what Lord B. tells me you ſaid in your laſt letter) that you did not quite underſtand the reaſon of my late ſilence. I aſſure you it proceeded wholly from the tender kindneſs I bear you. When the heart is full, it is angry at all words that cannot come up to it; and you are now the man in all the world I am moſt troubled to write to, for you are the friend I have left whom I am moſt grieved about. Death has not done worſe to me in ſeparating poor Gay, or any other, than diſeaſe and abſence in dividing us. I am afraid to know how you do; ſince moſt accounts I have, give me pain for you, and I am unwilling to tell you the condition of my own health. If it were good, I would ſee you; and yet if I found you in that very condition of deafneſs, which made you fly from us while we were together, what comfort could we derive from it? In writing often I ſhould find great relief, could we write freely; and yet, when I have done ſo, you ſeem, by not anſwering in a very long time, to feel either the ſame uneaſineſs as I do, or to abſtain from ſome prudential reaſon. Yet I am ſure, nothing that you and I would ſay to each other, (tho' our whole ſouls were to be laid open to the clerks of the poſt-office), could hurt either of us ſo much, in the opinion of any honeſt man or good ſubject, as the interveening, officious impertinence of thoſe goers between us, who in England pretend to intimacies with you, and in Ireland to intimacies with me. I cannot but receive any that call upon me in your name; and in truth they take it in vain too often. I take all opportunities of juſtifying you againſt theſe friends, eſpecially thoſe who know all you think and write, and repeat your ſlighter verſes. It is generally on ſuch little ſcraps that witlings feed; and 'tis

'tis hard the world ſhould judge of our houſekeeping, from what we fling to our dogs; yet this is often the conſequence But they treat you ſtill worſe, mix their own with yours, print them to get money, and lay them at your door. This I am ſatisfied was the caſe in the epiſtle to a lady. It was juſt the ſame hand (if I have any judgment in ſtyle) which printed your life and character before, which you ſo ſtrongly diſavowed in your letters to Lord Carteret, myſelf, and others. I was very well informed of another fact, which convinced me yet more: The ſame perſon who gave this to be printed, offered to a bookſeller a piece in proſe as yours, and as commiſſioned by you, which has ſince appeared, and been owned to be his own. I think (I ſay once more) that I know your hand, tho' you did not mine in the Eſſay on Man. I beg your pardon for not telling you, as I ſhould, had you been in England: but no ſecret can croſs your Iriſh ſea, and every clerk in the poſt-office had known it. I fancy, tho' you loſt ſight of me in the firſt of thoſe eſſays, you ſaw me in the ſecond. The deſign of concealing myſelf was good, and had its full effect. I was thought a divine, a philoſopher, and what not; and my doctrine had a ſanction I could not have given to it. Whether I can proceed in the ſame grave march like Lucretius, or muſt deſcend to the gaieties of Horace, I know not, or whether I can do either: but be the future as it will, I ſhall collect all the paſt in one fair quarto this winter, and ſend it you, where you will find frequent mention of yourſelf. I was glad you ſuffered your writings to be collected more completely than hitherto, in the volumes I daily expect from Ireland; I wiſhed it had been in more pomp, but that will be done by others: yours are beauties, that can never be too finely dreſt, for they will ever be young. I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you; do not laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a philoſopher, till I pull it off, and make a jeſt of it myſelf. It is juſt what my Lord B. is doing with metaphyſics. I hope you will live to ſee, and ſtare at the learned figure he will make, on the ſame ſhelf with Locke and Malbranche.

You ſee how I talk to you, (for this is not writing). If

you

you like I should do so, why not tell me so? if it be the least pleasure to you, I will write once a-week most gladly: but can you abstract the letters from the person who writes them, so far, as not to feel more vexation in the thought of our separation, and those misfortunes which occasion it, than satisfaction in the nothings he can express? if you can, really and from my heart I cannot. I return again to melancholy. Pray, however, tell me, is it a satisfaction? that will make it one to me; and we will think alike, as friends ought, and you shall hear from me punctually just when you will.

P. S. Our friend, who has just returned from a progress of three months, and is setting out in three days with me for the Bath, where he will stay till towards the middle of October, left this letter with me yesterday, and I cannot seal and dispatch it till I have scribbled the remainder of this page full. He talks very pompously of my metaphysics, and places them in a very honourable station. It is true, I have writ six letters and an half to him on subjects of that kind, and I propose a letter and an half more, which would swell the whole up to a considerable volume. But he thinks me fonder of the name of an author than I am. When he and you, and one or two other friends, have seen them, *satis magnum theatrum mihi estis*, I shall not have the itch of making them more public *. I know how little regard you pay to writings of this kind. But I imagine, that if you can like any such, it must be those that strip metaphysics of all their bombast, keep within the sight of every well-constituted eye, and never bewilder themselves, whilst they pretend to guide the reason of others. I writ to you a long letter some time ago, and sent it by the post. Did it come to your hands? or did the inspectors of private correspondence stop it, to revenge themselves of the ill said of them in it? *Vale, et me ama.*

LET-

* As Lord B. (let. 49.) tells us, they shew, that *all our metaphysical theology is ridiculous and abominable.*

LETTER LXXIII.

From Dr SWIFT.

Nov. 1. 1734.

I Have yours with my Lord B——'s poſtſcript of September 15. It was long on its way; and for ſome weeks after the date, I was very ill with my two inveterate diſorders, giddineſs and deafneſs. The latter is pretty well off; but the other makes me totter towards evenings, and much diſpirits me. But I continue to ride and walk; both of which, altho' they be no cures, are at leaſt amuſements. I did never imagine you to be either inconſtant, or to want right notions of friendſhip: but I apprehend your want of health; and it hath been a frequent wonder to me, how you have been able to entertain the world ſo long, ſo frequently, ſo happily, under ſo many bodily diſorders. My Lord B. ſays you have been three months rambling, which is the beſt thing you can poſſibly do in a ſummer-ſeaſon; and when the winter recals you, we will, for our own intereſts, leave you to your ſpeculations. God be thanked, I have done with every thing, and of every kind, that requires writing, except now and then a letter; or, like a true old man, ſcribbling trifles only fit for children, or ſchool-boys of the loweſt claſs at beſt, which three or four of us read and laugh at to-day, and burn to-morrow. Yet, what is ſingular, I never am without ſome great work in view, enough to take up forty years of the moſt vigorous healthy man; altho' I am convinced, that I ſhall never be able to finiſh three treatiſes that have lain by me ſeveral years, and want nothing but correction. My Lord B ſaid in his poſtſcript, that you would go to Bath in three days. We ſince heard that you were dangerouſly ill there, and that the newsmongers gave you over. But a gentleman of this kingdom, on his return from Bath, aſſured me he left you well; and ſo did ſome others whom I have forgot. I am ſorry at my heart, that you are peſtered with people who come in my name; and I profeſs to you, it

is

is without my knowledge. I am confident I shall hardly ever have occasion again to recommend; for my friends here are very few, and fixed to the freehold, from whence nothing but death will remove them. Surely I never doubted about your Essay on Man; and I would lay any odds, that I would never fail to discover you in six lines, unless you had a mind to write below, or beside yourself, on purpose. I confess I did never imagine you were so deep in morals, or that so many new and excellent rules could be produced so advantageously and agreeably in that science, from any one head. I confess in some few places I was forced to read twice. I believe I told you before what the Duke of D—— said to me on that occasion, how a judge here, who knows you, told him, that, on the first reading those essays, he was much pleased, but found some lines a little dark; on the second, most of them cleared up, and his pleasure increased: on the third he had no doubt remained; and then he admired the whole. My Lord B——'s attempt of reducing metaphysics to intelligible sense and usefulness, will be a glorious undertaking; and as I never knew him fail in any thing he attempted, if he had the sole management, so I am confident he will succeed in this. I desire you will allow that I write to you both at present; and so I shall while I live. It saves your money and my time; and he being your genius, no matter to which it is addressed. I am happy that what you write is printed in large letters; otherwise, between the weakness of my eyes, and the thickness of my hearing, I should lose the greatest pleasure that is left me. Pray command my Lord B—— to follow that example, if I live to read his metaphysics. Pray God bless you both. I had a melancholy account from the Doctor of his health. I will answer his letter as soon as I can. I am ever entirely yours.

LETTER LXXIV.

Twickenham, Dec. 19. 1734.

I Am truly sorry for any complaint you have; and it is in regard to the weakness of your eyes, that I write

write (as well as print) in folio. You'll think, (I know you will, for you have all the candor of a good understanding), that the thing which men of our age feel the moſt, is the friendſhip of our equals; and that therefore whatever affects thoſe who are ſtept a few years before us, cannot but ſenſibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory; and, if I am in any part of my conſtitution younger than you, it will be in my remembering every thing that has pleaſed me in you, longer than perhaps you will. The two ſummers we paſſed together dwell always on my mind, like a viſion which gave me a glimpſe of a better life and better company, than this world otherwiſe afforded. I am now an individual, upon whom no other depends; and may go where I will, if the wretched carcaſe I am annexed to did not hinder me. I rambled, by very eaſy journeys, this year, to Lord Bathurſt and Lord Peterborow, who, upon every occaſion, commemorate, love, and wiſh for you. I now paſs my days between Dawley, London, and this place; not ſtudious, nor idle, rather poliſhing old works than hewing out new. I redeem now and then a paper that hath been abandoned ſeveral years; and of this ſort you'll ſoon ſee one, which I inſcribe to our old friend Arbuthnot.

THUS far I had written; and thinking to finiſh my letter the ſame evening, was prevented by company; and the next morning found myſelf in a fever, highly diſordered, and ſo continued in bed for five days; and in my chamber till now; but ſo well recovered as to hope to go abroad to-morrow, even by the advice of Dr Arbuthnot. He himſelf, poor man, is much broke, tho' not worſe than for theſe two laſt months he has been. He took extremely kind your letter. I wiſh to God we could once meet again, before that ſeparation, which yet, I would be glad to believe, ſhall reunite us. But he who made us, not for ours, but his purpoſes, knows only whether it be for the better or the worſe, that the affections of this life ſhould, or ſhould not continue into the other: and doubtleſs it is as it ſhould be. Yet I am ſure, that while I am here, and the thing that I am, I ſhall be imperfect without the communication of ſuch friends as you. You are to me like a limb loſt,

my morals, as I have been long ago of my wi
ſyſtem is a ſhort one, and my circle narrow. Ir
tion has no limits; and that is a ſphere in whi
may move on to eternity: but where one is con
truth, (or, to ſpeak more like a human creature,
appearances of truth), we ſoon find the ſhortneſ
tether. Indeed, by the help of a metaphyſical c
ideas, one may extend the circulation, go rou
round for ever, without making any progreſs bey
point to which Providence has pinned us. But th
not ſatisfy me; who would rather ſay a little to r
poſe, than a great deal. Lord B. is voluminous,
is voluminous only to deſtroy volumes. I ſhall n
I fear, to ſee that work printed. He is ſo taken
(in ſpite of the monitory hint given in the firſt
my eſſay) with particular men, that he neglects m
and is ſtill a creature of this world, not of the un
this world, which is a name we give to Europe,
gland, to Ireland, to London, to Dublin, to the
to the caſtle, and ſo diminiſhing, till it comes to o
affairs, and to our own perſons. When you writ
to him or to me, (for we accept it all as one),
him for it; as a divine, if you like it; or as a ba
if you think that more effectual.

What I write will ſhew that my head is not

LETTER LXXV.

From Dr SWIFT.

May 12. 1735.

YOur letter was ſent me yeſterday by Mr Stopford, who landed the ſame day, but I have not yet ſeen him. As to my ſilence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domeſtic affairs are in great confuſion, by the villany of agents, and the miſeries of this kingdom, where there is no money to be had. Nor am I unconcerned, to ſee all things tending towards abſolute power in both nations *, (it is here in perfection already), altho' I ſhall not live to ſee it eſtabliſhed. This condition of things, both public, and perſonal to myſelf, hath given me ſuch a kind of deſpondency, that I am almoſt unqualified for any company, diverſion, or amuſement. The death of Mr Gay and the Doctor † hath been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, altho' I ſhould never have ſeen them; like a ſum of money in a bank, from which I ſhould receive at leaſt annual intereſt, as I do from you, and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke. I'll ſhew in how much ignorance I live, it is hardly a fortnight ſince I heard of the death of my Lady Maſham, my conſtant friend in all changes of times. God forbid that I ſhould expect you to make a voyage that would in the leaſt affect your health. But in the mean time how unhappy am I, that my beſt friend ſhould have perhaps the only kind of diſorder for which a ſea-voyage is not in ſome degree a remedy? The old Duke of Ormond ſaid, he would not change his dead ſon (Oſſory) for the beſt living ſon in Europe. Neither would I change you, my abſent friend, for the beſt preſent friend round the globe.

I have lately read a book imputed to Lord B. called,

* The Dean was frequently troubled, he tells us, with a *giddineſs* in his head. *Warb.*

† Arbuthnot. He died Feb. 27. 1734-5.

A diſſertation upon parties. I think it very maſterly written.

PRAY God reward you for your kind prayers. I believe your prayers will do me more good than thoſe of all the prelates in both kingdoms, or any prelates in Europe, except the Biſhop of Marſeilles *. And God preſerve you for contributing more to mend the world, than the whole pack of (modern) parſons in a lump.

I am ever entirely yours.

LETTER LXXVI.

From Dr SWIFT.

Sept. 3. 1735.

THIS letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner the printer, who goes over on his private affairs. This is an anſwer to yours of two months ago, which complains of that profligate fellow Curl. I heartily wiſh you were what they call diſaffected, as I am. I may ſay as David did, *I have ſinned greatly, but what have theſe ſheep done?* You have given no offence to the miniſtry, nor to the Lords, nor Commons, nor Queen, nor the next in power. For you are a man of virtue, and therefore muſt abhor vice and all corruption, altho' your diſcretion holds the reins. "You need not fear any conſequence in the commerce that hath ſo long paſſed between us, altho' I never deſtroyed one of your letters. But my executors are men of honour and virtue, who have ſtrict orders in my will to burn every letter left behind me." Neither did our letters contain any turns of wit, or fancy, or politics, or ſatire, but mere innocent friendſhip. Yet I am loth, that any letters from you, and a very few other friends, ſhould die before me. I believe we neither of us ever leaned our head upon our left hand, to ſtudy what we ſhould write next; yet we have held a conſtant intercourſe from

* Who continued there with his flock all the time a dreadful *peſtilence* deſolated that city, in 1720. He ſold all his plate, &c. *for the relief* of the poor.

from your youth and my middle age, and from your middle age it muſt be continued till my death, which my bad ſtate of health makes me expect every month. I have the ambition, and it is very earneſt as well as in haſte, to have one epiſtle inſcribed to me while I am alive, and you juſt in the time when wit and wiſdom are in the height. I muſt once more repeat Cicero's deſire to a friend, *Orna me*. A month ago were ſent me over by a friend of mine, the works of John Hughes, Eſq; they are in verſe and proſe. I never heard of the man in my life; yet I find your name as a ſubſcriber too. He is too grave a poet for me; and, I think, among the *mediocribus* in proſe as well as verſe. I have the honour to know Dr Rundle *. He is indeed worth all the reſt you ever ſent us; but that is ſaying nothing, for he anſwers your character. I have dined thrice in his company. He brought over a worthy clergyman of this kingdom as his chaplain, which was a very wiſe and popular action. His only fault is, that he drinks no wine, and I drink nothing elſe.

THIS kingdom is now abſolutely ſtarving, by the means of every oppreſſion that can be inflicted on mankind.—*Shall I not viſit for theſe things? ſaith the Lord.* You adviſe me right, not to trouble myſelf about the world. But oppreſſion tortures me; and I cannot live without meat and drink, nor get either without money; and money is not to be had, except they will make me a biſhop, or a judge, or a colonel, or a commiſſioner of the revenues. Adieu.

LETTER LXXVII.

TO anſwer your queſtion as to Mr Hughes, what he wanted as to genius, he made up as an honeſt man: but he was of the claſs you think him.

I am glad you think of Dr Rundle as I do. He will be an honour to the biſhops, and a diſgrace to one biſhop; two things you will like: but what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor

* Biſhop of Derry.

even to your unfriended, unbenefited nation. He will be a friend to human race, where-ever he goes. Pray tell him my beſt wiſhes for his health and long life. I wiſh you and he came over together, or that I were with you. I never ſaw a man ſo ſeldom whom I liked ſo much as Dr Rundle.

LORD Peterborow I went to take a laſt leave of, at his ſetting ſail for Liſbon. No body can be more waſted, no ſoul can be more alive. Immediately after the ſevereſt operation of being cut into the bladder, for a ſuppreſſion of urine, he took coach, and got from Briſtol to Southampton. This is a man that will neither live nor die like any other mortal.

POOR Lord Peterborow! there is another ſtring loſt, that would have helped to draw you hither! He ordered, on his deathbed, his watch to be given me, (that which had accompanied him in all his travels), with this reaſon, "That I might have ſomething to put me every "day in mind of him." It was a preſent to him from the King of Sicily, whoſe arms and *inſignia* are graved on the inner caſe. On the outer I have put this inſcription. *Victor Amadeus, Rex Siciliæ, Dux Sabaudiæ, &c. &c Carolo Mordaunt, Comiti de Peterborow, D. D. Car. Mor. Com. de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit*, 1735.

PRAY write to me a little oftener: and if there be a thing left in the world that pleaſes you, tell it one who will partake of it. I hear with approbation and pleaſure, that your preſent care is to relieve the moſt helpleſs of this world, thoſe objects *. which moſt want our compaſſion, tho' generally made the ſcorn of their fellow-creatures, ſuch as are leſs innocent than they. You always think generouſly; and of all charities, this is the moſt diſintereſted, and leaſt vain-glorious, done to ſuch as never will thank you, or can praiſe you for it.

GOD bleſs you with eaſe, if not with pleaſure; with a tolerable ſtate of health, if not with its full enjoyment; with a reſigned temper of mind, if not a very chearful one. It is upon theſe terms I live myſelf, tho' younger than you; and I repine not at my lot, could but the preſence of a few that I love be added to theſe. Adieu.

LET-

* Idiots.

LETTER LXXVIII.

From Dr SWIFT.

Oct. 21. 1735.

I Anſwered your letter relating to Curl, *&c.* I believe my letters have eſcaped being publiſhed, becauſe I writ nothing but nature and friendſhip, and particular incidents which could make no figure in writing. I have obſerved, that not only Voiture, but likewiſe Tully and Pliny, writ their letters for the public view, more than for the ſake of their correſpondents; and I am glad of it, on account of the entertainment they have given me. Balſac did the ſame thing; but with more ſtiffneſs, and conſequently leſs diverting. Now I muſt tell you, that you are to look upon me as one going very faſt out of the world; but my fleſh and bones are to be carried to Holyhead, for I will not lie in a country of ſlaves. It pleaſeth me to find that you begin to diſlike things, in ſpite of your philoſophy. Your muſe cannot forbear her hints to that purpoſe. I cannot travel to ſee you; otherwiſe I ſolemnly proteſt I would do it. I have an intention to paſs this winter in the country, with a friend forty miles off, and to ride only ten miles a-day; yet is my health ſo uncertain, that I fear it will not be in my power. I often ride a dozen miles, but I come to my own bed at night. My beſt way would be to marry; for in that caſe any bed would be better than my own. I found you a very young man, and I left you a middle-aged one; you knew me a middle-aged man, and now I am an old one. Where is my Lord—? Methinks I am inquiring after a tulip of laſt year.—— "You need not apprehend any Curls meddling with "your letters to me. I will not deſtroy them, but have "ordered my executors to do that office." I have a thouſand things more to ſay; *longæ vitæ eſt garrula*; but I muſt remember I have other letters to write, if I have time, which I ſpend to tell you ſo. I am ever, deareſt Sir,

Yours, &c.

LET-

LETTER LXXIX.

From Dr SWIFT.

Feb. 9. 1735-6.

I Cannot properly call you my beſt friend, becauſe I have not another left who deſerves the name; ſuch a havock have time, death, exile, and oblivion made. Perhaps you would have fewer complaints of my ill health and lowneſs of ſpirits, if they were not ſome excuſe for my delay of writing even to you. It is perfectly right what you ſay of the indifference in common friends, whether we are ſick or well, happy or miſerable. The very maid-ſervants in a family have the ſame notion: I have heard them often ſay, Oh I am very ſick, if any body cared for it! I am vexed when my viſitors come with the compliment uſual here, Mr Dean, I hope you are very well. My popularity that you mention, is wholly confined to the common people, who are more conſtant than thoſe we miſcall their betters. I walk the ſtreets, and ſo do my lower friends; from whom, and from whom alone, I have a thouſand hats and bleſſings upon old ſcores, which thoſe we call the gentry have forgot. But I have not the love, or hardly the civility, of any one man in power or ſtation; and I can boaſt, that I neither viſit nor am acquainted with any Lord temporal or ſpiritual in the whole kingdom; nor am able to do the leaſt good office to the moſt deſerving man, except what I can diſpoſe of in my own cathedral upon a vacancy. What hath ſunk my ſpirits more than even years and ſickneſs, is reflecting on the moſt execrable corruptions that run thro' every branch of public management.

I heartily thank you for thoſe lines tranſlated *Singula de nobis anni, &c.* You have put them in a ſtrong and admirable light: but, however, I am ſo partial, as to be more delighted with thoſe which are to do me the greateſt honour I ſhall ever receive from poſterity, and will outweigh the malignity of ten thouſand enemies. I never ſaw them before; by which it is plain that the letter

letter you ſent me miſcarried.——I do not doubt that you have choice of new acquaintance, and ſome of them may be deſerving: for youth is the ſeaſon of virtue; corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldeſt rogue in England is the greateſt. You have years enough before you to watch whether theſe new acquaintance will keep their virtue, when they leave you, and go into the world; how long will their ſpirit of independency laſt againſt the temptations of future miniſters and future kings.——As to the new Lord Lieutenant *, I never knew any of the family; ſo that I ſhall not be able to get any job done by him for any deſerving friend.

LETTER LXXX.

From Dr SWIFT.

Feb. 7. 1735-6.

IT is ſome time ſince I dined at the Biſhop of Derry's, where Mr Secretary Cary told me with great concern, that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing ſince; only I have continued in great pain of mind: yet, for my own ſake and the world's, more than for yours; becauſe I well know how little you value life both as a philoſopher and a chriſtian, particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us heretics can equal you. If you are well recovered, you ought to be reproached for not putting me eſpecially out of pain, who could not bear the loſs of you; altho' we muſt be for ever diſtant as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indiſpoſition are preparing me every ſeaſon. I have ſtaid too long from preſſing you to give me ſome eaſe by an account of your health; pray do not uſe me ſo ill any more. I look upon you as an eſtate from which I receive my beſt annualrents, altho' I am never to ſee it. Mr Tickel was at the ſame meeting under the ſame real concern; and ſo were

* The Duke of Devonſhire.

were a hundred others of this town who had never ſeen you.

I read to the Biſhop of Derry the paragraph in your letter which concerned him, and his Lordſhip expreſſed his thankfulneſs in a manner that became him. He is eſteemed here as a perſon of learning, and converſation, and humanity; but he is beloved by all people.

I have no body now left but you. Pray, be ſo kind to outlive me; and then die as ſoon as you pleaſe, but without pain; and let us meet in a better place, if my religion will permit, but rather my virtue, altho' much unequal to yours. Pray, let my Lord Bathurſt know how much I love him; I ſtill inſiſt on his remembering me, altho' he is too much in the world to honour an abſent friend with his letters. My ſtate of health is not to boaſt of; my giddineſs is more or leſs too conſtant; I ſleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as eaſily write a poem in the Chineſe language as my own: I am as fit for matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily ſchemes for innumerable eſſays in proſe, and proceed ſometimes to no leſs than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waſte paper. What vexes me moſt is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen years ago, have now forſaken me; altho' I am not ſo old in proportion to them, as I formerly was: which I can prove by arithmetic; for then I was double their age, which now I am not. Pray, put me out of fear as ſoon as you can, about that ugly report of your illneſs; and let me know who this Cheſelden is, that hath ſo lately ſprung up in your favour. Give me alſo ſome account of your neighbour * who writ to me from Bath. I hear he reſolves to be ſtrenuous for taking off the teſt; which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced reaſons I ever was able to form, and againſt the maxims of all wiſe Chriſtian governments †, which always had ſome eſtabliſhed religion, leaving at beſt a toleration to others.

FAREWEL,

* Lord Bolingbroke.

† The author of the *Diſſertation on parties* appears to be of the ſame opinion. *Warb.*

FAREWEL, my dearest friend! ever, and upon every account that can create friendship and esteem.

LETTER LXXXI.

March 25. 1736.

IF ever I write more epistles in verse, one of them shall be addressed to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it; but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four epistles, which naturally follow the essay on man, *viz.* 1. Of the extent and limits of human reason and science. 2. A view of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the unuseful and therefore unattainable arts. 3. Of the nature, ends, application, and use of different capacities. 4. Of the use of *learning*, of the *science* of the *world*, and of *wit*. It will conclude with a satire against the misapplication of all these, exemplified by pictures, characters, and examples.

BUT alas! the task is great, and *non sum qualis eram!* My understanding indeed, such as it is, is extended rather than diminished. I see things more in the whole, more consistent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to each other. But what I gain on the side of philosophy, I lose on the side of poetry: the flowers are gone, when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits perhaps will never ripen perfectly. The climate (under our heaven of a court) is but cold and uncertain; the winds rise, and the winter comes on. I find myself but little disposed to build a new house; I have nothing left but to gather up the relics of a wreck, and look about me to see how few friends I have left. Pray, whose esteem or admiration should I desire now to procure by my writings? whose friendship or conversation to obtain by them? I am a man of desperate fortunes, that is a man whose friends are dead: for I never aimed at any other fortune than in friends. As soon as I had sent my last letter, I received a most kind one from you, expressing great pain for my late illness at Mr Chesselden's. I conclude

clude you was eaſed of that friendly apprehenſion in a few days after you had diſpatched yours, for mine muſt have reached you then. I wondered a little at your quære, who Cheſelden was? It ſhews that the trueſt merit does not travel ſo far any way as on the wings of poetry; he is the moſt noted, and moſt deſerving man, in the whole profeſſion of chirurgery; and has ſaved the lives of thouſands, by his manner of cutting for the ſtone.——I am now well, or what I muſt call ſo.

I have lately ſeen ſome writings of Lord B's. ſince he went to France. Nothing can depreſs his genius: whatever befals him, he will ſtill be the greateſt man in the world, either in his own time, or with poſterity.

Every man you know or care for here, inquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. I wiſh you had any motive to ſee this kingdom. I could keep you; for I am rich, that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for yourſelf and two ſervants. I have indeed room enough, nothing but myſelf at home; the kind and hearty houſewife is dead! the agreeable and inſtructive neighbour is gone! yet my houſe is enlarged, and the gardens extend and flouriſh, as knowing nothing of the gueſts they have loſt. I have more fruit-trees and kitchen-garden than you have any thought of; nay I have good melons and pine-apples of my own growth. I am as much a better gardener, as I am a worſe poet, than when you ſaw me: but gardening is near akin to philoſophy; for Tully ſays, *Agricultura proxima ſapientiæ*. For God's ſake, why ſhould not you, (that are a ſtep higher than a philoſopher, a divine, yet have too much grace and wit than to be a biſhop), e'en give all you have to the poor of Ireland, (for whom you have already done every thing elſe), ſo quit the place, and live and die with me? And let *Tales animæ concordes* be our motto and our epitaph.

LET-

LETTER LXXXII.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, April 22. 1736.

MY common illneſs is of that kind which utterly diſqualifies me for all converſation; I mean my deafneſs: and indeed it is that only which diſcourageth me from all thoughts of coming to England; becauſe I am never ſure that it may not return in a week. If it were a good honeſt gout, I could catch an interval, to take a voyage, and in a warm lodging get an eaſy chair, and be able to hear and roar among my friends. "As to what you ſay of your letters, ſince "you have many years of life more than I, my reſolu- "tion is to direct my executors to ſend you all your "letters, well ſealed and packeted, along with ſome "legacies mentioned in my will, and leave them en- "tirely to your diſpoſal. Thoſe things are all tied up, "indorſed, and locked in a cabinet, and I have not one "ſervant who can properly be ſaid to write or read. "No mortal ſhall copy them, but you ſhall ſurely have "them when I am no more." I have a little repined at my being hitherto ſlipped by you in your epiſtles, not from any other ambition than the title of a friend; and in that ſenſe I expect you ſhall perform your promiſe, if your health, and leiſure, and inclination will permit. I deny your loſing on the ſide of poetry; I could reaſon againſt you a little from experience: you are, and will be ſome years to come, at the age when invention ſtill keeps its ground, and judgment is at full maturity; but your ſubjects are much more difficult when confined to verſe. I am amazed to ſee you exhauſt the whole ſcience of morality in ſo maſterly a manner. Sir W. Temple ſaid, that the loſs of friends was a tax upon long life. It need not be very long, ſince you have had ſo great a ſhare, but I have not above one left: as in this country I have only a few general companions good nature and middling underſtandings. How ſho I know Cheſelden? On your ſide

up and die, before we here (at leaſt I) know any thing of the matter. I am a little comforted with what you ſay of Lord B.'s genius ſtill keeping up, and preparing to appear by effects worthy of the author, and uſeful to the world——Common reports have made me very uneaſy about your neighbour Mr P. It is affirmed, that he hath been very near death. I love him for being a patriot in moſt corrupted times, and highly eſteem his excellent underſtanding. Nothing but the perverſe nature of my diſorders, as I have above deſcribed them, and which are abſolute diſqualifications for converſe, could hinder me from waiting on you at Twickenham, and nurſing you to Paris. In ſhort, my ailments amount to a prohibition; altho' I am, as you deſcribe yourſelf, what *I muſt call well*, yet I have not ſpirits left to ride out, which (excepting walking) was my only diverſion. And I muſt expect to decline every month, like one who lives upon his principal ſum, which muſt leſſen every day; and indeed I am likewiſe literally almoſt in the ſame caſe, while every body owes me, and no body pays me. Inſtead of a young race of patriots on your ſide, which gives me ſome glimpſe of joy, here we have the direct contrary, a race of young dunces and Atheiſts, or old villains and monſters, whereof four fifths are more wicked and ſtupid than Chartres. Your wants are ſo few, that you need not be rich to ſupply them; and my wants are ſo many, that a king's ſeven millions of guineas would not ſupport me.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Aug. 17. 1736.

I find, tho' I have leſs experience than you, the truth of what you told me ſome time ago, that increaſe of years makes men more talkative, but leſs writative; to that degree, that I now write no letters but of plain buſineſs, or plain how d'ye's to thoſe few I am forced to correſpond with, either out of neceſſity, or love. And I grow laconic even beyond laconiciſm; for ſometimes I return only Yes, or No, to queſtionary or petitionary epiſtles of half a yard long. You and Lord

Lord Bolingbroke are the only men to whom I write, and always in folio. You are indeed almoſt the only men I know, who either can write in this age, or whoſe writings will reach the next: others are mere mortals. Whatever failings ſuch men may have, a reſpect is due to them, as luminaries whoſe exaltation renders their motion a little irregular, or rather cauſes it to ſeem ſo to others. I am afraid to cenſure any thing I hear of Dean Swift, becauſe I hear it only from mortals blind and dull: and you ſhould be cautious of cenſuring any action or motion of Lord B. becauſe you hear it only from ſhallow, envious, or malicious reporters. What you writ to me about him, I find to my great ſcandal repeated in one of yours to———. Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the profane? The thing, if true, ſhould be concealed; but it is, I aſſure you, abſolutely untrue in every circumſtance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fontainbleau, and makes it his whole buſineſs *vacare literis*. But tell me the truth, were you not angry at his omitting to write to you ſo long? I may, for I hear from him ſeldomer than from you, that is, twice or thrice a year at moſt. Can you poſſibly think he can neglect you or diſregard you? If you catch yourſelf at thinking ſuch nonſenſe, your parts are decayed: for, believe me, great geniuſes muſt and do eſteem one another, and I queſtion if any others can eſteem or comprehend uncommon merit. Others only gueſs at that merit, or ſee glimmerings of their minds. A genius has the intuitive faculty: therefore, imagine what you will, you cannot be ſo ſure of any man's eſteem as of his. If I can think that neither he nor you deſpiſe me, it is a greater honour to me by far, and will be thought ſo by poſterity, than if all the houſe of Lords writ commendatory verſes upon me, the Commons ordered me to print my works, the univerſities gave me public thanks and the King, Queen, and Prince crowned me with laurel. You are a very ignorant man, you don't know the figure his name and yours will make hereafter: I do, and will preſerve all the memorials I can, that I was of your intimacy; *longe, ſed proximus, intervallo*. I will not quarrel with the preſent age; it has done enough

for me, in making and keeping you two my friends. Do not you be too angry at it, and let not him be too angry at it; it has done and can do neither of you any manner of harm, as long as it has not, and cannot burn your works: while thoſe ſubſiſt, you will both appear the greateſt men of the time, in ſpite of princes and miniſters; and the wiſeſt, in ſpite of all the little errors you may pleaſe to commit.

ADIEU. May better health attend you, than, I fear, you poſſeſs; may but as good health attend you always as mine is at preſent; tolerable, when an eaſy mind is joined with it.

LETTER LXXXIV.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dec. 2. 1736.

I Think you owe me a letter; but whether you do or not, I have not been in a condition to write. Years and infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that odious continual diſorder in my head. I neither read nor write, nor remember, nor converſe. All I have left is to walk and ride: the firſt I can do tolerably; but the latter, for want of good weather at this ſeaſon, is ſeldom in my power; and having not an ounce of fleſh about me, my ſkin comes off in ten miles riding, becauſe my ſkin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry, becauſe you will not ſuppoſe me as ſick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, altho' I ſhould not be able to anſwer. I have too many vexations, by my ſtation and the impertinence of people, to be able to bear the mortification of not hearing from a very few diſtant friends that are left; and, conſidering how time and fortune have ordered matters, I have hardly one friend left but yourſelf. What Horace ſays, *Singula de nobis anni prædantur*, I feel every month at fartheſt; and by this computation, if I hold out two years, I ſhall think it a miracle. My comfort is, you began to diſtinguiſh ſo confounded early, that your acquaintance with diſtinguiſhed men of all kinds was almoſt as ancient

ancient as mine; mean Wycherley, Rowe, Prior, Congreve, Addiſon, Parnell, &c. and in ſpite of your heart, you have owned me a cotemporary; not to mention Lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, Peterborow. In ſhort, I was the other day recollecting twenty ſeven great miniſters, or men of wit and learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance, within twenty years paſt; neither have I the grace to be ſorry, that the preſent times are drawn to the dregs as well as my own life.——May my friends be happy in this and a better life; but I value not what becomes of poſterity, when I conſider from what monſters they are to ſpring.——My Lord Orrery writes to you to-morrow, and you ſee I ſend this under his cover, or at leaſt franked by him. He has 3000 l. a-year about Cork, and the neighbourhood, and has more than three years rent unpaid: this is our condition in theſe bleſſed times. I writ to your neighbour about a month ago, and ſubſcribed my name; I fear he hath not received my letter, and wiſh you would aſk him: but perhaps he is ſtill a-rambling; for we hear of him at Newmarket, and that Boerhaave hath reſtored his health.——How my ſervices are leſſened of late with the number of my friends on your ſide! yet my Lord Bathurſt, and Lord Maſham, and Mr Lewis remain; and being your acquaintance, I deſire when you ſee them, to deliver my compliments; but chiefly to Mrs P. B. and let me know whether ſhe be as young and agreeable as when I ſaw her laſt. Have you got a ſupply of new friends to make up for thoſe who are gone? and are they equal to the firſt? I am afraid it is with friends as with times; and that the *laudator temporis acti ſe puero*, is equally applicable to both. I am leſs grieved for living here, becauſe it is a perfect retirement, and conſequently fitteſt for thoſe who are grown good for nothing; for this town and kingdom are as much out of the world as North Wales. —— My head is ſo ill that I cannot write a paper full as I uſed to do; and yet I will not forgive a blank of half an inch from you.——I had reaſon to expect from ſome of your letters, that we were to hope for more epiſtles of morality; and, I aſſure you, my acquaintance reſent that they have not ſeen my name at

the head of one. The ſubjects of ſuch epiſtles are more uſeful to the public, by your manner of handling them, than any of all your writings; and altho' in ſo profligate a world as ours, they may poſſibly not much mend our manners, yet poſterity will enjoy the benefit, whenever a court happens to have the leaſt reliſh for virtue and religion.

LETTER LXXXV.

To Dr SWIFT.

Dec. 30. 1736.

YOur very kind letter has made me more melancholy, than almoſt any thing in this world now can do. For I can bear every thing in it, bad as it is, better than the complaints of my friends. Tho' others tell me you are in pretty good health, and in good ſpirits, I find the contrary when you open your mind to me. And indeed it is but a prudent part, to ſeem not ſo concerned about others, nor ſo crazy ourſelves, as we really are: for we ſhall neither be beloved nor eſteemed ths more, by our common acquaintance, for any affliction or any infirmity. But to our true friend we may, we muſt complain, of what (it is a thouſand to one) he complains with us; for if we have known him long, he is old; and if he has known the world long, he is out of humour at it. If you have but as much more health than others at your age, as you have more wit and good temper, you ſhall not have much of my pity: but if you ever live to have leſs, you ſhall not have leſs of my affection. A whole people will rejoice at every year that ſhall be added to you, of which you have had a late inſtance in the public rejoicings on your birthday. I can aſſure you, ſomething better and greater than high birth and quality muſt go toward acquiring thoſe demonſtrations of public eſteem and love. I have ſeen a royal birthday uncelebrated, but by one vile ode, and one hired bonfire. Whatever years may take away from you, they will not take away the general eſteem for your ſenſe, virtue, and charity

THE moſt melancholy effect of years is that you mention,

tion, the catalogue of thoſe we loved and have loſt, perpetually increaſing. How much that reflection ſtruck me, you will ſee from the motto I have prefixed to my book of letters, which ſo much againſt my inclination has been drawn from me. It is from Catullus:

Quo deſiderio veteres revocamus amores,
Atque olim amiſſas flemus amicitias!

I detain this letter till I can find ſome ſafe conveyance; innocent as it is, and as all letters of mine muſt be, of any thing to offend my ſuperiors, except the reverence I bear to true merit and virtue. "But I have much reaſon "to fear, thoſe which you have too partially kept in your "hands, will get out in ſome very diſagreeable ſhape, in "caſe of our mortality: and the more reaſon to fear it, "ſince this laſt month Curl has obtained from Ireland "two letters, (one of Lord Bolingbroke and one of "mine to you, which we wrote in the year 1723), and "he has printed them, to the beſt of my memory, "rightly, except one paſſage concerning Dawley, which "muſt have been ſince inſerted, ſince my Lord had not "that place at that time. Your anſwer to that letter he "has not got; it has never been out of my cuſtody; for "whatever is lent is loſt, (wit as well as money), to theſe "needy poetical readers."

THE world will certainly be the better for his change of life. He ſeems in the whole turn of his letters, to be a ſettled and principled philoſopher, thanking Fortune for the tranquillity he has been led into by her averſion, like a man driven by a violent wind, from the ſea into a calm harbour. You aſk me, if I have got any ſupply of new friends to make up for thoſe that are gone? I think that impoſſible; for not our friends only, but ſo much of ourſelves is gone, by the and courſe of years, that, were ſame re-ſtored to us, we could not to enjoy them. But as when a river takes away our flowers reeds and ſedges in their room ings

us ſomething, as it deprives us of a great deal; and inſtead of leaving us what we cultivated, and expected to flouriſh and adorn us, gives us only what is of ſome little uſe, by accident. Thus, I have acquired, without my ſeeking, a few chance-acquaintance, of young men, who look rather to the paſt age than the preſent, and therefore the future may have ſome hopes of them. If I love them, it is becauſe they honour ſome of thoſe whom I and the world have loſt, or are loſing. Two or three of them have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in parliament; and you will own, in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you, it is by their aſſerting of independency, and contempt of corruption. One or two are linked to me, by their love of the ſame ſtudies, and the ſame authors. But I will own to you, my moral capacity has got ſo much the better of my poetical, that I have few acquaintance on the latter ſcore, and none without a caſting weight on the former. But I find my heart hardened, and blunt to new impreſſions; it will ſcarce receive or retain affections of yeſterday; and thoſe friends who have been dead theſe twenty years, are more preſent to me now than thoſe I ſee daily. You, dear Sir, are one of the former ſort to me in all reſpects, but that we can yet correſpond together. I don't know whether it is not more vexatious to know we are both in one world, without any further intercourſe. Adieu, I can ſay no more, I feel ſo much. Let me drop into common things.——Lord Maſham has juſt married his ſon. Mr. Lewis has juſt buried his wife. Lord Oxford wept over your letter in pure kindneſs. Mrs B. ſighs more for you than for the loſs of youth. She ſays ſhe will be agreeable many years hence, for ſhe has learned that ſecret from ſome receipts of your writing.—Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVI.

March 23. 1736-7.

THOUGH you were never to write to me, yet what you deſired in your laſt, that I would write often to you, would be a very eaſy taſk; for every day I talk with

with you, and of you, in my heart; and I need only ſet down what that is thinking of. The nearer I find myſelf verging to that period of life which is to be labour and ſorrow, the more I prop myſelf upon thoſe few ſupports that are left me. People in this ſtate are like props indeed; they cannot ſtand alone, but two or more of them can ſtand, leaning and bearing upon one another. I wiſh you and I might paſs this part of life together. My only neceſſary care is at an end. I am now my own maſter too much; my houſe is too large; my gardens furniſh too much wood and proviſion for my uſe. My ſervants are ſenſible and tender of me. They have intermarried, and are become rather low friends than ſervants; and to all thoſe that I ſee here with pleaſure, they take a pleaſure in being uſeful. I conclude this is your caſe too in your domeſtic life; and I ſometimes think of your old houſekeeper as my nurſe; tho' I tremble at the ſea which only divides us. As your fears are not ſo great as mine, and, I firmly hope, your ſtrength ſtill much greater, is it utterly impoſſible, it might once more be ſome pleaſure to you to ſee England? My ſole motive in propoſing France to meet in, was the narrowneſs of the paſſage by ſea from hence; the phyſicians having told me, the weakneſs of my breaſt, *&c.* is ſuch, as a ſea-ſickneſs might indanger my life. Tho' one or two of our friends are gone, ſince you ſaw your native country *, there remain a few more who will laſt ſo till death, and who, I cannot but hope, have an attractive power, to draw you back to a country which cannot quite be ſunk or enſlaved, while ſuch ſpirits remain. And let me tell you, there are a few more of the ſame ſpirit, who would awaken all your old ideas, and revive your hopes of her future recovery and virtue. Theſe look up to you with reverence, and would be animated by the ſight of him at whoſe ſoul they have taken fire, in his writings, and derived from thence as much love of their ſpecies as is conſiſtent with a contempt for the knaves of it.

I

* The Dean was born in Ireland. This I mention, becauſe the ſentence may be underſtood in a double ſenſe. *Dub. edit.*

I could never be weary, except at the eyes, of writing to you; but my real reaſon (and a ſtrong one it is) for doing it ſo ſeldom, is fear; fear of a very great and experienced evil, that of my letters being kept by the partiality of friends, and paſſing into the hands and malice of enemies; who publiſh them with all their imperfections on their head; ſo that I write not on the common terms of honeſt men.

WOULD to God you would come over with Lord Orrery, whoſe care of you in the voyage I could ſo certainly depend on; and bring with you your old houſekeeper, and two or three ſervants. I have room for all, a heart for all, and (think what you will) a fortune for all. We could, were we together, contrive to make our laſt days eaſy, and leave ſome ſort of monument what friends two wits could be, in ſpite of all the fools in the world. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVII.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, May 31, 1737.

IT is true, I owe you ſome letters; but it has pleaſed God, that I have not been in a condition to pay you. When you ſhall be at my age, perhaps you may lie under the ſame diſability to your preſent or future friends. But my age is not my diſability; for I can walk ſix or ſeven miles, and ride a dozen. But I am deaf for two months together. This deafneſs unqualifies me for all company, except a few friends with counter-tenor voices, whom I can call names, if they do not ſpeak loud enough for my ears. It is this evil that hath hindered me from venturing to the Bath, and to Twickenham: for deafneſs being not a frequent diſorder, hath no allowance given it; and the ſcurvy figure a man affected that way makes in company, is utterly inſupportable.

IT was I began with the petition to you of *Orna me*, and now you come like an unfair merchant, to charge me with being in your debt; which, by your way of reckoning, I muſt always be: for yours are always guineas,

neas, and mine farthings; and yet I have a pretence to quarrel with you, becauſe I am not at the head of any one of your epiſtles. I am often wondering, how you come to excel all mortals on the ſubject of morality, even in the poetical way, and ſhould have wondered more, if nature and education had not made you a profeſſor of it from your infancy. "All the letters I can "find of yours, I have faſtened in a folio cover, and the "reſt in bundles indorſed: but, by reading their dates, "I find a chaſm of ſix years, of which I can find no "copies; and yet I keep them with all poſſible care. "But I have been forced, on three or four occaſions, to "ſend all my papers to ſome friends; yet thoſe papers "were all ſent ſealed in bundles to ſome faithful friends; "however, what I have are not much above ſixty." I found nothing in any one of them to be left out. None of them have any thing to do with party, of which you are the cleareſt of all men by your religion, and the whole tenor of your life; while I am raging every moment againſt the corruption of both kingdoms, eſpecially of this; ſuch is my weakneſs.

I have read your epiſtle of Horace to Auguſtus. It was ſent me in the Engliſh edition, as ſoon as it could come. They are printing it in a ſmall octavo. The curious are looking out, ſome for flattery, ſome for ironies in it. The four folks think they have found out ſome; but your admirers here, I mean every man of taſte, affect to be certain, that the profeſſion of friendſhip to me in the ſame poem will not ſuffer you to be thought a flatterer. My happineſs is, that you are too far engaged; and in ſpite of you, the ages to come will celebrate me, and know you were a friend who loved and eſteemed me, altho' I died the object of court and party hatred.

PRAY, who is that Mr Glover who writ the epic poem called *Leonidas*, which is reprinting here, and hath great vogue? We have frequently good poems of late from London. I have juſt read one upon converſation, and two or three others. But the croud do not incumber you, who, like the orator or preacher, ſtand aloft, and are ſeen above the reſt, more than the whole aſſembly below.

I am able to write no more; and this is my third endeavour, which is too weak to finish the paper. I am, my dearest friend, yours entirely, as long as I can write, or speak, or think.

J. SWIFT.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, July 23. 1737.

I Sent a letter to you some weeks ago, which my Lord Orrery inclosed in one of his, to which I received as yet no answer; but it will be time enough when his Lordship goes over, which will be, as he hopes, in about ten days; and then he will take with him "all "the letters I preserved of yours, which are not above "twenty-five. I find there is a great chasm of some "years, but the dates are more early than my two last "journeys to England; which makes me imagine, that "in one of those journeys I carried over another cargo." But I cannot trust my memory half an hour; and my disorders of deafness and giddiness increase daily. So that I am declining as fast as it is easily possible for me, if I were a dozen years older.

WE have had your volume of letters, which, I am told, are to be printed here. Some of those who highly esteem you, and a few who know you personally, are grieved to find you make no distinction between the English gentry of this kingdom, and the savage old Irish, (who are only the vulgar, and some gentlemen who live in the Irish parts of the kingdom): but the English colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred. And they think it very hard, that an American, who is of the fifth generation from England, should be allowed to preserve that title, only because we have been told by some of them, that their names are entered in some parish in London. I have three or four cousins here who were born in Portugal, whose parents took the

same

ſame care. and they are all of them Londoners. Dr Delany, who, as I take it, is of an Iriſh family, came to viſit me three days ago, on purpoſe to complain of thoſe paſſages in your letters. He will not allow ſuch a difference between the two climates; but will aſſert that North Wales, Northumberland, Yorkſhire, and the other northern ſhires, have a more cloudy ungenial air than any part of Ireland. In ſhort, I am afraid your friends and admirers here will force you to make a palinody.

As for the other parts of your volume of letters, my opinion is, that there might be collected from them the beſt ſyſtem that ever was wrote for the conduct of human life, at leaſt to ſhame all reaſonable men out of their follies and vices. It is ſome recommendation of this kingdom, and of the taſte of the people, that you are at leaſt as highly celebrated here as you are at home. If you will blame us for ſlavery, corruption, atheiſm, and ſuch trifles, do it freely; but include England, only with an addition of every other vice.—— I wiſh you would give orders againſt the corruption of Engliſh by thoſe ſcribblers, who ſend us over their traſh in proſe and verſe, with abominable curtailings and quaint modernisms.—I am now daily expecting an end of life. I have loſt all ſpirit, and every ſcrap of health. I ſometimes recover a little of my hearing, but my head is ever out of order. While I have any ability to hold a commerce with you, I will never be ſilent; and this chancing to be a day that I can hold a pen, I will *drag* it as long as I am able. Pray let my *Lord Orrery* ſee you often: next to yourſelf, I love *no man ſo well*; and tell him what I ſay, if he viſits you. I *have now done*; for it is evening, and my head *grows worſe*. *May God* always protect you, and preſerve *you long, for a pattern* of piety and virtue.

FAREWEL, my deareſt and *almoſt only conſtant friend*. I am ever, at leaſt in my eſteem, *honour*, and *affection* to you, what I hope you expect me to be,

Yours, &c.

LETTER LXXXIX.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, Aug. 8. 1738.

My dear friend,

I Have yours of July 25.; and firſt, I deſire you will look upon me as a man worn with years, and ſunk by public as well as perſonal vexations. I have entirely loſt my memory, incapable of converſation by a cruel deafneſs, which has laſted almoſt a year, and I deſpair of any cure. I ſay not this to increaſe your compaſſion, (of which you have already too great a part), but as an excuſe for my not being regular in my letters to you, and ſome few other friends. I have an ill name in the poſt-office of both kingdoms; which makes the letters addreſſed to me not ſeldom miſcarry, or be opened and read, and then ſealed in a bungling manner, before they come to my hands. Our friend Mrs B. is very often in my thoughts, and high in my eſteem. I deſire you will be the meſſenger of my humble thanks and ſervice to her. That ſuperior univerſal genius you deſcribe, whoſe hand-writing I know towards the end of your letter, hath made me both proud and happy; but by what he writes, I fear he will be too ſoon gone to his foreſt abroad. He began in the Queen's time to be my patron, and then deſcended to be my friend.

IT is a great favour of heaven, that your health grows better by the addition of years. I have abſolutely done with poetry for ſeveral years paſt, and even at my beſt times I could produce nothing but trifles. I therefore reject your compliments on that ſcore; and it is no compliment in me; for I take your ſecond dialogue that you lately ſent me, to equal almoſt any thing you ever writ; altho' I live ſo much out of the world, that I am ignorant of the facts and perſons, which, I preſume, are very well known from Temple-bar to St James's; (I mean the court excluſive.)

"I can faithfully aſſure you, that every letter you "have favoured me with, theſe twenty years and more, "are

" are ſealed up in bundles, and delivered to Mrs W——, " a very worthy, rational, and judicious couſin of mine, " and the only relation whoſe viſits I can ſuffer. All " theſe letters ſhe is directed to ſend ſafely to you, upon " my deceaſe."

MY Lord Orrery is gone with his Lady to a part of her eſtate in the north. She is a perſon of very good underſtanding, as any I know of her ſex. Give me leave to write here a ſhort anſwer to my Lord B.'s letter, in the laſt page of yours.

My dear Lord,

I am infinitely obliged to your Lordſhip for the honour of your letter, and kind remembrance of me. I do here confeſs, that I have more obligations to your Lordſhip, than to all the world beſides. You never deceived me, even when you were a great miniſter of ſtate: and yet I love you ſtill more, for your condeſcending to write to me, when you had the honour to be an exile. I can hardly hope to live till you publiſh your hiſtory, and am vain enough to wiſh that my name could be ſqueezed in among the few ſatellites, *quorum pars parva fui.* If not, I will be revenged, and contrive ſome way to be known to poſterity that I had the honour to have your Lordſhip for my beſt patron, and I will live and die, with the higheſt veneration and gratitude, your moſt obedient, &c.

P. S. I will here, in a poſtſcript, correct (if poſſible) the blunders I have made in my letter. I ſend my couſin the above letter; and he aſſures me, that a great collection of your* letters to me, are put up and ſealed, and in ſome very ſafe hand †.

* It is written juſt thus in the original. The book that is now printed, ſeems to be part of the collection here ſpoken of; as it contains not only the letters of Mr Pope, but of Dr Swift, both to him and Mr Gay, which were returned him after Mr Gay's death: tho' any mention made by Mr Pope of the ſale or exchange of letters, has been induſtriouſly ſuppreſſed in the publication, and only appears by ſome of the letters themſelves. *edit.*

† See Lord Orrery's letter, in the next

I am, my moſt dear and honoured friend, entirely yours,

J. SWIFT.

It is now *Aug.* 24.
1738.

† The Earl of ORRERY to Mr POPE.

SIR,

I AM more and more convinced, that your letters are neither loſt nor burnt; but who the Dean means by a *ſafe hand* in Ireland, is beyond my power of gueſſing; tho' I am particularly acquainted with moſt, if not all, of his friends. As I knew you had the recovery of thoſe letters at heart, I took more than ordinary pains to find out where they were; but my inquiries went to no purpoſe; and, I fear, whoever has them, is too tenacious of them to diſcover where they lie. "Mrs W—— did aſſure me, "ſhe had not one of them; and ſeemed to be under great uneaſi- "neſs, that you ſhould imagine they were left with her. She "likewiſe told me ſhe had ſtopped the Dean's letter which gave "you that information; but believed he would write ſuch an- "other; and therefore deſired me to aſſure you from her, that "ſhe was totally ignorant where they were."

You may make what uſe you pleaſe, either to the Dean, or any other perſon, of what I have told you. I am ready to teſtify it; and I think it ought to be known, "That the Dean ſays they "are delivered into a ſafe hand, and Mrs W—* declares ſhe has "them not. The conſequence of their being hereafter publiſh- "ed, may give uneaſineſs to ſome of your friends, and of courſe "to you: ſo I would do all in my power to make you entirely "eaſy in that point."

This is the firſt time I have put pen to paper ſince my late misfortune; and I ſhould ſay, as an excuſe for this letter, that it has coſt me ſome pain, did it not allow me an opportunity to aſſure you, that I am,

Dear Sir,
With the trueſt eſteem,
Your very faithful and obedient ſervant,

Marſton, Oct. 4. 1738. ORRERY.

LET-

* *This lady ſince gave Mr Pope the ſtrongeſt aſſurances, that ſhe had uſed her utmoſt endeavours to prevent the publication; nay, went ſo far as to ſecrete the book, till it was commanded from her, and delivered to the Dublin printer. Whereupon her ſon-in-law, D. Swift, Eſq; inſiſted upon writing a preface, to juſtify Mr Pope from having any knowledge of it, and to lay it upon the corrupt practices of the printers in London; but this he would not agree to, as not knowing the truth of the fact.* Pope.

LETTER XC.*

Dr SWIFT *to his uncle* WILLIAM SWIFT †.

SIR, *Moore Park, Nov.* 29. 1692.

MY ſiſter told me, you was pleaſed, (when ſhe was here), to wonder, I did ſo ſeldom write to you. I been ſo kind, to impute it neither to ill mann reſpect. I always thought that ſufficient from one, who has always been but too troubleſome to you. Beſides, I know your averſion to impertinence, and God knows ſo very private a life as mine can furniſh a letter with little elſe: for I often am two or three months without ſeeing any body beſides the family; and now my ſiſter is gone, I am likely to be more ſolitary than before. I am ſtill to thank you for your care in my *teſtimonium*; and it was to very good purpoſe, for I never was more ſatisfied than in the behaviour of the univerſity of Oxford to me. I had all the civilities I could wiſh for, and ſo many favours, that I am aſhamed to have been more obliged in a few weeks to ſtrangers, than ever I was in ſeven years to Dublin college. I am not to take orders till the King gives me a prebendary ‡: and Sir William Temple, tho' he promiſes me the certainty of it, yet is leſs forward than I could wiſh ||; becauſe, I ſuppoſe, he believes I ſhall leave him **; and

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* This and the three following letters are taken from Mr Deane Swift's *Eſſay on the life, writings, &c. of Dr Swift.*

† This letter is torn and imperfect in ſeveral places.—This epiſtolary fragment is ſo far curious, as it gives us a ſpecimen of Swift's manner of writing and thinking, at that early period of his life. *Orrery.*

‡ It may be obſerved from this paſſage, that he does not ſpeak of going into the church as a point of news to his uncle. *Swift.*

|| Here are the grounds of a quarrel which happened between him and Sir William Temple in the year 1694. *Swift.*

** Which at laſt was the cauſe of a good deal of anger in Sir William Temple. *Swift.*

and upon ſome accounts he thinks me a little neceſſary to him *. If I were entertainment, or doing you any ſatisfaction by my letters, I ſhould be very glad to perform it that way, as I am bound to do it by all others. I am ſorry my fortune ſhould fling me ſo far from the beſt of my relations, but hope that I ſhall have the happineſs to ſee you ſome time or other. Pray my humble ſervice to my good aunt, and the reſt of my relations, if you pleaſe.

LETTER XCI.

Dr SWIFT *to his couſin* DEANE SWIFT *at Liſbon* †.

Leiceſter, June 3. 1694.

I Received your kind letter to-day from your ſiſter; and am very glad to find you will ſpare time from buſineſs, ſo far as to write a long letter to one you have none at all with but friendſhip; which, as the world paſſes, is perhaps one of the idleſt things in it. 'Tis a pleaſure to me to ſee you ſally out of your road, and take notice of curioſities, of which I am very glad to have part; and deſire you to ſet by ſome idle minutes for a commerce which ſhall ever be dear to me; and from ſo good an obſerver as you may eaſily be, cannot fail of being uſeful. I am ſorry to ſee ſo much ſuperſtition in a country ſo given to trade. I half uſed to think thoſe two to be incompatible. Not that I utterly diſlike your proceſſions for rain or fair weather; which as trifling as they are, yet have good effects to quiet common heads, and infuſe a gaping devotion among the rabble. But your burning the old woman, unleſs ſhe were

* Becauſe at that time he was employed in the reviſal of Sir William Temple's works. *Swift.*

† If this letter be conſidered as an epiſtle from a young man a little above ſix and twenty years old, to an intimate friend and relation, who was at that time but juſt turned of twenty, I hope it will not appear in a very mean or contemptible light. *Swift.*

were a Duegna, I ſhall never be reconciled to; tho' it is eaſily obſerved, that nations which have moſt gallantry to the young, are ever the ſevereſt upon the old. I have not leiſure to deſcant further upon your pleaſing letter, nor any thing to return you from ſo barren a ſcene as this, which I ſhall leave in four days towards my journey for Ireland. I had deſigned a letter to my couſin Willoughby; and the laſt favour he has done me requires a great deal of acknowledgment: but the thoughts of my ſending ſo many before, has made me believe it better to truſt you with delivering my beſt thanks to him; and that you will endeavour to perſuade him how extreme ſenſible of his goodneſs and generoſity I am. I wiſh and ſhall pray, he may be as happy as he deſerves, and he cannot be more. My mother deſires her beſt love to him and to you, with both our ſervices to my couſin his wife.

I forgot to tell you I left Sir William Temple a month ago, juſt as I foretold it to you; and every thing happened thereupon exactly as I gueſſed. He was extreme angry I left him; and yet would not oblige himſelf any further than upon my good behaviour, nor would promiſe any thing firmly to me at all: ſo that every body judged I did beſt to leave him. I deſign to be ordained September next, and make what endeavours I can for ſomething in the church. I wiſh it may ever lie in my couſin's way or yours to have intereſt to bring me in chaplain of the factory.

If any thing offers from Dublin that may ſerve either to ſatisfy or divert you, I will not fail of contributing, and giving you conſtant intelligence from thence of whatever you ſhall deſire. *I am, &c.*

LETTER XCII.

Dr SWIFT *to the Earl of* OXFORD *.

My LORD, *July* 1. 1714.

WHEN I was with you, I have ſaid more than once, that I would never allow quality or ſtation made

* This letter was written from Berkſhire, after the Doctor

made any real difference between men. Being now abſent and forgotten, I have changed my mind. You have a thouſand people who can pretend they love you, with as much appearance of ſincerity as I; ſo that, according to common juſtice, I can have but a thouſandth part in return of what I give. And this difference is wholly owing to your ſtation. And the misfortune is ſtill the greater, becauſe I always loved you juſt ſo much the worſe for your ſtation. For in your public capacity you have often angered me to the heart, but as a private man never once. So that if I only look towards myſelf, I could wiſh you a private man to-morrow. For I have nothing to aſk, at leaſt nothing that you will give, which is the ſame thing. And then you would ſee whether I ſhould not with much more willingneſs attend you in a retirement, whenever you pleaſed to give me leave, than ever I did at London or Windſor. From theſe ſentiments I will never write to you, if I can help it, otherwiſe than as to a private perſon, nor allow myſelf to have been obliged by you in any other capacity.

THE memory of one great inſtance of your candor and juſtice I will carry to my grave; that having been in a manner domeſtic with you for almoſt four years, it was never in the power of any public or concealed enemy to make you think ill of me, tho' malice and envy were often employed to that end. If I live, poſterity ſhall know that and more; which tho' you and ſome body that ſhall be nameleſs, ſeem to value leſs than I could wiſh, is all the return I can make you. Will you give me leave to ſay how I would deſire to ſtand in your memory? As one who was truly ſenſible of the honour you did him, tho' he was too proud to be vain upon it: as one who was neither aſſuming, officious, nor teaſing; who never wilfully miſrepreſented perſons or facts to you, nor conſulted his paſſions when he gave a character: and laſtly, as one whoſe indiſcretions proceeded altogether from a weak head, and not an ill heart.

I

had wholly quitted the miniſtry, upon finding it impoſſible to reconcile the miſunderſtandings between the Lord Treaſurer and the Secretary. *Swift.*

I will add one thing more, which is the higheſt compliment I can make, that I never was afraid of offending you, nor am now in any pain for the manner I write to you in. I have ſaid enough, and like one at your levee, having made my bow, I ſhrink back into the croud. I am, my Lord, *&c.*

LETTER XCIII.

Dr SWIFT *to the Earl of* OXFORD.

My LORD, *Dublin, June* 14. 1737.

I Had the honour of a letter from your Lordſhip, dated April 7. which I was not prepared to anſwer until this time. Your Lordſhip muſt needs have known, that the hiſtory you mention of the four laſt years of the Queen's reign, was written at Windſor, juſt upon finiſhing the peace *; at which time your father and my Lord Bolingbroke had a miſunderſtanding with each other, that was attended with very bad conſequences. When I came to Ireland to take this deanery, (after the peace was made), I could not ſtay here above a fortnight, being recalled by an hundred letters to haſten back, and to uſe my endeavours in reconciling thoſe miniſters. I left them the hiſtory you mention, which I had finiſhed at Windſor, to the time of the peace. When I returned to England, I found their quarrels and coldneſs increaſed; I laboured to reconcile them as much as I was able; I contrived to bring them to my Lord Maſham's at St James's; my Lord and Lady Maſham left us together; I expoſtulated with them [illegible]; but could not find any good conſequence. I [illegible] to Windſor next day with my Lord Treaſurer; I pretended buſineſs that prevented me; and ſo I left them

* The Doctor means only the firſt draught of [illegible] for it is certain, that, after the Queen's death, he [illegible] deal of his time in improving and correcting it [illegible] and liking; and particularly we find in [illegible] to Pope, dated Jan. 10 1721, [illegible] employed ſome part of his leiſure [illegible] *Swift.*

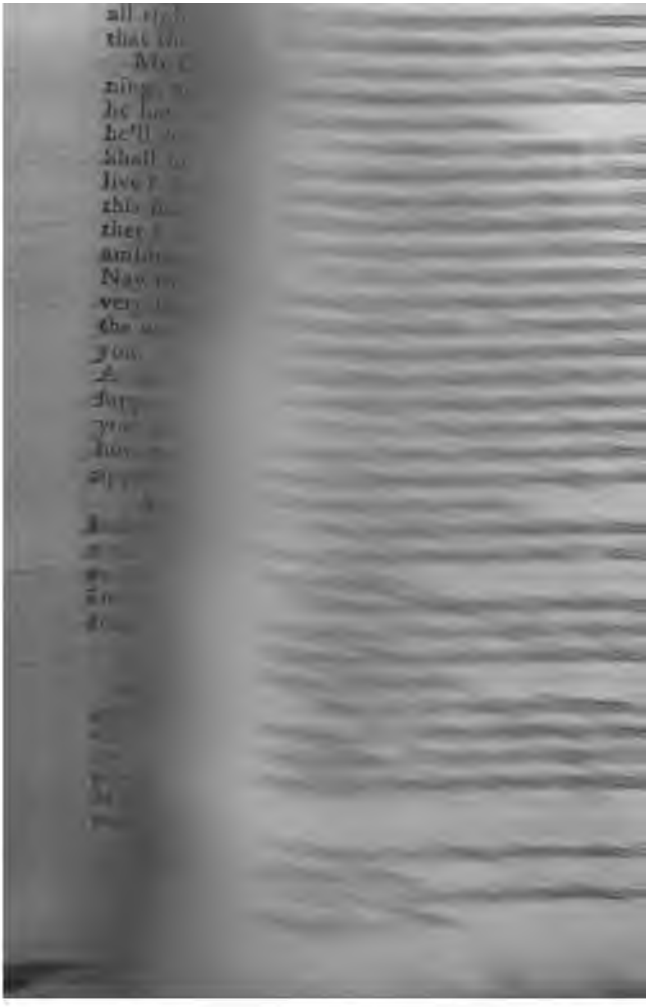
to Windſor next day, which was Saturday, expecting they would come to ſome * * * * †. But I followed them to Windſor; where my Lord Bolingbroke told me, that my ſcheme had come to nothing. Things went on at the ſame rate. They grew more eſtranged every day. My Lord Treaſurer found his credit daily declining. In May, before the Queen died, I had my laſt meeting with them at my Lord Maſham's. He left us together, and therefore I ſpoke very freely to them both; and told them I would retire, for I found all was gone. Lord Bolingbroke whiſpered me, I was in the right. Your father ſaid, all would do well ‡. I told him, that I would go to Oxford on Monday, ſince I found it impoſſible to be of any uſe. I took coach to Oxford on Monday; went to a friend in Berkſhire; there ſtaid till the Queen's death, and then to my ſtation here; where I ſtaid twelve years, and never ſaw my Lord your father afterwards. They could not agree about printing the hiſtory of the four laſt years; and therefore I have kept it to this time, when I determine to publiſh it in London, to the confuſion of all thoſe * * * who have accuſed the Queen and that miniſtry of making a bad peace; to which that party entirely owes the Proteſtant ſucceſſion. I was then in the greateſt truſt and confidence with your father the Lord Treaſurer, as well as with my Lord Bolingbroke, and all others who had part in the adminiſtration. I had all the letters from the Secretary's office during the treaty of peace. Out of thoſe, and what I learned from the miniſtry, I formed that hiſtory which I am now going to publiſh, for the information of poſterity, and to control the moſt impudent falſehoods which have been publiſhed ſince. I wanted no kind of materials. I knew your father better than you could at that time; and I do impartially think him the moſt virtuous miniſter, and the moſt able, that ever I remember to have read of. If your Lordſhip

† Here is an hiatus of about half a line. The reader's imagination can eaſily fill it up, ſo as to make the ſenſe perfect. *Swift.*

‡ This was a very common expreſſion of my Lord Treaſurer, who was the leaſt apt to deſpond of any miniſter in the world. *Swift.*

Lordſhip hath any particular circumſtances that may fortify what I have ſaid in the hiſtory, ſuch as letters or other memorials, I am content they ſhould be printed at the end, by way of appendix. I loved my Lord your father better than any other man in the world, altho' I had no obligation to him on the ſcore of preferment; having been driven to this wretched kingdom, to which I was almoſt a ſtranger, by his want of power to keep me in what I ought to call my own country; tho' I happened to be dropped here, and was a year old before I left it, and, to my ſorrow, did not die before I came back to it again. I am extremely glad of the felicity you have in your alliances, and deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my Lady Oxford, and your daughter the Ducheſs. As to the hiſtory, it is only of affairs which I know very well, and had all the advantages poſſible to know, when you were in ſome ſort but a lad. One great deſign of it is, to do juſtice to the miniſtry of that time, and to refute all the objections againſt them, as if they had a deſign of bringing in Popery and the Pretender; and further to demonſtrate, that the preſent ſettlement of the crown was chiefly owing to my Lord your father. I can never expect to ſee England; I am now too old and ſickly, added to almoſt a perpetual deafneſs and giddineſs. I live a moſt domeſtic life; I want nothing that is neceſſary; but I am in a curſed, factious, oppreſſed, miſerable country, not made ſo by nature, but by the ſlaviſh, helliſh principles of an execrable, prevailing faction in it. Farewel, my Lord; I have tired you and myſelf. I deſire again to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my Lady Oxford, and the Ducheſs your daughter. Pray God preſerve you long and happy. I ſhall diligently inquire into your conduct, from thoſe who will tell me. You have hitherto continued right: let me hear that you perſevere ſo. Your taſk will not be long; for I am not in a condition of health or time to trouble this world, and I am heartily tired of it already; and ſo ſhould be in England, where I hear is all as corrupt as this, poor inſlaved country. I am, with the trueſt love and reſpect, my Lord &c.

L. P. S.



[illegible]nt, from a late parliamentary inquiry, that I have as [illegible]ch ready money, as much in the funds, and as great [illegible]ersonal estate, as Sir Robert S-tt-n.

[illegible] the translator of Homer find fault with this unhe[illegible]le disposition; or, what I more fear, if the drapier of [illegible]land accuse the Englishman of want of spirit; I silence [illegible] both with one line out of your own Horace: *Quid [illegible]mpta juvat spinis è pluribus una?* For I take the [illegible]ole to be so corrupted, that a cure in any part would [illegible] of little avail.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XCV.

Dr SWIFT *to the Earl of* PETERBOROW.

My LORD,

[illegible] Never knew or heard of any person so volatile, and [illegible] so fixed as your Lordship. You, while your imagi[illegible]nation is carrying you thro' every corner of the world, [illegible]here you have or have not been, can at the same time [illegible]member to do offices of favour and kindness to the [illegible]eanest of your friends; and, in all the scenes you have [illegible]ssed, have not been able to attain that one quality [illegible]culiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but [illegible]uries. Of this I am a living witness against you. For [illegible]ing the most insignificant of all your old humble ser[illegible]nts, you were so cruel as never to give me time to [illegible] a favour, but prevented me in doing whatever you [illegible]ought I desired, or could be for my credit or advan[illegible]ge.

I have often admired at the capriciousness of Fortune [illegible] regard to your Lordship. She hath forced courts to [illegible] against their oldest and most constant maxims; to [illegible]ke you a general, because you had courage and con[illegible]ct; an ambassador, because you had wisdom, and [illegible]owledge in the interests of Europe; and an admiral, [illegible] account of your skill in maritime affairs. Whereas, [illegible]ording to the usual method of court-proceedings, I [illegible]uld have been at the head of the army, and you of

LETTER XCIV.

The Earl of PETERBOROW *to Mr* POPE.

1732.

I AM under the greateſt impatience to ſee Dr Swift at Bevis Mount, and muſt ſignify my mind to him by another hand; it not being permitted me to hold correſpondence with the ſaid Dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands.

AND whereas it is apparent, in this Proteſtant land, moſt eſpecially under the care of divine providence, that nothing can ſucceed, or come to a happy iſſue, but by bribery; therefore let me know what he expects to comply with my deſires, and it ſhall be remitted unto him.

FOR tho' I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conſcience. Every one muſt confeſs, that gratification and corruption are two diſtinct terms; nay, at worſt, many good men hold, that, for a good end, ſome very naughty meaſures may be made uſe of.

BUT, Sir, I muſt give you ſome good news in relation to myſelf, becauſe I know you wiſh me well. I am cured of ſome diſeaſes in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth.

I was poſſeſſed with violent and uneaſy paſſions, ſuch as a peeviſh concern for truth *, and a ſaucy love for my country.

WHEN a Chriſtian prieſt preached againſt the ſpirit of the goſpel, when an Engliſh judge determined againſt Magna Charta, when the miniſter acted againſt common ſenſe, I uſed to fret.

Now, Sir, let what will happen, I keep myſelf in temper. As I have no flattering hopes, ſo I baniſh all uſeleſs fears. But as to the things of this world, I find myſelf in a condition beyond expectation †; it being evi-

dent.

* This and the following letter are taken from the 2d volume of Pope's letters.

† As may be ſeen from his tranſactions with Fenwick in the year 1696-7. *Warb.*

dent, from a late parliamentary inquiry, that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a perſonal eſtate, as Sir Robert S-tt-n.

IF the tranſlator of Homer find fault with this unheroic diſpoſition; or, what I more fear, if the drapier of Ireland accuſe the Engliſhman of want of ſpirit; I ſilence you both with one line out of your own Horace: *Quid te exempta juvat ſpinis è pluribus una?* For I take the whole to be ſo corrupted, that a cure in any part would be of little avail.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XCV.

Dr SWIFT *to the Earl of* PETERBOROW.

My LORD,

I Never knew or heard of any perſon ſo volatile, and ſo fixed as your Lordſhip. You, while your imagination is carrying you thro' every corner of the world, where you have or have not been, can at the ſame time remember to do offices of favour and kindneſs to the meaneſt of your friends; and, in all the ſcenes you have paſſed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witneſs againſt you. For being the moſt inſignificant of all your old humble ſervants, you were ſo cruel as never to give me time to aſk a favour, but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I deſired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciouſneſs of Fortune in regard to your Lordſhip. She hath forced courts to act againſt their oldeſt and moſt conſtant maxims; to make you a general, becauſe you had courage and conduct; an ambaſſador, becauſe you had wiſdom, and knowledge in the intereſts of Europe; and an admiral, on account of your ſkill in maritime affairs. Whereas, according to the uſual method of court-proceedings, I ſhould have been at the head of the army, and you of

the church, or rather a curate under the Dean of St Patrick's.

The Archbiſhop of Dublin laments, that he did not ſee your Lordſhip till he was juſt upon the point of leaving the Bath. I pray God you may have found ſucceſs in that journey, elſe I ſhall continue to think there is a fatality in all your Lordſhip's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the leaſt advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's miniſtry uſed to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is ſo with me; for you are in one thing an evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head, and, I think, you have no houſe. Pray, my Lord, write to me, that I may have the pleaſure, in this ſcoundrel country, of going about, and ſhewing my depending parſons a letter from the Earl of Peterborow.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCVI.*

A Monſieur Monſieur Hunter, *gentilhomme Anglois, à Paris* †.

London, Jan. 12. 1708-9.

SIR,

I Know no people ſo ill uſed by your men of buſineſs, as their intimate friends. About a fortnight after Mr Addiſon had received the letter you were pleaſed to ſend me, he firſt told me of it with an air of recollection, and, after ten further of grace, thought fit to give it me; ſo you know where to fix the whole blame, that it was no ſooner acknowledged. It is a delicate expedient you priſoners have of diverting yourſelves in an enemy's

* Hawkeſworth marks this letter No 1. He has inſerted all thoſe that follow, but none of the preceding.

† Col. Hunter, Governor of Virginia, who had been taken *priſoner* by the French.

enemy's country, for which other men would be hanged. I am considering, whether there be no way of disturbing your quiet, by writing some dark matter, that may give the French court a jealousy of you. I suppose Monsieur Chamillard, or some of his commissaries, must have this letter interpreted to them, before it comes to your hands; and therefore I here think good to warn them, that, if they exchange you under six of their lieutenant-generals, they will be losers by the bargain. But that they may not mistake me, I do not mean as *Viceroy de Virginia, mais comme le Colonel Hunter*. I would advise you to be very tender of your honour, and not fall in love: because I have a scruple, whether you can keep your parole, if you become a prisoner to the ladies; at least it will be a scandal for a *free Briton* to drag two chains at once. I presume you have the liberty of Paris, and fifty miles round, and have a very light pair of fetters, contrived to ride or dance in, and see Versailles, and every place else, except St Germains — I hear the ladies call you already *notre prisonnier Hunter, le plus honnête garçon du monde.* — Will you French yet own us Britons to be a brave people? Will they allow the Duke of Marlborough to be a great general? Or, are they all as partial as their gazetteers? Have you yet met any French colonel, whom you remember to have formerly knocked from his horse, or shivered at least a launce against his breastplate? Do you know the wounds you have given, when you see the scars? Do you salute your old enemies, with *Stetimus tela aspera contra, contulimusque manus. Vos saves que — Monsieur d'Addison, notre bon ami, est fait secretaire d'état d'Irelande.* And unless you make haste over, and get me my Virginian bishoprick, he will persuade me to go with him; for the Vienna project is off; which is a great disappointment to the design I had, of displaying my politics at the Emperor's court. I do not like the subject you have assigned me to entertain you with. *Grauder* is sick, to the comfort of all quiet people, and *Fraud* is *rêveur à prendre.* Mr Addison and I often drink your health; and this day I did it with Will Pate, a certain adorer of yours, who is both a *bel esprit*, and a woollen-draper. The Whigs carry all before them; and how

far they will purſue their victories, we under-rate Whigs can hardly tell. I have not yet obſerved the Tories noſes: their number is not to be learned by telling of noſes; for every Tory has not a noſe.——It is a loſs you are not here to partake of three weeks froſt, and eat ginger-bread in a booth, by a fire upon the Thames. Mrs Floyd * looked out with both her eyes, and we had one day's thaw; but ſhe drew in her head, and it now freezes as hard as ever. As for the convocation, the Queen thought fit to prorogue it, tho' at the expence of Dr Atterbury's diſpleaſure, who was deſigned their prolocutor, and is now raging at the diſappointment. I amuſe myſelf ſometimes with writing verſes to Mr Finch, and ſometimes with projects for uniting of parties, which I perfect over night, and burn in the morning. Sometimes Mr Addiſon and I ſteal to a pint of bad wine, and wiſh for no third perſon but you; who, if you were with us, would never be ſatisfied without three more.——You know, I believe, that poor Dr Gregory is dead, and Keil ſolicits to be his ſucceſſor. But party reaches even to lines and circles; and he will hardly carry it, being reputed a Tory, which yet he utterly denies.—We are here nine times madder after operas than ever; and have got a new Caſtrato from Italy, called *Nicolini*, who exceeds Valentini, I know not how many bars length. Lords Sommers and Halifax are as well as buſy ſtateſmen can be in parliament time. Lord Dorſet is no body's favourite but yours, and Mr Prior's, who has lately dedicated his book of poems to him, which is all the preſs has furniſhed us of any value ſince you went. Mr Pringle, a gentleman of Scotland, ſucceeds Mr Addiſon in the ſecretary's office; and Mr Shute, a notable young Preſbyterian gentleman, under thirty years old, is made a commiſſioner of the cuſtoms. This is all I can think of, either public or private, worth telling you: perhaps you have heard part, or all of both, from other hands; but you muſt be content.

Pray

* The lady whom the author here compliments, by putting her name for that of the ſun, was Mrs Biddy Floyd, to whom he addreſſed a ſhort but elegant copy of verſes about a year before. See vol. 6. Hawkeſ.

Pray let us know what hopes we have of seeing you, and how soon; and be so kind, or just, to believe me always

Your most faithful,
humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

P. S. Mr Steel presents his most humble service to you; and I cannot forbear telling you of your *mechanesie*, to impute the letter of enthusiasm to me, when I have some good reasons to think the author is now at Paris.

LETTER XCVII.

A Monsieur Monsieur HUNTER, *gentilhomme Anglois, à Paris.*

London, March 22. 1708 9.

SIR,

I Am very much obliged to you for the favour of a kind reproach you sent me, in a letter to Mr Addison, which he never told me of till this day, and that accidentally: but I am glad at the same time, that I did not deserve it, having sent you a long letter, in return to that you was pleased to honour me with; and it is a pity it should be lost; for, as I remember, it was full of the *dieti fabulas*, and such particularities as do not usually find place in news-papers. Mr Addison has been so taken up for some months in the amphibious circumstances of premier c——— to my Lord Sunderland, and secretary of state for Ireland, that he is the worst man I know, either to convey an idle letter, or deliver what he receives; so that I design when I trust him with this, to give him a memorial along with it; for if my former has miscarried, I am half persuaded to give him the blame. I find you a little lament your bondage; and indeed, in your case, it requires a good share of philosophy. But, if you will not be angry, I believe I may have been the cause you are still a prisoner; for I imm-

gine my former letter was intercepted by the French court; when the moſt Chriſtian King reading one paſſage in it, (and duly conſidering the weight of the perſon who wrote it), where I ſaid, if the French underſtood your value as well as we do, he would not exchange you for Count Tallard, and all the Delrs of Blenheim together; for, I muſt confeſs, I did not rally when I ſaid ſo.

I hear your good ſiſter, the Queen of Pomunki, waits with impatience till you are reſtored to your dominions; and that your rogue of a viceroy returns money faſt for England againſt the time he muſt retire from his government. Mean time, Philips writes verſes in a ſledge upon the frozen ſea, and tranſmits them hither, to thrive in our warmer clime, under the ſhelter of my Lord Dorſet. I could ſend you a great deal of news from the *republick Grubſtreetaria*, which was never in greater altitude, tho' I have been of late but a ſmall contributor. A cargo of ſplinters from the Arabian rocks have been lately ſhipwrecked in the Thames, to the irreparable damage of the virtuoſi. Mrs Long and I are fallen out. I ſhall not trouble you with the cauſe; but don't you think her altogether in the wrong? But Mrs Barter is ſtill in my good graces. I deſign to make her tell me when you are to be redeemed, and will ſend you word.—There's it now; you think I am in jeſt: but I aſſure you, the beſt intelligence I get of public affairs is from ladies; for the miniſters never tell me any thing: and Mr Addiſon is nine times more ſecret to me than any body elſe, becauſe I have the happineſs to be thought his friend. The company at St James's coffeehouſe is as bad as ever, but it is not quite ſo good. The beauties you left are all gone off this froſt, and we have got a new ſet for ſpring; of which Mrs Chetwynd and Mrs Worſley are the principal. The vogue of opera's holds up wonderfully, tho' we have had them a year; but I deſign to ſet up a party among the wits, to run them down, by next winter, if true Engliſh caprice does not interpoſe to ſave us the labour. Mademoiſelle Spanheim is going to marry my Lord Fitzharding; at leaſt I have heard ſo; and, if you find it otherwiſe at your return, the conſequences may poſſibly be ſurvived. However,

ever, you may tell it the Paris gazetteer, and let me have the pleaſure to read a lie of my own ſending. I ſuppoſe you have heard, that the town has loſt an old Duke, and recovered a mad Ducheſs.——The Duke of Marlborough has at length found an enemy that dares face him, and which he will certainly fly before with the firſt opportunity; and we are all of opinion, it will be his wiſeſt courſe to do ſo. Now, the way to be prodigiouſly witty, would be by keeping you in ſuſpenſe, and not letting you know, that this enemy is nothing but this north-eaſt wind, which ſtops his voyage to Holland.—This letter going in Mr Addiſon's packet, will, I hope, have better luck than the former. I ſhall go for Ireland ſome time in ſummer, being not able to make my friends in the miniſtry conſider my merits or their promiſes, enough to keep me here; ſo that all my hopes now terminate in my biſhoprick of Virginia. In the mean time, I hold faſt my claim to your promiſe of correſponding with me, and that you will henceforward addreſs your letter for me, at Mr Steel's office at the Cockpit, who has promiſed his care in conveying them. Mr Domvil is now at Geneva, and ſends me word, he is become a convert to the Whigs, by obſerving the good and ill effects of freedom and ſlavery abroad.

I am now with Mr Addiſon, with whom I have fifty times drank your health ſince you left us. He is hurrying away for Ireland, and I can at preſent lengthen my letter no farther; and I am not certain whether you will have any from him or no, till he gets for Ireland. However, he commands me to aſſure you of his humble ſervice; and I pray God too much buſineſs may not ſpoil *le plus honnête homme du monde*; for it is certain, which of a man's good talents he employs on buſineſs, muſt be detracted from his converſation. I cannot write longer in ſo good company, and therefore conclude

Your moſt faithful,

and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LET.

LETTER XCVIII.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* WILLIAM KING, *Archbishop of Dublin.*

My LORD, *London, Oct.* 10. 1710.

I Had the honour of your Grace's letter of September 16.; but I was in no pain to acknowledge it, nor shall be at any other time, until I have something that I think worth troubling you; because I know how much an insignificant letter is worse than none at all, I had likewise your memorial*, *&c.* in another packet. I should have been glad the bishops had been here; altho' I take bishops to be the worst solicitors in the world, except for themselves. They cannot give themselves the little trouble of attendance, that other men are content to swallow; else, I am sure, their two Lordships might have succeeded easier, than men of my level are likely to do.

As soon as I received the packets from your Grace, I went to wait upon Mr Harley †. I had prepared him before by another hand where he was very intimate; and got myself represented (which I might justly do) as one extremely ill used by the last ministry after some obligations, because I refused to go certain lengths they would have me. This happened to be in some sort Mr Harley's own case. He had heard very often of me, and received me with the greatest marks of kindness and esteem; as I was whispered he would; and the more upon the ill usage I had met with. I sat with him two hours among company, and two hours we were alone: where I told him my business, and gave him the history of it; which he heard as I could wish, and declared he would do his utmost to effect it. I told him the difficulties we met with by Lord Lieutenants and their secretaries; who would not suffer others to solicit, and neglected

* A memorial of the bishops and clergy of Ireland, concerning the first fruits and twentieth parts.

† Lord High Treasurer of England, created afterwards Earl of Oxford.

neglected it themſelves. He fell in with me entirely; and ſaid, neither they nor himſelf ſhould have the merit of it, but the Queen, to whom he would ſhew my memorial with the firſt opportunity, in order, if poſſible, to have it done in this interregnum. I ſaid, the honour and merit, next to the Queen, would be his; that it was a great encouragement to the biſhops, that he was in the treaſury, whom they knew to be the chief adviſer of the Queen to grant the ſame favour in England; that conſequently the honour and merit were nothing to him, who had done ſo much greater things; and that for my part, I thought he was obliged to the clergy of Ireland, for giving him an opportunity of gratifying the pleaſure he took in doing good to the church. He took my compliment extremely well, and renewed his promiſes. Your Grace will pleaſe to know, that, beſides the firſt fruits, I told him of the crown rents; and ſhewed the nature and value of them; but ſaid, my opinion was, that the convocation had not mentioned them in their petition to the Queen, delivered to Lord Wharton * with the addreſs, becauſe they thought the times would not then bear it; but that I looked on myſelf to have a diſcretionary power to ſolicit it in ſo favourable a juncture.

I had two memorials ready of my own drawing up, as ſhort as poſſible, ſhewing the nature of the thing, and how long it had been depending, *&c.* One of theſe memorials had a paragraph at the end relating to the crown-rents. I would have given him the laſt; but I gave him the other; which he immediately read, and promiſed to ſecond *both* with his beſt offices to the Queen. As I have placed that paragraph in my memorial, it can do no harm, and may poſſibly do good. However, I beg your Grace to ſay nothing of it; but if it dieth, let it die in ſilence: we muſt take up with what we can get.

I forgot to tell your Grace, that when I ſaid I was impowered, *&c.* he deſired to ſee my powers: and then I heartily wiſhed them more ample than they were: and I have ſince wondered, what ſcruple a number

* Then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

ber of biſhops could have to impower a clergyman to do the church and them a ſervice, without any imagination of intereſt for himſelf.

Mr Harley has invited me to dine with him to-day: But I ſhall not put him upon this diſcourſe ſo ſoon. If he begins it himſelf, I ſhall add it at the bottom of this. He ſays, Mr Secretary St John * deſired to be acquainted with me, and that he will bring us together. That may be a further help; altho' I told him, I had no thoughts of applying to any but himſelf; wherein he differed from me, and deſired I would ſpeak to others, if it were but for form; and ſeemed to mean, as if he would avoid the envy of being thought to do ſuch a thing alone. But an old courtier (an intimate friend) adviſed me ſtill to let him know, I relied wholly upon his good inclinations, and credit with the Queen, *&c.*

I find I am forced to ſay all this very confuſedly, juſt as it lieth in my memory; but perhaps it may give your Grace a truer idea how matters are, than if I had writ in more order.

I am, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

LETTER XCIX.

The Archbiſhop to Dr SWIFT.

Reverend S I R, *Dublin, Oct.* 16. 1710.

I Thank you for yours of the 10th inſtant, and ſend you incloſed a farther power by my Lord Primate and me. My Lord is not able to come to town; which obliged me to wait on him at Johnſton, and hindered the joining of two or three biſhops in it, who are yet in town: but I ſuppoſe our ſigning is ſufficient. I went in the morning to wait on his Grace, and intended, when he had ſigned it, to have applied to other biſhops; but he was abroad taking the air, and I could not get it until it was late, and thought it better to ſign and ſend it as it is; than wait for another poſt. You

* Afterwards created Lord Viſcount Bolingbroke.

You may expect by the next a letter to his Grace of Canterbury, and another to the Archbiſhop of York. I appriſed them both of the buſineſs. The latter, if I remember right, ſpoke to her Majeſty about it. I am not ſure that her Majeſty remembers what I ſaid on that ſubject; but am ſure ſhe was pleaſed to ſeem ſatisfied with it, and to ſcruple only the time: I ſuppoſe, not thinking it fit to confer the favour ſhe deſigned the clergy of Ireland by the hands it muſt then have paſſed thro'; but ſaid, that in the interval of a change, or abſence of a chief governor, it ſhould be done. I hope now is the proper time, and that her Majeſty will rather follow the dictates of her own bountiful inclinations, than the intrigues of cunning covetous counſellors.

I thought to have troubled you with a great many things; but ſuch a crowd of viſitors have broken in upon me before I could lock my gates, that I am forced to break off abruptly, recommending you to God's care.

I am, &c.

WILLIAM, *Dublin.*

LETTER C.

The Lord Primate and Archbiſhop of Dublin to Dr* SWIFT.

SIR, *Dublin, Oct.* 24. 1710.

WE directed a letter to the biſhops of Oſſory and Killaloo laſt Auguſt, deſiring and impowering them to ſolicit the affair of our firſt fruits and twentieth parts with her Majeſty; which has depended ſo long, notwithſtanding her Majeſty's good intentions, and ſeveral promiſes of the chief governors here to lay our addreſſes before her Majeſty in the beſt manner. We were then apprehenſive, that thoſe biſhops might return from England before the buſineſs could be effected; and therefore we deſired them to concern you in it; having ſo good aſſurance of your ability, prudence, and fitneſs to proſecute ſuch a matter. We find the biſhops returned

* Dr Narciſſus Marſh.

returned before you came to London, for which we are very much concerned; and judging this the moſt proper time to proſecute it with ſucceſs, we intreat you to take the *full management* of it it into your hands; and do commit the care of ſoliciting it to your diligence and prudence; deſiring you to let us know from time to time what progreſs is made in it. And if any thing further be neceſſary on our part, on your intimation we ſhall be ready to do what ſhall be judged reaſonable.

THIS, with our prayers for the good ſucceſs of your endeavours, is all from,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

NARCISSUS, *Armagh.*
WILLIAM, *Dublin.*

LETTER CI.

The Archbiſhop of Dublin to Dr SWIFT.

SIR, *Dublin, Dec.* 16. 1710.

THIS is to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 20th paſt, which came not to my hands till Thurſday laſt, by reaſon of winds that kept the packets on the other ſide.

I find the matter of our firſt fruits, *&c.* is talked of now. I reckon on nothing certain, till her Majeſty's letter comes in form; and quære, why ſhould not you come, and bring it with you? It would make you a very welcome clergyman to Ireland, and be the beſt means to ſatisfy mankind how it was obtained, altho' I think that will be out of diſpute. I am very well appriſed of the diſpatch you gave this affair, and well pleaſed, that I judged better of the perſon fit to be employed than ſome of my brethren. But now it is done, as I hope it is effectually, they will aſſume as much as their neighbours; which I ſhall never contradict.

THINGS are taking a new turn here, as well as with you; and I am of opinion, by the time you come here, few

few will profeſs themſelves *Whigs*. The greateſt danger I apprehend, and which terrifies me more than perhaps you will be able to imagine, is the fury and indiſcretion of ſome of our own people, who never had any merit; but by imbroiling things they did, and I am afraid will yet do miſchief.

I heartily recommend you to God's favour;

And am, &c.

WILLIAM, *Dublin.*

N. B. *Dr Swift uſed his credit with the miniſtry for the benefit of the church of Ireland, ſo heartily and ſo effectually at this critical time, that he procured a grant from the Queen for exonerating the clergy of Ireland from paying* twentieth parts, *dated the ſeventh of February, one thouſand ſeven hundred and ten; and another grant, bearing the ſame date, to Narciſſus Lord Archbiſhop of Armagh, Sir Conſtantine Phipps, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, William Lord Archbiſhop of Dublin, John Lord Archbiſhop of Tuam, and others, of the firſt-fruits payable out of all eccleſiaſtical benefices, in truſt to be for ever applied towards purchaſing glebes, and building reſidentiary houſes for poor-endowed vicars.*

The ſucceſs of which charitable fund hitherto may be ſeen in the printed pamphlet containing an account of the firſt-fruits of Ireland.

LETTER CII.

The Archbiſhop to Dr SWIFT.

SIR, London, Suffolk-ſtreet, Nov. 22. 1716.

I Read yours of the 13th inſtant with great ſatisfaction. It is not only an advantage to you and me, that there ſhould be a good correſpondence between us, but alſo to the public; and I aſſure you I had much ado to perſuade people here, that we kept any tolerable meaſures with one another; much leſs, that there was anything of a good intelligence; and therefore you judged right, that it ought not to be ſaid, that in ſo many months I had not received any letter from you.

I do a little admire, that thoſe that ſhould be your faſteſt friends, ſhould be ſo oppoſite to acknowledge the ſervice you did *in procuring the twentieth parts and firſt-fruits*. I know no reaſon for it, except the zeal I ſhewed to do you *juſtice* in *that particular* from the beginning. But ſince I only did it, as obliged to bear teſtimony to the truth, in a matter which I certainly knew, and would have done the ſame for the worſt *enemy* I had in the world; I ſee no reaſon why you ſhould ſuffer, becauſe I among others was your witneſs. But be not concerned: ingratitude is warranted by modern and ancient cuſtom; and it is more honour for a man to have it aſked, why he had not a *ſuitable return* to his *merits*, than why he was overpaid? *Benefacere et male audire*, is the lot of the beſt men. If calumny or ingratitude could have put me out of my way, GOD knows where I ſhould have wandered by this time.

I am glad the buſineſs of St Nicholas † is over any way. My inclination was Mr Wall; that I might have joined the vicarage of Caſtle-knock to the prebend of Malahidart; which would have made a good proviſion for one man, ſerved the cures better, and yielded more then to the incumbent than it can do now, when in different hands. But I could not compaſs it without uſing more power over my clergy, than I am willing to exert. But as I am thankful to you for your condeſcenſion in that affair; ſo I will expect, that thoſe with whom you have complied, ſhould ſhew their ſenſe of it by a mutual return of the like compliance, when there ſhall be occaſion. Such reciprocal kind offices are the ground of mutual confidence and friendſhip, and the ſewel that keeps them alive: and I think, nothing can contribute more to our common eaſe, and the public good, than maintaining theſe between you and me, and with the clergy.

WE have a ſtrong report, that my Lord Bolingbroke will return here, and be pardoned; certainly it muſt not

† The Dean and chapter of St Patrick's are the appropriators of that church, and have the right of beſtowing the cure on whom *they pleaſe*.

not be for nothing. I hope, he can tell no ill ſtory of you.

I add only my prayers for you; and am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant, and brother,

WILLIAM, *Dublin.*

LETTER CIII.

Dr SWIFT *to the Archbiſhop of Dublin.*

My LORD, *Trim, Dec.* 16. 1710.

I Should be ſorry to ſee my Lord Bolingbroke following the trade of an informer; becauſe he is a perſon for whom I always had, and ſtill continue, a very great love and eſteem. For I think, as the reſt of mankind do, that informers are a deteſtable race of people, altho' they may be ſometimes neceſſary. Beſides, I do not ſee, whom his Lordſhip can inform againſt, except himſelf. He was three or four days at the court of France, while he was ſecretary; and it is barely poſſible, he might then have entered into ſome deep negotiation with the *pretender*: altho' I would not believe him, if he ſhould ſwear it; becauſe *he proteſted to me*, that he never ſaw *him but once*; and that was at a great diſtance, *in public, at an opera*. As to any others of the miniſtry at that time, I am confident he cannot accuſe them; and that they will *appear as innocent* with relation to the *pretender*, as any who are now at the helm. And as to myſelf, if I were of any importance, I ſhould be very eaſy under *ſuch an accuſation*; much eaſier, than I am to think your Grace imagineth me in any danger, or that Lord Bolingbroke ſhould have any ill ſtory to tell of me. He knoweth, and loveth, and thinketh too well of me, to be capable of ſuch an action. But I am ſurpriſed to think your Grace could talk, or act, or correſpond with me for ſome years paſt; while you muſt needs believe me a moſt falſe and vile man; declaring to you on all occaſions *my abhorrence of*

the pretender, and yet privately engaged with a miniſtry to bring him in, and therefore warning me to look to myſelf, and prepare my defence againſt a falſe BROTHER, coming over to diſcover ſuch ſecrets as would hang me. Had there been ever the leaſt *overture* or *intent* of *bringing in the pretender*, during my acquaintance with the miniſtry, I think I muſt have been very ſtupid not to have picked out ſome diſcoveries or ſuſpicions. And altho' I am not ſure I ſhould have turned informer, yet I am certain I ſhould have dropped ſome general cautions, and immediately have retired. When people ſay, things were not ripe at the Queen's death; they ſay, they know not what. Things were rotten: and had the miniſters any ſuch thoughts, they ſhould have begun three years before; and they who ſay otherwiſe, underſtand nothing of the ſtate of the kingdom at that time.

BUT whether I am miſtaken or no in other men, I beg your Grace to believe, that I am not miſtaken in myſelf. I always profeſſed to be *againſt the pretender*; and *am ſo ſtill*. And this is not to make my court, (which I know is vain); for I own myſelf full of doubts, fears, and diſſatisfactions; which I think on as ſeldom as I can: yet if I were of any value, the public may ſafely *rely on my loyalty*; becauſe I look upon the *coming of the pretender* as a greater evil, than any we are like to ſuffer under the worſt Whig miniſtry that can be found.

I have not ſpoke or thought ſo much of party theſe two years; nor could any thing have tempted me to it, but the grief I have in ſtanding ſo ill in your Grace's opinion. I beg your Grace's bleſſing;

And am, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

LETTER CIV.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

SIR, *Dec.* 14. 1719. *nine a night.*

IT is impoſſible to know by your letter whether the *wine* is to be bottled to-morrow, or no.

IF

IF it be, or be not, why did not you in plain Engliſh tell us ſo?

FOR my part, it was by mere chance I came to ſit with the ladies* this night.

AND if they had not told me there was a letter from you, and your man Alexander had not gone, and come back from the deanery, and the boy here had not been ſent to let Alexander know I was here, I ſhould have miſſed the letter outright.

TRULY I don't know who's bound to be ſending for corks to ſtop your bottles, with a vengeance.

MAKE a page of your own age, and ſend your man Alexander to buy corks, for Saunders already has gone above ten jaunts.

MRS Dingley and Mrs Johnſon ſay, truly they don't care for your wife's company, tho' they like your wine; but they had rather have it at their own houſe to drink in quiet.

HOWEVER, they own it is very civil in Mr Sheridan to make the offer; and they cannot deny it.

I wiſh Alexander ſafe at St Catherine's to-night, with all my heart and ſoul, upon my word and honour.

BUT I think it baſe in you to ſend a poor fellow out ſo late at this time of year, when one would not turn out a dog that one valued; I appeal to your friend Mr Conna.

I would preſent my humble ſervice to my Lady Mountcaſhel; but truly I thought ſhe would have made advances to have been acquainted with me, as ſhe pretended.

BUT now I can write no more, for you ſee plainly my paper is ended.

P. S. *I wiſh when you prated,*
Your letter you'd dated,
Much plague it created.

* Mrs Dingley and Mrs Johnſon, who lived at a little diſtance from the deanery.

† Swift was reſident at the deanery when this letter was written, of which every paragraph ends with a rhyme. And,

‡ Sheridan was at his country-houſe, called *Quilca*, in the county of Cavan, about eight miles from Dublin. *Hawkeſ.*

I ſco'd and rated,
My ſoul it much grated,
For your man I long waited.
I think you are fated,
Like a bear to be baited:
Your man is belated,
The caſe I have ſtated,
And me you have cheated.
My ſtable's unſtated,
Come back t'us well freighted;
I remember my late-bead,
And wiſh you tranſlated,
For teaſing me.

2P. S. *Mrs Dingley,*
Deſires me ſingly
Her ſervice to preſent you,
Hopes that will content you;
But Johnſon Madam
Is grown a ſad dame,
For want of your converſe,
And cannot ſend one verſe.

3P. S. *You keep ſuch a twattling* [Vide,
With you and your bottling, [Rule 34.
But I ſee the ſum total,
We ſhall ne'er have one bottle;
The long and the ſhort,
We ſhall not have a quart.
I wiſh you would ſign't,
That we may have a pint.
For all your colloguing,
I'd be glad of a knogging:
But I doubt 'tis a ſham,
You won't give us a dram.
'Tis of ſhine, a mouth moonfull,
You won't part with a ſpoonfull,

And I muſt be nimble,
If I can fill my thimble.
You ſee I won't ſtop,
Till I come to a drop;
But I doubt the oraculum
Is a poor ſupernaculum:
Tho' perhaps you may tell it
For a grace, if we ſmell it.

STELLA.

LETTER CV.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

Dublin, Dec. 22. 1722.

WHat care we, whether you ſwim or ſink? Is this a time to talk of boats, or a time to ſail in them, when I am ſhuddering? or a time to build boat-houſes, or pay for carriage? No; but towards ſummer, I promiſe hereby under my hand to ſubſcribe a (guinea*) ſhilling for one; or, if you pleaſe me, what is blotted out, or ſomething thereabouts; and the ladies ſhall ſubſcribe three thirteens betwixt them, and Mrs Brent a penny, and Robert and Archy halfpence a-piece, and the old man and woman a farthing each: in ſhort, I will be your collector, and we will ſend it down full of wine, a fortnight before we go at Whitſuntide. You will make eight thouſand blunders in your planting; and who can help it? for I cannot be with you. My horſes eat hay, and I hold my viſitation on January 7. juſt in the midſt of Chriſtmas. Mrs Brent is angry, and ſwears as much as a fanatic can do, that ſhe will ſubſcribe ſixpence to your boat.——Well, I ſhall be a country-man when you are not. We are now at Mr Fad's, with Dan and Sam; and I ſteal out while they are at cards, like a lover writing to his miſtreſs.———We have no news in our town. The ladies have left us to-day; and I promiſed them, that you would

* The word *guinea* is ſtruck thro' with a pen in the copy.

would carry your club to Arſellagh, when you are weary of one another. You expreſs your happineſs with grief in one hand, and ſorrow in the other. What fowl have you but the weep? what hares, but Mrs Mackfeden's grey hairs? what peaſe but your own? Your mutton and your weather are both very bad, and ſo is your weather mutton. Wild fowl is what we like.——— How will this letter get to you?——A fortnight good from this morning. You will find Quilca not the thing it was laſt Auguſt; no body to reliſh the lake; no body to ride over the downs; no trout to be caught; no dining over a well; no night heroics, no morning-epics; no ſtolen hour when the wife is gone; no creature to call you names. Poor miſerable Mr Sheridan! No blind harpers! no journeys to Rantavan! Anſwer all this, and be my *magnus Apollo*. We have new plays and new libels, and nothing valuable is old but Stella, whoſe bones ſhe recommends to you. Dan * deſires to know whether you ſaw the advertiſement of your being robbed.——And ſo I conclude,

Yours, &c.

LETTER CVI.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

Clonfert, Aug. 3. 1723.

NO; I cannot poſſibly be with you ſo ſoon; there are too many rivers, bogs, and mountains between: beſides, when I leave this, I ſhall make one or two ſhort viſits in my way to Dublin, and hope to be in town by the end of this month; tho' it will be a bad time, in the hurry of your louſy p———t. Your dream is wrong; for this biſhop † is not able to lift a cat upon my ſhoulders. But if you are for a curacy of twenty-five pounds a-year, and ride five miles every Sunday, to preach to ſix beggars, have at you. And ye

* The Reverend Mr Dan Jackſon.

† *Dr* Theophilus Bolton, afterwards Biſhop of Elphin, and *Archbiſhop of* Caſhel.

yet this is no ill country; and the biſhop has made in four months twelve miles of ditches, from his houſe to the Shannon, if you talk of improving. How are you this moment? Do you love or hate Quilca the moſt of all places? Are you in or out of humour with the world, your friends, your wife, and your ſchool? Are the ladies in town or in the country? If I knew, I would write to them, and how are they in health? Quilca (let me ſee) (you ſee I can (if I pleaſe) make parentheſes as well as others) is about a hundred miles from Clonfert; and I am half weary with the four hundred I have rode. With love and ſervice, and ſo adieu.

Yours, &c.

LETTER CVII.*

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

Jan. 25. 1725.

I Have a packet of letters, which I intended to ſend by Molly, who hath been ſtopt three days by the bad weather; but now I will ſend them by the poſt to-morrow to Kells, and incloſed to Mr Tickell †; there is one to you, and one to James Stopford.

I can do no work this terrible weather; which hath put us all ſeventy times out of patience.——I have been deaf nine days, and am now pretty well recovered again.

Pray deſire Mr Stanton ‡ and Worral ||, to continue giving themſelves ſome trouble with Mr Prat **; but let it ſucceed or not, I hope I ſhall be eaſy.

Mrs Johnſon ſwears it will rain till Michaelmas. She is ſo pleaſed with her pick-ax, that ſhe wears it faſtened to her girdle on her left ſide, in balance with her watch. The lake is ſtrangely overflown, and we are deſperate about turf, being forced to buy it three miles off: and Mrs

* This ſeems to be written from Quilca.

† Thomas Tickell, Eſq; a very ingenious poet, ſecretary to the Lords Juſtices of Ireland.

‡ Dr Stanton, a Maſter in chancery.

|| Reverend Mr John Worral, the Dean's vicar.

** Deputy Vice-treaſurer of Ireland.

Mrs Johnſon (God help her) gives you many a curſe. Your maſon is come, but cannot yet work upon your garden. Neither can I agree with him about the great wall. For the reſt, *vide* the letter you will have on Monday, if Mr Tickell uſes you well.

THE news of this country is, that the maid you ſent down, John Farelly's ſiſter, is married; but the portion and ſettlement are yet a ſecret. The cows here never give milk on Midſummer-eve *.

YOU would wonder, what carking and caring there is among us for ſmall beer, and lean mutton, and ſtarved lamb, and ſtopping gaps, and driving cattle from the corn. In that we are all-to-be-*Dingleyed*.

THE ladies room ſmokes; the rain drops from the ſkies into the kitchen; our ſervants eat and drink like the devil, and pray for rain, which entertains them at cards and ſleep; which are much lighter than ſpades, ſledges, and crows. Their maxim is,

Eat like a Turk,
Sleep like a dormouſe;
Be laſt at work,
At victuals foremoſt.

Which is all at preſent; hoping you and your good family are well, as we, *&c.* are all at this preſent writing, *&c.*

ROBIN has juſt carried out a load of bread and cold meat for breakfaſt. This is their way; but now a cloud hangs over them, for fear it ſhould hold up, and the clouds blow off.

I write on till Molly comes in for the letter. O, what a draggle-tail will ſhe be before ſhe gets to Dublin! I wiſh ſhe may not happen to fall upon her back by the way.

I affirm againſt Ariſtotle, that cold and rain congregate homogenes; for they gather together you and your crew, at whiſt, punch, and claret. Happy weather for Mrs Mau, Betty, and Stopford, and all true lovers of cards and lazineſs.

The

* *Being* the time maids go out to try pranks about their ſweethearts. *Hawkeſ.*

The bleſſings of a country-life.

Far from our debtors,
No Dublin letters,
Not ſeen by our betters.

The plagues of a country-life.

A companion with news,
A great want of ſhoes;
Eat lean meat, or chuſe;
A church without pews.
Our horſes aſtray,
No ſtraw, oats, or hay;
December in May,
Our boys run away,
All ſervants at play,
Molly ſends for the letter.

LETTER CVIII.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

Quilca, June 28. 1725.

YOU run out of your time ſo merrily, that you are forced to anticipate it, like a young heir, that nds his fortune faſter than it comes in: for your er is dated to-morrow, June 29. and God knows when vas writ, or what Saturday you mean: but I ſuppoſe the next; and therefore your own mare, and Dr ift's horſe or mare, or ſome other horſe or mare, with r own mare aforeſaid, ſhall ſet out on Wedneſday t, which will be June 30. and ſo they will have two hts reſt, if you begin your journey on Saturday. You an unlucky devil, to get a living the furtheſt in the gdom from Quilca *. If it be worth two hundred nd a-year, my Lord Lieutenant hath but barely kept his

* In the county of Cork.

his word; for the other fifty muſt go in a curate and viſitation-charges, and poxes, proxies I mean. If you are under the Biſhop of Cork *, he is a capricious gentleman: but you muſt flatter him monſtrouſly, upon his learning and his writings; that you have read his book againſt Toland a hundred times, and his ſermons (if he has printed any) have been always your model, &c. Be not diſappointed, if your living does not anſwer the ſum. Get letters of recommendation to the Biſhop and principal clergy, and to your neighbouring parſon or parſons particularly. I often adviſed you to get ſome knowledge of tythes and church-livings. You muſt learn the extent of your pariſh, the general quantity of arable land and paſture in your pariſh, the common rate of tythes, for an acre of the ſeveral ſorts of corn, and of fleeces and lambs, and to ſee whether you have any glebe. Pray act like a man of this world. I doubt, being ſo far off, you muſt not let your living, as I do, to the ſeveral farmers, but to one man: but, by all means, do not now let it for more than one year, till you are ſurely appriſed of the real worth; and even then, never let it for above three. Pray take my advice for once, and be very buſy while you are there. It is one good circumſtance, that you got ſuch a living in a convenient time, and juſt when tythes are fit to be let; only wool and lamb are due in ſpring, or perhaps belong to the late incumbent. You may learn all on the ſpot, and your neighbouring parſons may be very uſeful, if they pleaſe; but do not let them be your tenants. Adviſe with Archdeacon Wall, but do not follow him in all things. Take care of the principal 'ſquire, or 'ſquires; they will all tell you the worſt of your living; ſo will the proctors and tythe-jobbers; but you will pick out truth from among them. Pray, ſhew yourſelf a man of abilities. After all, I am but a weak brother myſelf; perhaps ſome clergy in Dublin, who know that country, will further inform you. Mr Townſend of Cork will do you any good offices on my account, without any letter.——Take the oaths heartily to the powers that be, and remember that party was not made

* Dr Peter Browne.

made for depending puppies. I forgot one principal thing, to take care of going regularly thro' all the forms of oaths and inductions; for the leaſt wrong ſtep will put you to the trouble of repaſſing your patent, or voiding your living———

LETTER CIX.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

Quilca, June 29. 1725.

I Writ to you yeſterday, and ſaid as many things as I could then think on, and gave it a boy of Kells, who brought me yours. It is ſtrange, that I, and Stella, and Mrs Macfadin, ſhould light on the ſame thought, to adviſe you to make a great appearance of temperance while you are abroad. But Mrs Johnſon and I go further, and ſay, you muſt needs obſerve all grave forms, for the want of which both you and I have ſuffered. On ſuppoſal that you are under the Biſhop of Cork, I ſend you a letter incloſed to him, which I deſire you will ſeal. Mrs Johnſon put me in mind to caution you not to drink or pledge any health in his company; for you know his weak ſide in that matter*. I hope Mr Tickell has not complimented you with what ſees are due to him for your patent. I wiſh you would ſay to him, (if he refuſes them), that I told you, it was Mr Addiſon's maxim to excuſe no body; for here, ſays he, I may have forty friends, whoſe fees may be two guineas a-piece; then I loſe eighty guineas, and my friends ſave but two a-piece.

I muſt tell you, Dan Jackſon ruined his living, by huddling over the firſt year, and then hoping to mend it the next. Therefore pray take all the care you can, to inquire into the value, and ſet it at the beſt rate to ſubſtantial people.

I know not whether you are under the Biſhop of Cork or no; if not, you may burn the letter.

I muſt deſire, that you will not think of enlarging your

* He wrote a pamphlet againſt drinking to the memory of the dead.

expences, no not for ſome years to come, much leſs at preſent, but rather retrench them. You might have lain deſtitute till Antichriſt came, for any thing you could have got from thoſe you uſed to treat. Neither let me hear of one rag of better cloaths for your wife or brats, but rather plainer than ever. This is poſitively Stella's advice as well as mine. She ſays, now you need not be aſhamed to be thought poor.

We compute, you cannot be leſs than thirty days abſent; and pray do not employ your time in lolling a-bed till noon to read Homer, but mind your buſineſs effectually. And we think you ought to have no breaking up this Auguſt; but affect to adhere to your ſchool cloſer than ever; becauſe you will find, that your ill-wiſhers will give out, you are now going to quit your ſchool, ſince you have got preferment, *&c.*

Pray ſend me a large bundle of exerciſes, good as well as bad; for I want ſomething to read.

I would have you carry down threee or four ſermons, and preach every Sunday at your own church, and be very devout.

I ſent you in my laſt a bill of twenty pound on Mr Worral†; I hope you have received it.

Pray remember to leave the pamphlet with Worral, and give him directions, unleſs you have ſettled it already ſome other way. You know it muſt come out juſt when the parliament meets

Keep thoſe letters, where I adviſe you about your living, till you have taken advice.

Keep very regular hours for the ſake of your health and credit; and where-ever you lie a night within twenty miles of your livings, be ſure call the family that evening to prayers.

I deſire you will vet no commiſſion with your old crew, nor with any but thoſe who befriend you, as Mr Tickell, *&c.*

LET-

† The Rev. Mr John Worral, Vicar to the Biſhop of Kildare, as Dean of Chriſt-church; as alſo to the Dean of St Patrick's. D. edit.

LETTER CX.

Dr SWIFT *to Lord* CARTERET.

My LORD, *July* 3. 1725.

I Am obliged to return your Excellency my moſt humble thanks for your favour to Mr Sheridan, becauſe when I recommended him to you, I received a very gracious anſwer; and yet I am ſenſible that your chief motive to make ſome proviſion for him was, what became a great and good perſon, your diſtinguiſhing him as a man of learning, and one who deſerved encouragement, on account of his great diligence and ſucceſs in a moſt laborious and difficult employment †.

SINCE your Excellency hath had an opportunity, ſo early in your government, of gratifying your Engliſh dependents by a biſhoprick, and the beſt deanery in the kingdom ‡; I cannot but hope, that the clergy of Ireland will have their ſhare in your patronage. There is hardly a gentleman in the nation, who hath not a near alliance with ſome of that body; and moſt of them who have ſons, uſually breed one of them to the church; altho' they have been of late years much diſcouraged, and diſcontented, by ſeeing ſtrangers to the country almoſt perpetually taken into the greateſt eccleſiaſtical preferments, and too often under governors very different from your Excellency; the choice of perſons was not to be accounted for either to prudence or juſtice.

THE misfortune of having biſhops perpetually from England, as it muſt needs quench the ſpirit of emulation among us, to excel in learning and the ſtudy of divinity, ſo it produceth another great diſcouragement, that thoſe prelates uſually draw after them, colonies of ſons, nephews, couſins, or old college-companions, to whom they beſtow the beſt preferments in their gift; and thus the young men ſent into the church from the univerſity here, have no better proſpect, than to be curates, or ſmall country-vicars, for life.

† A ſchoolmaſter.
‡ Downe.

It will become ſo excellent a governor as you, a little to moderate this great partiality; wherein, as you will act with juſtice and reaſon, ſo you will gain the thanks and prayers of the whole nation, and take away one great cauſe of univerſal diſcontent. For I believe your Excellency will agree, that there is not another kingdom in Europe, where the natives (even thoſe deſcended from the conquerors) have been treated, as if they were almoſt unqualified for any employment, either in church or ſtate.

Your Excellency, when I had the honour to attend you, was pleaſed to let me name ſome clergymen, who are generally underſtood by their brethren to be the moſt diſtinguiſhed for their learning and piety I remember the perſons were, Dr Delany Dr Ward of the North, Mr Ecklin, Mr Synge of Dublin, and Mr Corbet. They were named by me, without any regard to friendſhip, having little commerce with moſt of them, but only to the univerſal character they bear. This was the method I always took with my Lord Oxford, at his own command; who was pleaſed to believe I would not be ſwayed by any private affections, and confeſſed I never deceived him; for I always dealt openly, when I offered any thing in behalf of a friend, which was but ſeldom; becauſe, in that caſe, I generally made uſe of the common method at court, to ſolicit by another.

I ſhall ſay nothing of the young men among the clergy; of whom the three hopefulleſt are ſaid to be, Mr Stopford, Mr King, and Mr Dobbs, all fellows of the college †; of whom I am only acquainted with the firſt. But theſe are not likely to be great expectors under your Excellency's adminiſtration, according to the uſual period of governors here.

If I have dealt honeſtly, in repreſenting ſuch perſons among the clergy as are generally allowed to have the moſt merit. I think I have done you a ſervice, and I am ſure I have made you a great compliment. by diſtinguiſhing you from moſt great men I have known theſe thirty years paſt; whom I have always obſerved to act, as if they never received a true character, nor had any value for

† The univerſity of Dublin.

for the beſt, and conſequently diſpenſed their favours without the leaſt regard to abilities or virtue. And this defect I have often found among thoſe from whom I leaſt expected it.

THAT your Excellency may long live a bleſſing and ornament to your country, by purſuing, as you have hitherto done, the ſteps of honour and virtue, is the moſt earneſt wiſh and prayer of,

My LORD,
Your Excellency's moſt obedient,
and moſt humble ſervant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

LETTER CXI.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

Quilca, Sept. 11. 1725.

IF you are indeed a diſcarded courtier, you have reaſon to complain, but none at all to wonder. You are too young for many experiences to fall in your way, yet you have read enough to make you know the nature of man. It is ſafer for a man's intereſt to blaſpheme God, than to be of a party out of power, or even to be thought ſo. And ſince the laſt was the caſe, how could you imagine, that all mouths would not be open when you were received, and in ſome manner preferred by the government; tho' in a poor way? I tell you, there is hardly a Whig in Ireland, who would allow a potato and butter-milk to a reputed Tory. Neither is there any thing in your countrymen upon this article, more than what is common in all other nations, only *quoad majus et minus*. Too much advertency is not your talent, or elſe you had fled from that text, as from a rock †. For, as Don Quixote ſaid to Sancho, what buſineſs had

† *Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof*; on which Dr Sheridan preached at his pariſh church on the 1ſt of Auguſt. See a vindication of his Excellency John Lord Carteret, vol. 3. *Hawkeſ.*

you to ſpeak of a halter, in a family where one of it was hanged? And your innocence is a protection that wiſe men are aſhamed to rely on, further than with God. It is indeed againſt common ſenſe, to think, that you ſhould chuſe ſuch a time when you had received a favour from the Lord Lieutenant, and had reaſon to expect more, to diſcover your diſloyalty in the pulpit. But what will that avail? Therefore ſit down and be quiet, and mind your buſineſs as you ſhould do, and contract your friendſhips, and expect no more from man than ſuch an animal is capable of; and you will every day find my deſcription of Yahoos more reſembling. You ſhould think and deal with every man as a villain, without calling him ſo, or flying from him, or valuing him leſs. This is an old true leſſon. You believe every one will acquit you of any regard to temporal intereſt; and how came you to claim an exception from all mankind? I believe you value your temporal intereſt as much as any body, but you have not the arts of purſuing it. You are miſtaken. Domeſtic evils are no more within a man than others; and he who cannot bear up againſt the firſt, will ſink under the ſecond; and, in my conſcience, I believe this is your caſe; for being of a weak conſtitution, in an employment precarious and tireſome, loaden with children, *cum uxore neque leni neque commoda*, a man of intent and abſtracted thinking, inſlaved by mathematics and complaint of the world, this new weight of party-malice hath ſtruck you down, like a feather on a horſe's back, already loaden as far as he is able to bear. You ought to change the apoſtle's expreſſion, and ſay, I will ſtrive to learn in whatever ſtate, *&c.*

I will bear none of your viſions: you ſhall live at Quilca but three fortnights and a month in the year; perhaps not ſo much. You ſhall make no entertainments but what are neceſſary to your intereſts; for your true friends would rather ſee you over a piece of mutton and a bottle once a-quarter. You ſhall be merry at the expence of others; you ſhall take care of your health, and go early to bed, and not read late at night; and laugh with all men, without truſting any; and then a fig for the contrivers of your ruin, who now have no further thoughts than to ſtop your progreſs, which perhaps they

may

may not compaſs, unleſs I am deceived more than is uſual. All this you will do, *ſi mihi credis*, and not dream of printing your ſermon, which is a project abounding with objections unanſwerable, and with which I could fill this letter. You ſay nothing of having preached before the Lord Lieutenant, nor whether he is altered towards you; for you ſpeak nothing but generals. You think all the world has now nothing to do, but to pull Mr Sheridan down; whereas it is nothing but a ſlap in your turn, and away. Lord Oxford ſaid once to me on an occaſion, Theſe fools, becauſe they hear a noiſe about their ears of their own making, think the whole world is full of it.—When I come to town, we will change all this ſcene, and act like men of the world. Grow rich, and you will have no enemies. Go ſometimes to the caſtle; keep faſt Mr Tickell and Balaguer †; frequent thoſe on the right ſide, friends to the preſent powers; drop thoſe who are loud on the wrong party, becauſe they know they can ſuffer nothing by it.

LETTER CXII.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

Quilca, Sept. 19. 1725.

WE have prevailed with Neal, in ſpite of his harveſt, to carry up Miſs, with your directions; and it is high time, for ſhe was run almoſt wild, tho' we have ſomething civilized her ſince ſhe came among us. You are too ſhort in circumſtances. I did not hear you was forbid preaching. Have you ſeen my Lord? Who forbad you to preach? Are you no longer chaplain? Do you never go to the caſtle? Are you certain of the accuſer, that it is Tigh? Do you think my Lord acts thus, becauſe he fears it would breed ill humour, if he ſhould openly favour one who is looked on as of a different party? I think that is too mean for him. I do not much diſapprove your letter, but I think it a wrong

† Private ſecretary to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. *Dub. edit.*

method. Pray read over the incloſed twice; and if you do not diſlike it, let it be ſent (not by a ſervant of yours, nor from you) to Mr Tickell. There the caſe is ſtated as well as I could do it in generals, for want of knowing particulars. When I come to town, I ſhall ſee the Lord Lieutenant, and be as free with him as poſſible. In the mean time, I believe it may keep cold; however adviſe with Mr Tickell and Mr Balaguer. I ſhould fancy, that the Biſhop of Limerick† could eaſily ſatisfy his Excellency, and that my Lord Lieutenant believes no more of your guilt than I: and therefore it can be nothing but to ſatisfy the noiſe of party at this juncture that he acts as he does; and if ſo, (as I am confident it is), the effect will ceaſe with the cauſe. But, without doubt, Tigh and others have dinned the words *Tory* and *Jacobite* into his Excellency's ears, and therefore your text, *&c.* was only made uſe of as an opportunity.

Upon the whole matter, you are no loſer, but at leaſt have got ſomething. Therefore be not like him who hanged himſelf, becauſe going into a gaming-houſe, and winning ten thouſand pounds, he loſt five thouſand of it, and came away with only half his winnings. When my Lord is in London, we may clear a way to him to do you another job, and you are young enough to wait.

We ſet out to Dublin on Monday the 5th of October, and hope to ſup at the deanery the next night; where you will come to us. if you are not already engaged.

I am grown a bad bailiff towards the end of my ſervice. Your hay is well brought in, and better ſtacked than uſual. All here are well.

I know not what you mean by my having ſome ſport ſoon; I hope it is no ſport that will vex me.

Pray do not forget to ſeal the incloſed before you ſend it.

I ſend you back your letter to the Lord Lieutenant.

LET

† Dr William Burſcow.

LETTER CXIII.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

Quilca, Sept. 25. 1725.

YOur confuſion hindered you from giving any rational account of your diſtreſs, till this laſt letter; and therein you are imperfect enough. However, with much ado we have now a tolerable underſtanding how things ſtand. We had a paper ſent incloſed, ſubſcribed by Mr Ford, as we ſuppoſe: it is in print, and we all approve it; and this I ſuppoſe is the ſport I was to expect. I do think it is agreed, that all animals fight with the weapons natural to them, (which is a new and wiſe remark out of my own head); and the devil take that animal who will not offend his enemy, when he is provoked, with his proper weapon; and tho' your old dull horſe little values the blows I give him with the butt end of my ſtick, yet I ſtrick on, and make him wince in ſpite of his dulneſs; and he ſhall not fail of them while I am here; and I hope you will do ſo too to the beaſt who has kicked againſt you, and try how far his inſenſibility will protect him; and you ſhall have help, and he will be vexed; for ſo I found your horſe this day, tho' he would not move the faſter. I will kill that flea or louſe which bites me, tho' I get no honour by it.

Laudari ab iis, quos omnes laudant, is a maxim; and the contrary is equally true. Thank you for the offer of your mare; and how a pox could you come without her? They pulled off hers and your horſe's ſhoes for fear of being rode, and then they rode them without ſhoes, and ſo I was forced to ſhoe them again. All the fellows here would be Tighs, if they were but privy counſellors. You will never be at eaſe for your friend's horſes or your own, till you have walled in a park of twenty acres, which I would have done next ſpring.

You ſay not a word of the letter I ſent you for Mr Tickell, whether you ſent it him or no; and yet it was very

very material that I ſhould know it. The two devils of inadvertency and forgetfulneſs have got faſt hold on you. I think you need not quit his and Balaguer's company, for the reaſon I mentioned in that letter; becauſe they are above ſuſpicions, as *whiggiſſimi* and *unſuſpectiſſimi*. When the Lord Lieutenant goes for England, I have a method to ſet you right with him, I hope; as I will tell you when I come to town, if I do not Sheridan it. I mean forget it.

I did a Sheridaniſm; I told you I had loſt your letter incloſed, which you intended to Lord Carteret, and yet I have it ſafe here.

LETTER CXIV.

An anſwer to Lord PALMERSTON's *civil polite letter.* [So indorſed.]

My LORD, *Jan.* 31. 1725-6.

I Deſire you will give yourſelf the laſt trouble I ſhall ever put you to. I do entirely acquit you of any injury or injuſtice done to Mr Curtis†; and if you had read that paſſage in my letter a ſecond time, you could not poſſibly have ſo ill underſtood me. The injury and injuſtice the young man received were from thoſe who, claiming a title to his chambers, took away his key; and reviled and threatened to beat him; with a great deal of the like monſtrous conduct: whereupon, at his requeſt, I laid the caſe before you‖, as it appeared to me. And it would have been very ſtrange, if on account of a trifle, and of a perſon for whom I have no concern further than as he was once employed by me, on the character he bears of piety and learning, I ſhould charge you with injury and injuſtice to him, when I know

† A reſident maſter in Trinity colledge, whom the Dean made one of the four minor canons of St Patrick's cathedral. *Dub. edit.*

‖ Lord Viſcount Palmerſton (nephew to Sir William Temple) hath a right to beſtow two handſome chambers in the univerſity of Dublin upon ſuch ſtudents as he and his heirs ſhall think proper, *on account* of the benefactions of this family towards the college-*buildings. Dub. edit.*

know from himself and Mr Reading, that you were not answerable for either.

As you state the case of tenant at will, I fully agree that no law can compel you; but law was not at all in my thoughts.

Now, my Lord, if what I writ of injury and injustice were wholly applied in plain terms to one or two of the colledge here, whose names were below my remembrance; you will consider how I could deserve an answer in every line full of foul insinuations, open reproaches, jesting flirts, and contumelious terms; and what title you claim to give me such treatment. I own my obligation to Sir William Temple†, for recommending me to the late King, altho' without success; and for his choice of me to take care of his posthumous writings. But I hope you will not charge my being in his family as an obligation; for I was educated to little purpose, if I had chosen his house on any other motives, than the benefit of his conversation and advice, and the opportunity of pursuing my studies. For being born to no fortune, I was at his death as much to seek it as ever: and perhaps you will allow, that I was of some use to him. This I will venture to say, that in the time when I had some little credit, I did fifty times more for fifty people, from whom I never received the least service or assistance; yet I should not be pleased to hear a relation of mine reproaching them with ingratitude, altho' many of them well deserve it. For thanks to party, I have met in both kingdoms with ingratitude enough.

If I have been ill informed, you have not been much better, that I *declared no great regard to your family*; for so you express yourself. I never had occasion or opportunity

† After Mr Swift left the university of Dublin, Sir William Temple (whose father, Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, had been a friend to the family) invited our young author to spend some time with him at Moore-park in England, for the sake of his conversation; where he pursued his studies thro' all the Greek and Roman historians. Here it was he was introduced by his friend to King William, when his Majesty used to pay frequent visits to that great minister, after he had retired from public business to his seat at Moore park. *Dub. edit.*—There is not the least reason to believe, that Sir William Temple was visited by K. William at Moore-park. *H.*

tunity to make uſe of any ſuch words. The laſt time I ſaw you in London, was the laſt intercourſe that I remember to have had with your family. But having always truſted to my own innocence, I was never inquiſitive to know my accuſers. When I mentioned my loſs of intereſt with you, I did it with concern; and I had no reſentment; becauſe I ſuppoſed it to ariſe only from different ſentiments in public matters.

My Lord, if my letter were *polite*, it was againſt my intention, and I intreat your pardon for it. If I have *wit*, I will keep it to ſhew when I am angry; which at preſent I am not: becauſe altho' nothing can excuſe thoſe intemperate words your pen hath let fall, yet I ſhall give allowance to a haſty perſon, hurried on by a miſtake beyond all rules of decency. If a firſt miniſter of ſtate had uſed me as you have done, he ſhould have heard from me in another ſtyle; becauſe, in that caſe, retaliating would be thought a mark of courage. But as your Lordſhip is not in a ſituation to do me good, nor, I am ſure, of a diſpoſition to do me miſchief; ſo I ſhould loſe the merit of being bold, becauſe I incurred no danger.

In this point alone we are exactly equal; but in wit and politeneſs I am as ready to yield to you, as in titles and eſtate.

I have found out one ſecret; that altho' you call me a *great wit*, you do not think me ſo; otherwiſe you would have been cautious to have writ me ſuch a letter.

You conclude with ſaying, you are ready to aſk pardon where you have offended. Of this I acquit you, becauſe I have not taken the offence; but whether you will acquit yourſelf, muſt be left to your conſcience and honour.

I have formerly, upon occaſions, been your humble ſervant in Ireland, and ſhould not refuſe to be ſo ſtill; but you have ſo uſeful and excellent a friend in Mr Reading that you need no other; and I hope my good opinion of him will not leſſen yours. I am,

My Lord,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

Jon. Swift.

L. E T.

LETTER CXV.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

Good DOCTOR, *London, July* 8. 1726.

I Have had two months of great uneaſineſs, at the ill account of Mrs Johnſon's health; and as it is uſual, feared the worſt that was poſſible, and doubted all the good accounts that were ſent me. I pray God, her danger may warn her, to be leſs wilful, and more ready to fall into thoſe meaſures that her friends and phyſicians adviſe her to. I had a letter two days ago from Archdeacon Wall, dated ſix days before yours, wherein he gives me a better account than you do; and therefore I apprehend ſhe hath not mended ſince; and yet he ſays, he *can honeſtly tell me ſhe is now much better*. Pray thank the Archdeacon, and tell him you are to have a ſhare in this letter; and therefore I will ſave him the trouble of another. Tell him alſo, that I never aſked for my 1000 l. which he hears I have got; tho' I mentioned it to the Princeſs the laſt time I ſaw her; but I bid her tell Walpole †, I ſcorn to aſk him for it. But blot out this paſſage, and mention it to no one except the ladies; becauſe I know Mrs Johnſon would be pleaſed with it, and I will not write to them till I hear from them; therefore this letter is theirs as well as yours. The Archdeacon further ſays, that Mrs Johnſon has not taſted claret for ſeveral months, but once at his houſe. This I diſlike. I cannot tell who is the fourth of your friends, unleſs it be yourſelf. I am ſorry for your new laborious ſtudies; but the beſt of it is, they will *not* be your own another day. I thank you for your new ſtyle, and moſt uſeful quotations. I am only concerned, that altho' you get the *grace of the houſe*, you will never get the grace of the town; but die plain Sheridan, or Tom at moſt, becauſe it is a ſyllable ſhorter than Doctor. How-

† Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford. He was Firſt Commiſſioner of the Treaſury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. He died in February 1744, in the 71ſt year of his age.

ever, I will give it you at length in the ſuperſcription; and people will ſo wonder how the news could come and return ſo quick to and from England, eſpecially if the wind be fair when the packet goes over; and let me warn you to be very careful in ſending for your letters two days after the commencement. You loſt one poſt by my being out of town; for I came hither to-day, and ſhall ſtay three or four upon ſome buſineſs; and then go back to Mr Pope's, and there continue till Auguſt, and then come to town, till I begin my journey to Ireland, which I propoſe the middle of Auguſt. My old ſervant Archy is here ruined and ſtarving, and has purſued me, and wrote me a letter; but I have refuſed to ſee him. Our friend at the caſtle writ to me two months ago, to have a ſight of thoſe papers, &c. of which I brought away a copy. I have anſwered him, that whatever papers I have, are conveyed from one place to another, thro' nine or ten hands, and that I have the key. If he ſhould mention any thing of papers in general, either to you or the ladies, and that you can bring it in, I would have you and them to confirm the ſame ſtory, and laugh at my humour in it, &c. My ſervice to Dr Delany, Dr Helſham, the Grattons, and Jackſons. There is not ſo deſpiſed a creature here as your friend, with the ſoft verſes on children. I heartily pity him.—This is the firſt time I was ever weary of England, and longed to be in Ireland; but it is becauſe go I muſt; for I do not love Ireland better, nor England, as England, worſe. In ſhort, you all live in a wretched, dirty dog-hole and priſon; but it is a place good enough to die in. I can tell you one thing, that I have had the faireſt offer made me of a ſettlement here that one can imagine, which, if I were ten years younger, I would gladly accept, within twelve miles of London, and in the midſt of my friends. But I am too old for new ſchemes, and eſpecially ſuch as would bridle me in my freedoms and liberalities. But ſo it is, that I muſt be forced to get home, partly by ſtealth, and partly by force. I have indeed one temptation for this winter, much ſtronger, which is, of a fine houſe, and garden and park, and wine-cellar in France, to paſs away winter in; and if Mrs Johnſon were not ſo out of order, I would certainly

certainly accept of it ‡; and I wish she could go to Montpellier at the same time. You see I am grown visionary, and therefore it is time to have done. Adieu.

LETTER CXVI.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

‖ *July 27. 1726.*

I Have yours just now of the 19th; and the account you give me, is nothing but what I have some time expected with the utmost agonies; and there is one aggravation of constraint, that where I am, I am forced to put on an easy countenance. It was at this time the best office your friendship could do, not to deceive me. I was violently bent all last year, as I believe you remember, that she should go to Montpellier, or Bath, or Tunbridge. I intreated, if there was no amendment, they might both come to London. But there was a fatality, altho' I indeed think her stamina could not last much longer, when I saw she could take no nourishment. I look upon this to be the greatest event that can ever happen to me; but all my preparations will not suffice to make me bear it like a philosopher, nor altogether like a Christian. There hath been the most intimate friendship between us from her childhood; and the greatest merit on her side, that ever was in one human creature towards another.——Nay, if I were now near her, I would not see her; I could not behave myself tolerably, and should redouble her sorrow.——Judge in what a temper of mind I write this.——The very time I am writing, I conclude the fairest soul in the world hath left its body.——Confusion! that I am this moment called down to a visitor, when I am in the country, and not in my power to deny myself.——I have passed a very constrained hour, and now return to say I know not what. I have been long weary of the world,

X 2 and

‡ Lord Bolingbroke invited the Dean to spend a winter with him at his house in France, on the banks of the Loire.

‖ This was written from Mr Pope's at Twickenham.

and ſhall, for my ſmall remainder of years, be weary of life; having for ever loſt that converſation which could only make it tolerable.—I fear while you are reading this, you will be ſhedding tears at her funeral. She loved you well, and a great ſhare of the little merit I have with you, is owing to her ſolicitations.

I writ to you about a week ago †.

LETTER CXVII.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

London, May 13. 1727.

THis goes by a private hand; for my writing is too much known, and my letters often ſtopt and opened. I had yours of the 4th inſtant; and it is the only one I have received out of Ireland, ſince I left you. I hardly thought our friend would be in danger by a cold. I am of opinion ſhe ſhould be generally in the country, and only now and then viſit the town.——We are here in a ſtrange ſituation; a firm ſettled reſolution to aſſault the preſent adminiſtration, and break it, if poſſible. It is certain, that Walpole is peeviſh and diſconcerted, ſtoops to the vileſt offices of hireling ſcoundrels, to write Billingſgate of the loweſt and moſt proſtitute kind; and has none but beaſts and blockheads for his penmen, whom he pays in ready guineas very liberally. I am in high diſpleaſure with him and his partiſans. A great man, who was very kind to me laſt year, doth not take the leaſt notice of me at the Prince's court, and there hath not been one of them to ſee me. I am adviſed by all my friends, not to go to France, (as I intended for two months), for fear of their vengeance in a manner which they cannot execute here.——I reckon there will be a warm winter, wherein my comfort is, I ſhall have no concern. I deſire you will read this letter to none but our two friends, and Mr P———. His couſin with the

† Soon after the date of this letter, the Dean went back to *Ireland*; but Mrs Johnſon recovering a moderate ſtate of health, he returned again to England the beginning of the year 1727. *Hawkes*

the red ribband inquired very kindly after him.—I hear no news about your Biſhops, farther than that the Lord Lieutenant ſtickles to have them of Ireland; which Walpole always is averſe from, but does not think it worth his trouble, to exert his credit on ſuch trifles. The diſpute about a war or no war ſtill continues, and the major part inclines to the latter, altho' ten thouſand men are ordered for Holland. But this will bring ſuch an addition to our debts, that it will give great advantages againſt thoſe in power, in the next ſeſſions. Walpole laughs at all this, but not ſo heartily as he uſed. I have at laſt ſeen the Princeſs‖ twice this week, by her own commands. She retains her old civility, and I my old freedom. She charges me, without ceremony, to be author of a bad book†, tho' I told her how angry the miniſtry were; but ſhe aſſures me, that both ſhe and the P——— were very well pleaſed with every particular; but I diſowned the whole affair, as you know I very well might; only gave her leave, ſince ſhe liked the book, to ſuppoſe what author ſhe pleaſed.—You will wonder to find me ſay ſo much of politics; but I keep very bad company, who are full of nothing elſe. Pray be very careful of your charge, or I ſhall order my lodgers the bulk of their glaſſes, and the number of their bottles.—I ſtole this time to write to you, having very little to ſpare. I go as ſoon as poſſible to the country, and ſhall rarely ſee this town.

My ſervice to all friends.

I deſire you will ſend me ſix ſets of the edition of the Drapiers, by the firſt convenience of any friend or acquaintance that comes hither.

LETTER CXVIII.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

London, June 24. 1727.

I Have received your laſt, with the incloſed print. I deſire you will let Dr Delany know, that I tranſcribed

X 3

‖ Caroline Princeſs of Wales, afterwards Queen, conſort of King George II.

† Gulliver's travels.

bed the ſubſtance of his letter, and the tranſlation of what was regiſtered; and added a whole ſtate of the caſe, and gave it to Mrs Howard, to give to the Prince* from me, and to deſire, that, as Chancellor, he would do what he thought moſt fit. I forgot to aſk Mrs Howard † what was done in it, the next time I ſaw her; and the day I came to town, came the news of the King's‡ death, of which I ſent particulars the very ſame day to our friend; ſince then we have been all in a hurry, with millions of ſchemes. I deferred kiſſing the King's and Queen's hands till the third day, when my friends at court chid me for deferring it ſo long. I have been, and am ſo extremely buſy, that tho' I begin this letter, I cannot finiſh it till next poſt; for now it is the laſt moment it can go, and I have much more to ſay. I was juſt ready to go to France, when the news of the King's death arrived, and I came to town, in order to begin my journey. But I was deſired to delay it; and I then determined it a ſecond time; when, upon ſome new incidents, I was with great vehemence diſſuaded from it, by certain perſons whom I could not diſobey. Thus things ſtand with me. My ſtomach is pretty good; but for ſome days my head has not been right, yet it is what I have been formerly uſed to. Here is a ſtrange world; and our friend would reproach me for my ſhare in it. But it ſhall be ſhort, for I deſign ſoon to return into the country. I am thinking of a chancellor for the univerſity, and have pitched upon one; but whether he will like it, or my word be of any uſe, I know not. The talk is now for a moderating ſcheme, wherein no body ſhall be uſed the worſe or better, for being called Whig or Tory; and the King hath received both with great equality, ſhewing civilities to ſeveral who are openly known to be the latter. I prevailed with a dozen, that we ſhould go in a line to kiſs the King's and Queen's hands. We have now done with repining, if we ſhall be uſed well, and not baited as formerly. We all agree

in

* His Royal Highneſs George Prince of Wales, Chancellor of the univerſity of Dublin, now King.

† Afterwards Counteſs of Suffolk.

‡ King George I. He died June 11. 1727.

in it; and if things no not mend, it is not our faults: we have made our offers: if otherwiſe, we are as we were. It is agreed the miniſtry will be changed, but the others will have a ſoft fall; altho' the King muſt be exceſſive generous, if he forgives the treatment of ſome people. I writ long ago my thoughts to my vice-roy, and he may proceed as he ſhall be adviſed. But if the Archbiſhop * goes on to proceed to *ſub pœna contemptus, &c.* I would have an appeal at proper time; which, I ſuppoſe, muſt be to delegates, or the crown, I know not which. However, I will ſpend a hundred or two pounds rather than be enſlaved, or betray a right which I do not value threepence, but my ſucceſſors may. My ſervice to all friends; and ſo thinking I have ſaid enough, I bid you farewel heartily, and long to eat of your fruit, for I dare eat none here. It hath coſt me five ſhillings in victuals ſince I came here, and ten pounds to ſervants where I have dined. I ſuppoſe my agent † in Sheep-ſtreet takes care and inquires about my new agent.

LETTER CXIX.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, July 1. 1727.

I Had yours of June 22. You complain of not hearing from me; I never was ſo conſtant a writer. I have writ ſix times to our friends, and as many to you. Mr Pope is reading your Perſius. He is frequently ſick, and ſo at this time. He has read it, but you muſt wait till next letter for his judgment. He would know whether it is deſigned for an elegant tranſlation, or only to ſhew the meaning. I reckon it an explanation of a difficult author, not only for learners, but for thoſe alſo who are not expert in Latin, becauſe he is a very dark author. I would not have your book printed entire, till I treat with my bookſeller here for your advantage. There

* Dr William King.
† The Rev. Mr John Worral.

There is a word *(concacuus)* which you have not explained, nor the reaſon of it. Where you are ignorant, you ſhould confeſs you are ignorant. I writ to Stella the day we heard the K——was dead, and the circumſtances of it. I hold you a guinea, I ſhall forget ſomething. Worral writ to me lately. In anſwer, I deſire that when the Archbiſhop comes to a determination, that an appeal be properly lodged, by which I will elude him till my return, which will be at Michaelmas. I have left London, and ſtay here a week, and then I ſhall go thither again; juſt to ſee the Queen, and ſo come back hither. Here are a thouſand ſchemes wherein they would have me engaged; which I embrace but coldly, becauſe I like none of them. I have been this ten days inclining to my old diſeaſe of giddineſs, a little tottering. Our friend underſtands it; but I grow cautious, and am ſomething better. Cyder, and champagne, and fruit, have been the cauſe. But now I am very regular, and I eat enough. I took Dr. Delany's paper to the King when he was Prince. He and his ſecretary * are diſcontented with the Provoſt †, but they find he has law on his ſide. The King's death hath broke that meaſure. I propoſed the Prince of Wales ‡ to be Chancellor, and I believe ſo it will go. Pray copy out the verſes I writ to Stella on her collecting my verſes, and ſend them to me; for we want ſome, to make our poetical miſcellany large enough, and I am not there to pick what ſhould be added. Direct them, and all other double papers, to Lord Bathurſt, in St James's ſquare, London. I was in a fright about your verſes on Stella's ſickneſs, but glad when they were a month old.

Desire our friends to let me know, what I ſhould buy for them here of any kind. I had juſt now a long letter from Mrs Dingley, and another from Mr Synge. Pray tell the latter, that I return him great thanks, and will leave the viſiting affair to his diſcretion. But all the lawyers in Europe ſhall never perſuade me, that it is in the Archbiſhop's power to take or refuſe my proxy, when

* Samuel Mollyneux, Eſq; † The Rev. Dr Baldwin.
‡ Frederick Prince of Wales, eldeſt ſon of K. George II. who *died March 20. 1750-1.*

when I have the King's leave of abſence. If he be violent, I will appeal, and die two or three hundred pounds poorer, to defend the rights of the Dean. Pray aſk Mr Synge, whether his fenocchio be grown; it is now fit to eat here, and we eat it like celery, either with or without oil, &c. I deſign to paſs my time wholly in the country, having ſome buſineſs to do and ſettle, before I leave England for the laſt time. I will ſend you Mr Pope's criticiſms, and my own, on your work. Pray forget nothing of what I deſire you. Pray God bleſs you all. If the King had lived but ten days longer, I ſhould be now at Paris. Simpleton! the Drapiers ſhould have been ſent unbound; but 'tis no great matter; two or three would have been enough. I ſee Mrs Fad but ſeldom; I never trouble them but when I am ſent for. She expects me ſoon, and after that perhaps no more while I am here. I deſire it may be told, that I never go to court; which I mention, becauſe of a paſſage in Mrs Dingley's † letter. She ſpeaks mighty good things of your kindneſs. I do not want that poem to Stella to print it entire, but ſome paſſages out of it, if they deſerve it, to lengthen the volume. Read all this letter without heſitation, and I'll give you a pot of ale. I intend to be with you at Michaelmas, bar impoſſibilities.

LETTER CXX.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, Aug. 12. 1727.

I AM cleverly caught, if ever gentleman was cleverly caught: for three days after I came to town with Lord Oxford ‡ from Cambridgeſhire, which was ten days ago, my old deafneſs ſeized me, and hath continued ever ſince with great increaſe; ſo that I am now deafer than

† An Engliſh lady, a friend of the Dean's.

‡ Son of the late Right Honourable Robert Harley, Lord High Treaſurer of England, created Earl of Oxford and Mortimer by Queen Anne.

than ever you knew me, and yet a little leſs I think than I was yeſterday; but, which is worſe, about four days ago my giddineſs ſeized me, and I was ſo very ill, that yeſterday I took a hearty vomit; and tho' I now totter, yet I think I am a thought better: but what will be the event, I know not. One thing I know, that theſe deaf fits uſe to continue five or ſix weeks; and I am reſolved, if it continues, or my giddineſs, ſome days longer, I will leave this place, and remove to Greenwich, or ſomewhere near London, and take my couſin Lancelot to be my nurſe. Our friends know her; it is the ſame with Pat Rolt. If my diſorder ſhould keep me longer than my licence of abſence laſts, I would have you get Mr Worral to renew it. It will not expire till the ſixth or ſeventh of October, and I reſolved to begin my journey Sept. 15. Mr Worral will ſee by the date of my licence, what time the new one ſhould commence: but he has ſeven weeks yet to conſider; I only ſpeak in time. I am very uneaſy here, becauſe ſo many of our acquaintance come to ſee us, and I cannot be ſeen; beſides, Mr Pope is too ſickly and complaiſant; therefore I reſolve to go ſomewhere elſe. This is a little unlucky, my head will not bear writing long. I want to be at home, where I can turn you out, or let you in, as I think beſt. The King and Queen come in two days to our neighbourhood †; and there I ſhall be expected, and cannot go; which however is none of my grievances; for I had rather be abſent, and have now to o good an excuſe. I believe this giddineſs is the diſorder that will at laſt get the better of me; but I had rather it ſhould not be now; and I hope, and believe, it will not, for I am now better than yeſterday.——Since my dinner, my giddineſs is much better, and my deafneſs a hair's breadth not ſo bad. It is juſt as uſual, worſt in the morning and at evening. I will be very temperate; and in the midſt of peaches, figs, nectarins, and mulberries, I touch not a bit. I hope I ſhall however ſet out in the midſt of September, as I deſigned. This is a long letter for an ill head; ſo adieu. My ſervice to our two friends and all others.

LET-

† Richmond.

LETTER CXXI.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, Aug. 29. 1727.

I Have had your letter of the 19th; and expect, before you read this, to receive another from you, with the moſt fatal news that can ever come to me, unleſs I ſhould be put to death for ſome ignominious crime. I continue very ill with my giddineſs and deafneſs, of which I had two days intermiſſion, but ſince worſe; and I ſhall be perfectly content, if God ſhall pleaſe to call me away at this time. Here is a triple cord of friendſhip broke, which hath laſted thirty years; twenty-four of which in Ireland. I beg, if you have not writ to me before you get this, to tell me no particulars, but the event in general. My weakneſs, my age, my friendſhip, will bear no more. I have mentioned the caſe, as well as I knew it, to a phyſician who is my friend; and I find his methods were the ſame, air, and exerciſe, and at laſt aſſes milk. I will tell you ſincerely, that if I were younger, and in health, or in hopes of it, I would endeavour to divert my mind by all methods, in order to paſs my life in quiet; but I now want only three months of ſixty. I am ſtrongly viſited with a diſeaſe, that will at laſt cut me off, if I ſhould this time eſcape; if not, I have but a poor remainder, and that is below any wiſe man's valuing. I do not intend to return to Ireland ſo ſoon as I propoſed; I would not be there in the very midſt of grief. I deſire you will ſpeak to *Mr Worral*, to get a new licence about the beginning of *October*, when my old one as he will ſee by the date, ſhall expire; but if that fatal accident were not to happen, I am not able to travel in my preſent condition. What I intend is, immediately to leave this place, and go with my couſin for a nurſe about five miles from *London*, on the other ſide towards the ſea; and if I recover, I will either paſs this winter near Salisbury-plain or in *France*. And therefore I deſire Mr Worral may make the li-

cence

cence run like the former. [To Great Britain, or elſewhere, for the recovery of his health.]

NEITHER my health nor grief will permit me to ſay more. Your directions to Mr Lancelot, at his houſe in New Bond ſtreet, over againſt the crown and cuſhion, will reach me. Farewel.

THIS ſtroke was unexpected, and my fears laſt year were ten times greater †.

LETTER CXXII.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

London, Sept. 2. 1727.

I Had yours of the 19th of Auguſt, which I anſwered the 29th from Twickenham. I came to town on the laſt day of Auguſt, being impatient of ſtaying there longer, where ſo much company came to us, while I was ſo giddy and deaf. I am now got to my couſin Lancelot's houſe; where I deſire all letters may be directed to me. I am ſtill in the ſame condition, or rather worſe; for I walk like a drunken man, and am deafer than ever you knew me. If I had any tolerable health, I would go this moment to Ireland; yet I think I would not, conſidering the news I daily expect to hear from you. I have juſt received yours of Auguſt 24.; I kept it an hour in my pocket, with all the ſuſpenſe of a man who expected to hear the worſt news that Fortune could give him; and at the ſame time was not able to hold up my head. Theſe are the perquiſites of living long. The laſt act of life is always a tragedy at beſt; but it is a bitter aggravation, to have one's beſt friend go before one. I deſired in my laſt, that you would not enlarge upon that event, but tell me the bare fact. I long knew that our dear friend had not the *ſtamina vitæ*; but my friendſhip could not arm me againſt this accident, altho' I foreſaw it. I have ſaid enough in my laſt letter, which now I ſuppoſe is with you. I know not whether it be an addition to my grief or no, that I am

† See letter 116.

am now extremely ill; for it would have been a reproach to me to be in perfect health, when such a friend is desperate. I do profess, upon my salvation, that the distressed and desperate condition of our friend makes life so indifferent to me, who, by course of nature, have so little left, that I do not think it worth the time to struggle: yet I should think, according to what hath been formerly, that I may happen to overcome this present disorder; and to what advantage? Why, to see the loss of that person for whose sake only life was worth preserving. I brought both those friends over *, that we might be happy together as long as God should please. The knot is broken; and the remaining person, you know, has ill answered the end; and the other, who is now to be lost, is all that was valuable. You agreed with me, or you are a great hypocrite. What have I to do in the world? I never was in such agonies as when I received your letter, and had it in my pocket.——I am able to hold up my sorry head no longer †.

LETTER CXXIII.

Mr POPE *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

SIR, *Twickenham, Sept. 6.*

I AM both obliged and alarmed by your letter. What you mention of a particular friend of the [illegible]

* Mrs Johnson and Mrs Dingley, [illegible] Sir William Temple, at whose house [illegible] with them, after he left the University of [illegible] tunes being not very considerable, [illegible] in Ireland. *Dub. edit.*——There is not [illegible] lieve, that Stella was related to [illegible]

† That ingenious Lady for whom [illegible] concern here, and in the preceding letter, [illegible] so often celebrated in the [illegible] son, wit, and many virtues. [illegible] was near dying, that [illegible] must endeavour to get her up [illegible] proaches of death, and [illegible] "would be out of breath before [illegible] in a few months after the date of [illegible] *Dub. edit.*—— See her character in [illegible] vol. 1. and vol. 6. p. 175.

ing upon the brink of another world, gives me great pain: for it makes me, in tenderneſs to him, wiſh him with you; and at the ſame time I fear he is not in a condition to make the journey. Tho' (to eaſe you as far as I can) his phyſician and friend, Dr Arbuthnot, aſſures me, he will ſoon be well. At preſent he is very deaf, and more uneaſy than I hoped that complaint alone would have made him. I apprehend he has written to you in a melancholy way; which has put you into a greater fright, than (with God's will) we may have any reaſon for. He talks of returning to Ireland in three weeks, if he recovers ſufficiently; if not, he will ſtay here this winter. Upon pretence of ſome very unavoidable occaſions, he went to London four days ſince, where I ſee him as often as he will let me. I was extremely concerned at his *opiniatreté* in leaving me; but he ſhall not get rid of the friend, tho' he may of his houſe. I have ſuggeſted to him the remedy you mention; and I will not leave him a day till I ſee him better. I wiſh you could ſee us in England, without manifeſt inconvenience to yourſelf; tho' I heartily hope and believe, that our friend will do well. I ſincerely honour you for your warmth of affection, where it is ſo juſtly merited; and am, both for his ſake and your own, with great eſteem, yours, *&c.*

A Pope.

P. S. I have often deſired the Dean to make known to you my ſenſe of the good opinion you have expreſſed of me in your letters. I am pleaſed to have an opportunity of thanking you under my hand; and I deſire you to continue it, to one who is no way ungrateful.

LET-

*** This letter was probably an anſwer to one ſent by Dr Sheridan to Mr Pope, when he laſt wrote to the Dean. The reaſon of his going to London appears by the two preceding letters; and about the time mentioned in this, he returned again to Ireland. Mrs Johnſon languiſhed till the 28th of January following, and then died. During her ſickneſs, he compoſed the prayers which immediately follow this collection of letters. They were originally printed from his own handwriting. *Hawkeſ.*

LETTER CXXIV.

Dr SWIFT *to Mrs* MOORE.

DEAR MADAM, *Deanery-houſe, Dec.* 7. 1727.

THO' I ſee you ſeldomer than is agreeable to my inclinations, yet you have no friend in the world that is more concerned for any thing that can affect your mind, your health, or your fortune. I have always had the higheſt eſteem for your virtue, the greateſt value for your converſation, and the trueſt affection for your perſon; and therefore cannot but heartily condole with you for the loſs of ſo amiable, and (what is more) ſo favourite a child. Theſe are the neceſſary conſequences of too ſtrong attachments, by which we are grieving ourſelves with the death of thoſe we love; as we muſt one day grieve thoſe who love us, with the death of ourſelves. For life is a tragedy, wherein we ſit as ſpectators a while, and then act our own part in it. Self-love, as it is the motive to all our actions, ſo it is the ſole cauſe of our grief. The dear perſon you lament, is by no means an object of pity, either in a moral or religious ſenſe. Philoſophy always taught men to deſpiſe life, as a moſt contemptible thing in itſelf; and religion regards it only as a preparation for a better; which you are taught to be certain that ſo innocent a perſon is now in poſſeſſion of; ſo that ſhe is an immenſe gainer, and you and her friends the only loſers. Now, under misfortunes of this kind, I know no conſolation more effectual to a reaſonable perſon, than to reflect rather upon what is left, than what is loſt. She was neither an only child, nor an only daughter. You have three children left; one of them of an age to be uſeful to his family *, and the two others as promiſing as can be expected from their age: ſo that, according to the general diſpenſations of God almighty, you have ſmall reaſon to repine upon that article of life. And religion will tell you, that the true way to preſerve them is, not

* Charles Devineſh, Eſq;

to fix any of them too deep in your heart; which is a weakneſs that God ſeldom leaves long unpuniſhed; common obſervation ſhewing us, that ſuch favourite children are either ſpoiled by their parents indulgence, or ſoon taken out of the world; which laſt is, generally ſpeaking, the lighter puniſhment of the two.

God, in his wiſdom, hath been pleaſed to load our declining years with many ſufferings, with diſeaſes, and decays of nature, with the death of many friends, and the ingratitude of more; ſometimes with the loſs or diminution of our fortunes, when our infirmities moſt need them; often with contempt from the world, and always with neglect from it; with the death of our moſt hopeful or uſeful children; with a want of reliſh for all worldly enjoyments; with a general diſlike of perſons and things: and tho' all theſe are very natural effects of increaſing years, yet they were intended by the author of our being, to wean us gradually from our fondneſs of life, the nearer we approach towards the end of it. And this is the uſe you are to make, in prudence as well as in conſcience, of all the afflictions you have hitherto undergone, as well as of thoſe which, in the courſe of nature and providence, you have reaſon to expect. May God, who hath endued you with ſo many virtues, add ſtrength of mind, and reliance upon his mercy, in proportion to your preſent ſufferings, as well as thoſe he may think fit to try you with, thro' the remainder of your life

I fear my preſent ill diſpoſition, both of health and mind *, has made me but a ſorry comforter: however, it will ſhew, that no circumſtance of life can put you out of my mind; and that I am, with the trueſt reſpect, eſteem, and friendſhip,

Dear MADAM,

Your moſt obedient,

and moſt humble ſervant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

LET-

* It was written little more than a month before Mrs *Johnſon's* death, an event which was then almoſt daily expected. *Hawkeſ.*

LETTER CXXV.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

*Market-hill**, *Aug* 2. 1728.

OUR friends here, as well as myſelf, were ſadly diſappointed upon hearing the account of your journey. No body in town or country, as we were informed, knew where you were: but I perſuaded our family, that you were certainly in a way of making yourſelf eaſy, and had got that living you mentioned; and accordingly we were grieved and rejoiced at the loſs and ſettlement of a friend: but it never entered into our heads, that you were beſtowing forty days in ſeveral ſtages between conſtable and conſtable, without any real benefit to yourſelf, further than of exerciſe; and we wiſhed, that no body ſhould have had the benefit of your long abſence from your ſchool but yourſelf, by a good living, or we by your good company; much leſs that the pleaſure of ſpighting T——had been your great motive. I heartily wiſh you were ſettled at Hamilton's Bawn; and I would be apt to adviſe you not to quit your thoughts that way, if the matter may be brought to bear; for by a letter I juſt received from the Biſhop of Cork, which was ſhort and dry, with the ſtale excuſe of pre-engagements, I doubt you can hope nothing from him.—— As to what you call my exerciſe, I have long quitted it. It gave me too much conſtraint, and the world does not deſerve it. We may keep it cold, till the middle of winter.

As to my return, there are many ſpeculations. I am well here, and hate removals. My ſcheme was, that you ſhould come hither, as you ſay, and I return with you in your chaiſe. Sir Arthur on hearing your letter, preſſed me to ſtay longer. I am a very buſy man, ſuch as at Quilca, which you will know when you come: yet I would contrive to be preſſed more to ſtay till Chriſtmas, and then you may contrive to be here again.

* The ſeat of Sir Arthur Acheſon.

and take me back with you time enough for my own viſitation: and my reaſon of ſtaying is, to be here the planting and pruning time, *&c.* I hate Dublin, and love the retirement here, and the civility of my hoſts. This is my ſtate, and humour upon it, and accordingly you are to manage my ſcheme. However, I would have you keep your vacation of September here; and let Mrs Brent ſend me a dozen guineas (half of them half-guineas) by you, and a periwig, and a new riding-gown and caſſock, and whatever elſe I may want by a longer abſence, provided you will reſolve and ſwear that I ſhall ſtay.

I had all Mrs Brent's packets by Mr Little. My ſervice to Mrs Dingley. I cannot ſay that I have more to ſay, than to ſay that I am, *&c.*

LETTER CXXVI.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

* *Sept.* 18. 1728.

MY continuance here is owing partly to indolence, and partly to my hatred to Dublin. I am in a middling way, between healthy and ſick, hardly ever without a little giddineſs or deafneſs, and ſometimes both. So much for that. As to what you call my leſſon, I told you I would think no more of it; neither do I conceive the world deſerves ſo much trouble from you or me. I think the ſufferings of the country for want of ſilver, deſerves a paper †, ſince the remedy is ſo eaſy, and thoſe in power ſo negligent. I had ſome other ſubjects in my thoughts; but truly I am taken up ſo much with long lampoons on a perſon who owns you for a back, that I have no time for any thing elſe; and if I do not produce one every now and then, of about two hundred lines, I am chid for my idleneſs, and threatened with you. I deſire you will ſtep to the deanery, ſpeak to

* This ſhould alſo be dated from Market-hill.

† In the Intelligencer, the 19th number of which is on this ſubject. See it in vol. 3. Hawkeſ.

to Mrs Brent *, bid her open the middle great drawer of Ridgeway's ſcrutoire in my cloſet, and then do you take out from thence, the hiſtory † in folio, marble cover; and two thin folio's fairly writ. I forget the titles, but you have read them. One is an account of the proceedings of Lord Oxford's miniſtry, and the other ‡ to the ſame purpoſe. There are foul copies of both in the ſame drawer; but do you take out the fair ones, not in my hand. Let them be packed up, and brought hither by the bearer. My Lady is perpetually quarrelling with Sir Arthur and me, and ſhews every creature the libels I have writ againſt her ||.

Mr Worral ſent me the particulars of the havock made in Naboth's vineyard **.—The d—burſt, &c.

I think Lady Dun's burning would be an admirable ſubject, to ſhew how hateful an animal a human creature is, that is known to have never done any good: the rabble all rejoicing, &c. which they would not have done at any misfortune to a man known to be charitable.

I wiſh you could get in with the Primate, on the account of ſome diſcourſe about you here to-day with Whaley and Walmſley. Whaley goes to Dublin on Monday next, in order for England. I would have you ſee him. I fancy you may do ſome good with the Primate, as to the firſt good vacant ſchool, if you wheedle him, and talk a little Whiggiſhly.

LETTER CXXVII.

Mr POPE *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

SIR,

I Thank you kindly for your news of the Dean of St Patrick's, for your Perſius, for every thing in your letter.

* The Dean's houſekeeper.

† Hiſtory of the peace of Utrecht.

‡ The ſtate of affairs in 1714. See it in vol. 2.

|| See *Hamilton's Bawn*; or, *The grand queſtion debated*, in vol. 6.

** A field not far from the deanery-houſe, which Dr Swift incloſed at a great expence, with a fine ſtone wall lined with brick; againſt which he planted vines, and the beſt choſen fruit-trees.

letter. I will uſe my warmeſt endeavours to ſerve Dr Whaley *. Beſides his own merit, the demerit of his antagoniſt goes into the ſcale, and the Dean tells me he is a coadjutant of that fool Smedley† You muſt have ſeen, but you cannot have read, what he has lately publiſhed againſt our friend and me The only pleaſure a bad writer can give me, he has given that of being abuſed with my betters and my friends. I am much pleaſed with moſt of the Intelligencers ‡; but I am a little piqued at the author of them, for not once doing me the honour of a mention upon ſo honourable an occaſion as being ſlandered by the dunces, together with my friend the Dean, who is properly the author of the Dunciad. It had never been writ but at his requeſt, and for his deafneſs ‖: for had he been able to converſe with me, do you think I had amuſed my time ſo ill? I will not trouble you with amendments to ſo imperfect an edition as is now publiſhed: you'll ſoon ſee a better, with a full and true commentary, ſetting all miſtakes right, and branding none but our own cattle. Some very good epigrams on the gentlemen of the Dunciad, have been ſent me from Oxford, and others of the London authors. If I had an amanuenſis. (which is a thing neither I nor my common trifles are worth), you ſhould have them with this. If your univerſity or town have produced any on this ſubject, pray ſend them me, or keep them at leaſt together, for another day they may all meet.

I have writ to the Dean juſt now by Mr Elrington, who charges himſelf with this; and have inſerted a hint or two of his libelling the Lady of the family; in as innocent a manner as he does it, he will hardly ſuſpect I had any information of it.

Tho'

trees, for the benefit of the Dean of St Patrick's for the time being.

* An eminent clergyman of the dioceſe of Armagh

† Dean of Fernes. See *an excellent new ballad*, &c. in vol. 6.

‡ Tho' this letter is not dated, it appears, by the mention here made of the Intelligencers, to be written in 1728; and by the Dean's libelling the lady, to be while he was at Sir Arthur's, where he wrote Hamilton's Bawn.

‖ See this compliment elegantly returned in a poem addreſſed to Mr Pope, vol. 6.

THO' I am a very ill correſpondent, I ſhall at all times be glad to have the favour of a line from you. My eye-ſight is bad, my head often in pain, my time ſtrangely taken up. Were I my own maſter (which I thank God I yet am in all points but one, where humanity only conſtrains me), I would infallibly ſee Ireland before I die. But whether that, or many other of my little, tho' warm deſigns, will ever take effect,

Caliginoſa nocte premit Deus!

I am (where-ever I am) the Dean's and the Dean's friends, and conſequently faithfully,

SIR,

Your affectionate ſervant,

A. POPE.

LETTER CXXVIII.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

Dublin, March 27. 1733.

I Received your letter with ſome pleaſure, and a good deal of concern. The condition you are in requires the greateſt haſte hither, altho' your ſchool did not; and when you arrive, I will force Dr Helſham * to ſee and direct you. Your ſcheme of riding and country-air, you find, hath not anſwered; and therefore you have nothing to truſt to, but the aſſiſtance of a friendly, ſkilful doctor. For whether they can do any good or no, it is all we have for it; and you cannot afford to die at preſent, becauſe the public, and all your family, have occaſion for you. Beſides, I do not like the place you are in †, from your account, ſince you ſay people are dying there ſo faſt. You cannot afford to loſe daily blood; but I ſuppoſe you are no more regular than you have been

* A very eminent phyſician, of great learning.

† The free ſchool of Cavan, in the gift of the crown; for which Dr Sheridan exchanged his living at Dunboyne, and in which he hath been ſince ſucceeded by Mr Moore.

been in your whole life. I like the article very much which you propoſe in your will; and if that takes place forty years hence, and God, for the ſins of men, ſhould continue that life ſo long, I would have it be ſtill inſerted; unleſs you could make it a little ſharper. I own you have too much reaſon to complain of ſome friends, who, next to yourſelf, have done you moſt hurt; whom ſtill I eſteem and frequent, tho' I confeſs I cannot heartily forgive. Yet certainly the caſe was not merely perſonal malice to you, (altho' it had the ſame effect), but a kind of I know not what job, which one of them hath often heartily repented, however it came to be patched up. I am confident your collection of *Bons mots* *, and *Contes à rire*, will be much the beſt extant; but you are apt to be terribly ſanguine about the profits of publiſhing: however, it ſhall have all the puſhing I can give. I have been much out of order with a ſpice of my giddineſs, which began before you left us. I am better of late days, but not right yet, tho' I take daily drops and bitters. I muſt do the beſt I can, but ſhall never more be a night-walker. You hear they have in England paſſed the exciſe on tobacco; and by their votes it appears they intend it on more articles. And care is taken by ſome ſpecial friends here, to have it the ſame way here. We are ſlaves already: and from my youth upwards, the great wiſe men whom I uſed to be among, taught me, that a general exciſe (which they now by degrees intend) is the moſt direct and infallible way to ſlavery. Pray G——ſend it them in his juſtice, for they well deſerve it. All your friends, and the town, are juſt as you left it. I humdrum it on, either on horſeback, or dining and ſitting the evening at home; endeavouring to write, but write nothing, merely out of indolence, and want of ſpirits. No ſoul has broke his neck, or is hanged, or married; only *Concerina*† is dead, and I let her go to her grave without a coffin, and without

* Perhaps *Bons mots de Stella*, and *Thoughts on various ſubjects*, are part of this collection. They are both in this volume.

† One of thoſe poor people to whom the Dean uſed to give money, when he met them in his walks. Some of them he named thus, partly for diſtinction, and partly for humour; *Concerina*, *Stumpanympha*, Pull-a-gown-a, *Friterilla*, *Flora*, *Stumpantha*.

out fees.——So I am going to take my evening-walk after five, having not been out of doors yet. I wiſh you well and ſafe at home. Pray call on me on Sunday night.

I am yours, &c.

P. S. I believe there are a hundred literal blunders, but I cannot ſtay to mend them.——So pick as you are able.

I am not ſo FRANK a writer as you.

LETTER CXXIX.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

Sept. 12. 1735.

HERE is a very ingenious obſervation upon the days of the week, and in rhyme, worth your obſervation, and very proper for the information of boys and girls, that they may not forget to reckon them. *Sunday's a pun-day, Monday's a dun-day, Tueſday's a news-day, Wedneſday's a friend's-day, Thurſday's a curs'd day, Friday's a dry-day, Saturday's the latter-day.* I intend ſomething of equal uſe upon the months; as, *January, woman vary.* I ſhall likewiſe in due time make ſome obſervations upon each year as it paſſes. So for the preſent year:

One thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty five,
When only the d—— and b——ps will thrive.

And for the next:

One thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty-ſix,
When the d—— will carry the b——ps to Styx.

Perge:

One thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty-ſeven,
When the Whigs are ſo blind they miſtake hell for heav'n.

I will carry theſe predictions no further than to the year 2001, when the learned think the world will be at end, o the fine-all-cat-a-ſtrow-fee.

The

The laſt is the period, two thouſand and one,
When m—— and b—— to hell all are gone.

WHEN that time comes, pray remember the diſcovery came from me.

IT is now time I ſhould begin my letter. I hope you got ſafe to Cavan, and have got no cold in thoſe two terrible days. All your friends are well, and I as I uſed to be. I received yours. My humble ſervice to your lady, and love to your children. I ſuppoſe you have all the news ſent to you. I hear of no marriages going on. One Dean Croſs, an eminent divine, we hear is to be Biſhop of Cork.—— Stay till I aſk a ſervant, what Patrick's bells ring for ſo late at night.——You, fellow, is it for joy or ſorrow? I believe it ſome of our royal birthdays.——Oh, they tell me, it is for joy a new maſter is choſen for the corporation of butchers. So farewel.

LETTER CXXX.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

Sept. 30. 1735.

YESTERDAY was the going out of the laſt Lord Mayor, and to-day the coming in of the new, who is Alderman Grattan. The Duke * was at both dinners; but I thought it enough to go to-day, and I came away before ſix, with very little meat or drink. The club † meets in a week, and I determine to leave the town as ſoon as poſſible; for I am not able to live within the air of ſuch raſcals; but whether to go, or how far my health will permit me to travel, I cannot tell; for my mind miſgives me, that you are neither in humour nor capacity to receive me as a gueſt. I had your law-letter. Thoſe things require ſerious conſideration. In order to bring them to a due perfection, a wiſe man will prepare

* The Duke of Dorſet, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

† The Iriſh parliament. See the next letter, and the poem there mentioned.

pare a large fund of idioms; which are highly uſeful, when literally tranſlated by a ſkilful, eloquent hand; and, except our *Latino-Anglicus*, is the moſt neceſſary, as well as ornamental part of human learning. But then we muſt take ſpecial care of infuſing the moſt uſeful precepts for the direction of human life, particularly for inſtructing princes and great miniſters, diſtributing our praiſes and cenſures with the utmoſt impartiality and juſtice. This is what I have preſumed to attempt, altho' very conſcious to myſelf of my inferior abilities for ſuch a performance. I begin with *lady*. And becauſe the judicious Mr Locke ſays it is neceſſary to ſettle terms, before we write upon any ſubject, I deſcribe a certain female of your acquaintance, whoſe name ſhall be *Dorothy*. It is in the following manner. "Dolis aſtra "per, aſtra mel, a ſus, a quoque et; atra pes, an id lar, "alas ibo nes, a præ ter, at a lar, avi ſi ter. age ipſi, "aſtro lar, an empti pate, aræ lar, aram lar, an et, ades "e ver, aſt rumpet, ad en, agam lar, agrum lar, ac ros "pus, afflat error, ape e per, as noti nos, arraver, a huc "ſtare, aſſo ſis ter, avi per, ad rive lar, age lar, apud "lar, a ſis lar, a ſis ter, a far ter, as hi ter, anus lar, a "mus lar, arat lar, a minximus, a prata pace, a gallo "per, a ſive." Moſt learned Sir, I intreat you will pleaſe to obſerve, (ſince I muſt ſpeak in the vulgar language), that in the above forty three denominations for females, many of them end with the domeſtic deity *lar*, to ſhew that women were chiefly created for family affairs; and yet I cannot hear, that any other author hath made the ſame remark. I have likewiſe begun a treatiſe of *geography*, (the *Anglo-Anglarians* call it erroneouſly *Jog Ralph I*), "Mei quo te ſummo ſit! Aſtra canis a miti "citi; an dy et Ali cantis qui te as bigas it. Barba dos "is more populus. An tego is a des arti here." I have a third treatiſe, to direct young ladies in reading. "Ama dis de Gallis a ſine his tori, an dy et Belli anis "is ab et er. Summas eurus valent in an Dorſo ne "iſthmos te legant ovum alto bis ure. I canna nie fore "do mæſti cani males o fallique nat ure; na mel i. ac "at, arat, amaſti, ſanda lædi; Imæ ad amo uſto o; a "lædi inde edi mite ex cæptas a beaſti e verme et aram "liny ut. Præis mi cum pari ſono dius orno?

I believe ſome evil ſpirit hath got poſſeſſion of you, and a few others, in conceiving I have any power with the D—— of D——, or with any one biſhop or man of power. I did but glance a ſingle word to the D—— about as proper a thing as he could do, and yet he turned it off to ſome other diſcourſe. You ſay one word of my mouth would do, *&c.* I believe the rhyme of my word would do juſt as much. Am I not univerſally known to be one who diſlikes all preſent perſons and proceedings? Another writes to deſire, that I would prevail on the Archbiſhop of Dublin * to give him the beſt prebend of St Patrick's. Let Biſhop Clayton † allow the reſignation ſince Donellan is provided for. I mentioned to the D——, that Donellan ſhould be Dean of Cork, on purpoſe to forward the reſignation of old Caulfield: but it would not do; tho' Caulfield ſeems to have ſome hopes, and it is Biſhop Clayton's fault if he does not yield, *&c.*

LETTER CXXXI.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

‡ *April* 24. 1736.

I Have been very ill for theſe two months paſt with giddineſs and deafneſs, which laſted me till about ten days ago, when I gradually recovered; but ſtill am weak and indolent, not thinking any thing worth my thoughts; and altho' (I forget what I am going to ſay, ſo it ſerves for nothing) I am well enough to ride, yet I will not be at the pains. Your friend Mrs Whiteway, who is upon all occaſions ſo zealous to vindicate, is one whom I deſire you to chide: for, during my whole ſickneſs ſhe was perpetually plaguing and ſpunging on me; and tho' ſhe would drink no wine herſelf, yet ſhe increaſed the expence, by making me force it down her throat. Some of your eight rules I follow, ſome I reject, ſome

* Dr John Hoadly.

† Dr Clayton, Biſhop of Cork.

‡ The paragraphs in Italic in this and the following letter, were written by Mrs Whiteway, a couſin-german of Dr Swift's.

ſome I cannot compaſs, I mean merry fellows. Mr J. R—never fails. I did within two days paſt ring him ſuch a peal in relation to you, that he muſt be the d—l not to conſider it. I will uſe him the ſame way, if he comes to-morrow (which I do not doubt) for a pint of wine. I like your project of a ſatire on Fairbrother*, who is an arrant raſcal in every circumſtance.

Every ſyllable that is worth reading in this letter, you are to ſuppoſe I writ it; the Dean only took the hints from me; but he has put them ſo ill together, that I am forced to tell you this in my own juſtification. Had you been worth hanging, you would have come to town this vacation, and I would have ſhewn you a poem on the legion-club. *I do not doubt but that a certain perſon will pretend he writ it, becauſe there is a copy of it in his hand, lying on his table; but do not mind that, for there are ſome people in the world will ſay any thing. I wiſh you could give ſome account of poor Dr Sheridan. I hear the reaſon he did not come to town this Eaſter, is, that he waited to ſee a neighbour of his hanged.*

WHATEVER is ſaid in this page by Goody Whiteway, I have not read, nor will read; but aſſure you, if it relates to me, it is all a lie: for ſhe ſays you have taught her that art; and, as the world goes, and ſhe takes you for a wiſe man, ſhe ought to follow your practice. To be ſerious, I am ſorry you ſaid ſo little of your own affairs, and of your health; and when will you pay me any money? for, upon my conſcience, you have half-ſtarved me.

The plover eggs were admirable, and the worſted for the Dean's ſtockings ſo fine, that not one knitter here can knit them

WE neither of us know what the other hath writ; ſo one anſwer will ſerve, if you write to us both, provided you juſtly give us both our ſhare, and each of us will read our own part. Pray tell us how you breathe, and whether that diſorder be better.

If the Dean ſhould give you any hint about money, you need not mind him; for, to my knowledge, he borrowed twenty pounds a month ago, to keep himſelf alive.

* See the next lettter.

I am ſorry to tell you, that poor Mrs Whiteway is to be hanged on Tueſday next for ſtealing a piece of Indian ſilk out of Bradſhaw's ſhop, and did not ſet the houſe on fire, as I adviſed her. I have wrote a very maſterly poem on the *legion-club*; which, if the printer ſhould be condemned to be hanged for it, you will ſee in a three-penny book; for it is 240 lines. Mrs Whiteway is to have half the profit, and half the hanging.

The Drapier went this day to the Tholſel as a merchant, to ſign a petition to the government againſt lowering the gold; where we hear he made a long ſpeech, for which he will be reckoned a Jacobite. God ſend hanging does not go round.

Yours, &c.

LETTER CXXXII.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

Dublin, May 15. 1736.

MRS Whiteway and I were fretting, raging, ſtorming, and fuming that you had not ſent a letter ſince you got to your Caban, (for the V conſonant was anciently a B), I mean Cavan: but however, we mingled pity; for we feared you had run away from ſchool, and left the key under the door. We were much diſappointed, that the ſpring and beginning of ſummer had not introduced the muſes, and that your now walkable roads had not rouſed your ſpirits. We are here the happieſt people in the univerſe. We have a year and a half before the club will meet, to be revenged further on the clergy, who never offended them: and in England their parliament are following our ſteps, only with two or three ſteps for our one. It is well you have done with the church†; but pray take care to get money, elſe in a year or two more they will forbid all Greek and Latin ſchools, as Popiſh and Jacobite. I took leave of the Duke and Ducheſs to-day. He has prevailed on us to make a promiſe to beſtow upon England 25,000l. a-year

† Dr Sheridan exchanged his living at Dunboyne, for the ſchool of Cavan.

year for ever, by lowering the gold coin, againſt the petition of all the merchants, ſhopkeepers, &c. to a man. May his own eſtate be lowered the other forty parts, for we now loſe by all gold two and a half *per cent.* He will be a better (that is to ſay, a worſe) man by 60,000 l. than he was when he came over, and the nation better (that is to ſay, worſe) by above half a million; beſides the worthy method he hath taken in diſpoſal of employments in church and ſtate. Here is a curſed long libel running about in manuſcript on the *legion club.* It is in verſe, and the fooliſh town imputes it to me. There were not above thirteen abuſed (as it is ſaid) in the original; but others have added more, which I never ſaw; tho' I have once read the true one. I have often given my opinion, that an honeſt man never wiſhed himſelf to be younger. My ſentiment, I find, ought not to have been univerſal, becauſe to my ſorrow, I have lived to change. I have ſeen ſince the death of the late Queen (who had few equals before her in every virtue, ſince monarchy began) ſo great a contempt of religion, morality, liberty, learning, and common ſenſe, among us in this kingdom; a hundred degrees beyond what I ever met with in any writer ancient or modern. I am very confident, that a complete hiſtory of the fooliſh, wicked, weak, malicious, ruinous, factious, unaccountable, ridiculous, abſurd proceedings in this kingdom, would contain twelve large volumes in folio, of the ſmalleſt letter in the largeſt paper. What has Fowlbrother † done to provoke you? I either never heard, or have forgot your provocations; but he was a fellow I have never been able to endure. If it can be done, I will have it printed; and the title ſhall be, *Upon a certain bookſeller (or printer) in Utopia*—Mrs Whiteway will be here to-morrow, and ſhe will anſwer your ſincere, open-hearted letter, very particularly; for which I will now leave room. So adieu for one night.

SIR,

I *AM moſt ſincerely obliged to you for all the civil things you have ſaid to me, and of me to the Dean. I found the good effects of them this day: when I waited on him, he*

† Fairbrother. See the laſt letter, and the ſubſequent part of this.

received me with great good humour: ſaid ſomething had happened ſince he ſaw me laſt, that had convinced him of my merit; that he was ſorry he had treated me with ſo little diſtinction, and that hereafter I ſhould not be put upon the foot of an humble companion, but treated like a lady of wit, and learning, and fortune; that if he could prevail on Dr Sheridan to part with his wife, he would make her his friend, his nurſe, and the manager of his family. I approved entirely of his choice; and at the ſame time expreſſed my fears, that it would be impoſſible for you to think of living without her. This is all that ſticks with me. But conſidering the friendſhip you expreſs to me for the Dean, I hope you will be perſuaded to conſider his good rather than your own, and ſend her up immediately; or elſe it will put him to the expence of giving three ſhillings and four pence for a wife; and he declares that the badneſs of pay of his tithes, ſince the reſolutions of the parliament of Ireland, puts this out of his power.

I could not gueſs why you were ſo angry at Fowl-brother; till Mrs Whiteway, who you find is now with me, ſaid it was for publiſhing ſome works of yours and mine like a rogue; which is ſo uſual to their trade, that I now am weary of being angry with it. I go on, to deſire that Mrs Donaldſon† will let me know what I owe her, not in juſtice but generoſity. If you could find wine and victuals, I could be glad to paſs ſome part of the ſummer with you, if health would permit me; for I have ſome club-enemies, that would be glad to ſhoot me, and I do not love to be ſhot: it is a death I have a particular averſion to. But I ſhall henceforth walk with ſervants well armed, and have ordered them to kill my killers; however, I would have them be the beginners. I will do what I can with Mr R—, who (money excepted) is a very honeſt man. How is your breathing? As to myſelf, my life and health are not worth a groat. How ſhall we get wine to your cabin? I can ſpare ſome; and am preparing diaculum to ſave my ſkin as far as Cavan, and even to Belturbut. Pray God preſerve you.

I am, &c.

LET-

† An innkeeper at Cavan.

LETTER CXXXIII.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

Dublin, June 5. 1736.

U muſt pay your groat (as if you had been drunk aſt night) for this letter; becauſe I am neither ited with any frank cur, nor the of ing. I am glad you have got the piles, becauſe mark of health, and a ſtrong conſtitution. I be- hat you ſay of the *legion-club* poem; for it plainly a work of a *legion-club*; for I hear there are fferent copies: but what's that to me? And you the right, that they are not treated according to ierit. You never writ ſo regularly in your life; erefore when you write to me, always take care the *piles*; I mean any *piles*†, except thoſe of nd ſtone; and yet *piles* are not ſo bad as the *ſtone*. you intend to be here (by your date) in a dozen nce. The room ſhall be ready for you; tho' never have you in a morning, or at dinner, or in ning; at all other times I ſhall be peſtered with John R—— (for he does not deſerve the name of is gone to his ſix miles-off country-ſeat for the r. I admire at your bill of 10l. odd; for I it your firſt was double: or is it an additional one? you ſatisfy me, I will ſend down to him with a nce; altho', except that damned vice of avarice, very agreeable man.———As to your veniſon, *one* who expects it. I am *checking* you for your s, and could *lamb* you for your *lambs*. *Addenda n.*

My wife a rattling,
My children tattling.
My money ſpent is,
And due my rent is.

My

† The author held puns in contempt, but would ſometimes himſelf merry with them.

My ſchool decreaſing,
My income ceaſing.
All people teaſe me,
But no man pays me.
My Worſhip is bit,
By that rogue Niſbit.
To take the right way,
Conſult friend Whiteway.
Would you get ſtill more?
Go flatter Kilmore†.
Your geeſe are old,
Your wife a ſcold.
You live among ill folks in a dunghill.
You never have an old friend at Cavan.

MRS Whiteway is ever your friend; but your old ones have forſaken you, as mine have me. My head is very bad; and I have juſt as much ſpirits left as a drowned mouſe. Pray do not you give yourſelf airs of pretending to have flies in ſummer at Cavan; and ſuch a *no* ſummer as this. I, who am the beſt fly-catcher in the kingdom, have not thought it worth my time to ſhow my ſkill in that art. I believe nothing of your garden-improvements; for I know you too well. What you ſay of your leanneſs is incredible; for when I ſaw you laſt, you were as broad as long. But if you continue to breathe free, (which nothing but exerciſe can give), you may be ſafe with as little fleſh as I, which is none at all.

I had your letter juſt before this was ſealed, but I cannot anſwer it now.

LETTER CXXXIV.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

July 10. 1736.

I Received your two letters. The firſt is mingled with Latin and Engliſh, one following the other: now

I

† Dr Joſiah Hort, then Biſhop of Kilmore.

I ſcorn that way, and put both languages in one. However, for the ſake of order, I will begin with anſwering your ſecond letter before the firſt, becauſe it deſerves one on account of your preſents. From bogs, rivers, mountains, moſſes, quagmires, heaths, lakes, kennels, ditches, weeds, &c. &c. &c. &c.——Mrs Whiteway was pleaſed, altho' very unjuſtly, to criticiſe upon every *curioſity*. She ſwears, the paper of gravel was of your own voiding, as ſhe found by the ſmell: that your whole artichoak leaf ſhows its mother to be ſmaller than a nutmeg; and I confeſs you were ſomewhat unwary in expoſing it to cenſure. Your raſberry ſhe compared with the head of a corking pin, and the latter had the victory. Your currants were inviſible, and we could not diſtinguiſh the red from the black. Your purſlane paſſed very well with me, but ſhe ſwore it was houſeleek. She denies your Cavan fly to be genuine; but will have it, that, for the credit of your town, you would have it born there, altho' Mrs Donaldſon confeſſes it was ſent her in a box of brown ſugar, and died as it entered the gates. Mrs Whiteway proceeds further in her malice, declaring your naſturtium to be only a p-ſ-a-bed; your beans as brown as herſelf, and of the ſame kind with what we fatten hogs in Leiceſterſhire. In one thing ſhe admires your generoſity, that, for her ſake, you would ſpare a drop or two of your canal-water, which by the ſpungy bottom needs it ſo much. The only defects of them all were, that they wanted colour, ſight, and ſmell; yet, as to the laſt, we both acknowledged them all to exhale a general ſuſtineſs, which however did much reſemble that of your Cavan air.

LETTER CXXXV.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

I Received your letter, which begun with *lings*†. You have thirteen in all, and I have got but a hundred and

† A termination whimſically applied. See the next letter.

and ſixty; a trifle! Find me ten more than mine, and I will give you ten guineas for the eleventh. Mine are all down, and only twelve, which are not entered in a letter; which I will ſend you when health permits, and I have nothing elſe to do; and that may be a twelve-month hence, if my diſorder will let me hold out ſo long. You were born to be happy, for you take the leaſt piece of good fortune chearfully. I ſuppoſe your arithmetic is, that three boys a-week are a hundred and fifty-nine in a year; and ſeven guineas a week are three hundred and ſixty-five *per annum*. Can you reckon, that the county, and the next, and Dublin, will provide you with thirty lads in all, and good pay, of which a dozen ſhall be lodgers? Does the cheapneſs of things anſwer your expectation? Have you ſent away your late younger-married daughter? and will you ſend away the other? Let me deſire you will be very regular in your accounts; becauſe a very honeſt friend of yours and mine tells me, that, with all your honeſty, it is an uneaſy thing to have any dealings with you that relate to accounts, by your frequent forgetfulneſs and confuſion: for you have no notion of regularity; and I do not wonder at it, conſidering the ſcattered, confuſed manner in which you have lived. Mrs Whiteway thanks you for the good opinion you have of her; and I know ſhe always loved and defended you. I cannot tell when I ſhall be able to travel. I have three other engagements on my hands, but the principal is to ſee the Biſhop of Oſſory. Yet I dread the lying abroad above five miles. I am never well. Some ſudden turns are every day threatning me with a giddy fit; and my affairs are terribly embroiled. I have a ſcheme of living with you, when the *College-green* club is to meet: for in theſe times I deteſt the town, and hearing the follies, corruptions, and laviſh practices of thoſe miſrepreſentative brutes; and reſolve, if I can ſtir, to paſs that whole time at Bath or Cavan. I ſay again, keep very regular accounts, in large books, and a fair hand; not like me, who, to ſave paper, confuſe every thing. Your mind is honeſt, but your memory a knave; and therefore the Scotch mean the ſame thing by *minding*, that we do by *remembering*. Sirrah, ſaid I to a Scotch footman, why did you not go

that

that errand? Becauſe I did no *mind* it, quo' Sawny. A curſe on theſe twenty ſoldiers drumming thro' my liberty twice a-day, and going to a barrack † the government hath placed juſt under my noſe. I think of a line in Virgil Traveſty. *The d——l cut their ſelping weapons.* We expect Lord Orrery and Biſhop Rundle next week. ——This letter was intended for laſt poſt, but interruptions and horſes hindered it. Poor Mrs Acheſon is relapſed at Grange, and worſe than ever. I was there yeſterday, and met Dr H—m, who hopes ſhe was a little better.——16. Here has no body been hanged, married, or dead that I hear of. Dr Grattan is confined by a boil; if you aſk him where, he will ſell you a bargain. My chief country companion now is philoſopher Webber; for the Grattans and Jackſons are neither to be found at home or abroad, except Robin, who cannot ſtir a foot.

LETTER CXXXVI.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

April 9. 1737.

ABOUT a month ago I received your laſt letter, wherein you complain of my long ſilence; what will you do when I am ſo long in anſwering? I have one excuſe which will ſerve for all my friends; I am quite worn out with diſorders of mind and body; a long fit of deafneſs, which ſtill continues, hath unqualified me for converſing, or thinking, or reading, or hearing; to all this is added an apprehenſion of giddineſs, whereof I have frequently ſome frightful touches. Beſides, I can hardly write ten lines without twenty blunders, as you will ſee by the number of ſcratchings and blots before this letter is done: in to the bargain, I have no rag of memory left; and my friends have all forſa except Mrs Whiteway, who pre condition; and a few others, v

† Called now the *paddle-guard*, and kep St Patrick's to ſuppreſs riots.

them nothing. As to my taking a journey to Cavan, I am juſt as capable as of a voyage to China, or of running races at Newmarket. But to ſpeak in the *Latinitas Crattaniana*, *Tu clamas meretrix primus*; for we have all expected you here at Eaſter, as you were uſed to do. —— Your muſter-roll of meat is good, but of drink in-ſup port able. Yew wann twine. My ſtreſs Albavia has eaten here all your hung beef, and ſaid it was very good. The affair of high importance in their family is, that Miſs Molly hath iſſued out orders, with great penalties, to be called Mrs Harriſon: which cauſeth many ſpeck you'll aſh owns.—— I am now come to the noli me tan jerry, which begg inns wyth Mad dam.——So I will go on, by the ſtrength of my own wit, upon points of the high eſt imp or taunts. I have been very curious in conſidering that fruitful word *ling*; which explains many fine qualities in ladies; ſuch as *grow ling*, *ray ling*, *tip ling*, (ſeldom) *toy ling*, *mumb ling*, *grumb ling*, *curr ling*, *puſs ling*, *buſs ling*, *ſtrow ling*, *ramb ling*, *quarry ling*, *tatling*, *whiff ling*, *dabb ling*, *doub ling*. Theſe are but as ample o fan hunn dread mower: they have all got cold this winter, big owing tooth in lick lad ink old wet her, and dare ink you rabble.——Well, I triumph over you, Is corn urine cap a city. Pray tell me, does the land of Quilca pay any rent? or is any paid by the tenant? or is there not any part of 50 l. to be got? But before you make complaints of ill payments from your ſchool, I will declare I was never ſo ill paid as now, even by my richer debtors. I have finiſhed my will for the laſt time; wherein I left ſome little legacy, which you are not to receive till you ſhall be entirely out of my debt, and paid all you owe me to my executors And I have made very honourable mention of you in the will, as the conſideration of my leaving theſe legacies to you.

Explain this proverb. *Salt dry fiſh, and the wedding-gold, is the vice of women both young and old.* Yes, you have it i nam o mento time The old huncks Shepherd has buried his only ſon,' who was a young huncks come to age.

POSTSCRIPT.

Here is a rhyme; it is a ſatire on an inconſtant lover. You

You are as faithless as a Carthaginian,
To love at once Kate, Nell, Doll, Martha, Jenny, Anne.

A specimen of Latinitas Grattaniana.

EGO ludam diabolum super duos baculos cum te.
Voca super me cras.
Profecto ego dabo tibi tuum ventrem plenum legis.
Sine me solum cum illo. Ego capiam tempus.
Quid pestis velles tu esse apud?
Ego faciam te fumare.
Duc uxorem veni super.
Ego dabo tibi pyxidem in aure.
Ego faciam te secare saltum.
Veni, veni, solve tuum scotum, et fac non plura verba.
Id est plus expensi quam veneratio.
Si tu es pro lege, dabo tibi legem, tuum ventrem plenum.
Ut diabolus voluit habere id.
Quid est materia tecum?
Tu habes vetus proverbium super tuum latus:
Nihil est nunquam in periculo.
Cape me apud illud, et suspende me.
Ego capio te apud tuum verbum.
Tu venis in farti tempore
Est formosus corporatus homo in facie.
Esne tu super pro omni die?
Morsus: Esne tu ibi cum tuis ursis?
Ille est ex super suam servationem.
Tu est carcer avis.
Ego amo mendacem in meo corde, et tu aptas me ad crimen.
Ego dicam tibi quid: Hic est magnus clamor, et parva lana.
Quid! tu es super tuum altum equum.
Tu nunquam servasti tuum verbum.
Hic est diabolus et omne agere.
Visne tu esse tam bonus, quam tuum verbum?
Ego faciam porcum vel canem de id.
Ego servo hoc pro pluvioso die.
Ego possum facere id cum digito madido:

Profecto ego habui nullam manum in id.
Esne tu in aure nido?
Tu es homo extranei venis.
Precor, ambula super.
Ego intro non in tuas querelas.
Ego feci amorem virgini honoris.
Quomodo venit id circum, quod tu ludis stultum ita?
Vos ibi, fac viam pro meo domino.
Omnes socii apud pedem pilam.
Fœminæ et linteum aspiciunt optimè per candelæ lucem.

LETTER CXXXVII *.

Dr SWIFT *to Dr* SHERIDAN.

I will on Monday (this is Saturday, May 22. as you will read below in the date) send or talk to Mr Smith: but I distrust your sanguinity so much, (by my own desponding temper), that I know not whether that affair of your justiceship be fixed; but I shall know next week, and write or act accordingly. I battled in vain with the Duke and his clan against the lowering of gold, which is just a kind settlement upon England of 25,000 l. a-year for ever. Yet some of my friends differ from me, tho' all agree that the absentees will be just so much gainers. I am excessively glad that your difficulty of breathing is over; for what is life but breath? I mean not that of our nostrils, but our lungs. You must in summer ride every half-holiday, and go to church every Sunday some miles off. The people of England are copying from us to plague the clergy; but they intend far to outdo the original. I wish I were to be born next century, when we shall be utterly rid of parsons, of which, God be thanked, you are none at present; and until your Bishop give you a living, I will leave off (except this letter) giving you the title of *Reverend*. I did write him lately a letter with a witness, relating to his printer of *quadrille*, (did you ever see it?), with which he half ruined Faulkner. He promises

* This should have been dated 22d May 1731, but is so...

niſes (againſt his nature) to conſider him; but inter-
d an exception, which I believe will deſtroy the
le. Mrs Whiteway gives herſelf airs of loving you;
do not truſt her too much; for ſhe grows diſobedi-
and ſays, ſhe is going for to get another favourite.
ıort, ſhe calls you names, and has neither Mr nor Dr
ıer tongue, but calls you plain Sheridan, and pox
you. She is not with me now, elſe ſhe would
this in ſpite of me; and, between ourſelves, ſhe
up to be my governor. I wiſh you had ſent me the
iſtian name of Knatchbull, and I would have writ to
; but I will ſee him on Monday, if he will be viſi-

The poem on the *legion-club* is ſo altered and en-
ed, as I hear, (for I only ſaw the original), and ſo
ınably murdered, that they have added many of the
to the *true number*. I hear it is charged to me,
great perſonal threatnings from the puppies of-
ed. Some ſay they will wait for revenge to their
meeting; others ſay the privy council will ſummon
ſuſpected author. If I could get the true copy, I
ld ſend it you. Your Biſhop writes me word, that
real author is manifeſt by the work.——Your loſs,
eſh is nothing, if it be made up with ſpirit. God
him who hath neither, I mean myſelf. I believe I
ſay with Horace, *Non omnis moriar*; for half my
is already ſpent.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

Dr SWIFT *to Mr* POPE.

ear SIR, *Dublin, April* 28. 1739.

'HE gentleman who will have the honour to de-
liver you this, altho' he be one related to me,
h is by no means any ſort of recommendation; for
utterly void of what the world calls natural affec-
; and with good reaſon, becauſe they are a nume-
race degenerating from their anceſtors, who were
ood eſteem for their loyalty and ſufferings in the re-
on againſt King Charles I.: this couſin of mine,
is ſo deſirous to wait on you, is named *Deane*

Profecto ego ha[illegible] grandfather by the grand-
Esne tu in [illegible] Admiral Deane; who having been
Tu est hon[illegible] had the good fortune to save his
Precor, [illegible] year or two before the restoration.
Ego ir[illegible] great esteem for Mr Deane Swift, who is
Ego [illegible] most valuable of any in his family. He was
[illegible] student in this university. and finished his studies
in Oxford; where Dr King, Principal of St Mary Hall,
assured me, that Mr Swift behaved himself with good
reputation and credit. He hath a very good taste for
wit, writes agreeable and entertaining verses, and is a
perfect master, equally skilled in the best Greek and Roman authors. He hath a true spirit for liberty, and with all these advantages is extremely decent and modest. Mr Swift is heir to the little paternal estate of our family at Goodrich in Herefordshire. My grandfather was so persecuted and plundered two and fifty times, by the barbarity of Cromwell's hellish crew, (of which I find an account in a book called *Mercurius Rusticus*), that the poor old gentleman was forced to sell the better half of his estate to support his family. However, three of his sons had better fortune; for coming over to this kingdom, and taking to the law, they all purchased good estates here; of which Mr Deane Swift hath a good share. but with some incumbrance.

I had a mind that this young gentleman should have the honour of being known to you, which is all the favour I ask for him; and that if he stays any time longer in London than he now intends, you will permit him to wait on you sometimes.

I am,

My dearest friend,

Your most obedient,

and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

A

† Author of *An essay upon the life, writings, and character of Dr Swift*, published in 1755.

A LETTER.

DOCTOR,

URE verens is as fit amanto tellus toris assi. It is as illi gesto me. E veri lædi is a prata pace: sum arso denti i cursum at a venture. Amanto mari ad rapido cetis a miti folli. Ime metum at Annibal. A tu es de se nite sed ito a lædi in cum pani offa delatoris, præsit in mi lapsu. Dicti camina furiatus, orto præ ventus: his cotis vel vetas fine assa hero. Histrix arso rudi cantabit en durum. His arsa ne ver atqui et. Cæsi, de vilis in uti fora puppi. Præ heris anser. Sursum denis argum, agros, aras calli, as usi, an empti, an das curvitori. A pacatoris sat at superbius, sed ito Dic; Serra, ærugo, origo, I mæres mi angor in as lapithæ belli: I promissu as suras urina gaudi coti intendit; fori de testa vi olent parti rogas mi ene mi. As suras veni sonis fit fora pasti: Ima deni se; far ab ove ad rumor, ora piper, or a caper in fartor. Sed ito an ebur nec sto missi de; Ago, arundo formica no, lætabo beat mi merci. I seda punis me de lite, ora cupa claret; an di cæso fore ver. Alludo dic isto callus aras calido deni it. Dic sedi in ager, cantu ride mi mare inani para bootes, ora nuperas sues? Dic has hyems in his pate. His cum pani i tecum fora veri scilicet o puppis: iras cullum tuenti times a die. Dic sed, i amabo, i sedi detestabo, i findit: cantu curabo? Prædixit an do tellus sum tales. Cannibal a sudo? O let Serapis in ure bootes: o let hercum. A curru artis apparent. As fine as ure cotis, itis as Græci assa candelis; nota sum tuus habet forabo. Atlas tu sed; Serra dicti, sensu arso rude tomis ter deni se, ure nos in me ars.

PRÆ se Doctor, musti visit mi par sonas i intendit? I definit a tu es de nite nec stat his labora tori; an de at mi superaturus.

ITIS ab ova forte nite ago sinceri ritu notis offa define tomus ter almi tori parti at super. Se, musti bipes forum, orno? An ebur omine has sum veri fine stipes; I præ ubi sumto fata porcas i intendat sum time for a

meri Es ter, orat Criſta mas de. As tomi pes, i avum redi in atro.

Is dicor is mari deflet me tecum in tomi cum pani; formidinis in mi pate. Fori cantherina dea bellet alpha quarter offa miles diſtans.

Sed ito dic. præis mi lædi Mari abuti orno? Heri anſer; O, as feras ab lac amore, aſſuetas Ajax, as meri as an apis, an das redito fartas a marina rodis.

Præbe ſpecus a ſatur de nec ſtat ſuperaturus: Ime bea turus Tori rori, as meri aſſa piper.

Res tore mi in coruu curru ſtola ſatur de. Udi dii ſe, an das ſuras agunto, it iſtos hamus. Ime comi tuto nugator inani gelu deſervit. Atlas tu me ſuſſerat a gallus fora robur. Itis veri es ito paca juri. Cani ſe imas Indis Creta manas ubi? I cano. Præ ſurdo me juſtis. Sed ito dixit quietas alam. Senſu arſo pertica nata ni time triumpho vero prætor; itis notat alto me. I valuit nota quarto vale.

Mi puppi is ſolaminis legas i cantu ſim inani errant.

Seras de lite iſto flatter. Afflat error is redito puta nos inani ars. Sera ſedi, pullus ſum fruitor lætus pullum, an apri coxa bitumen de lite in. Ire alimenta civi lite fora lædi, butio nimis tecum. Itis inveni findito trito humorem. Itis as longa timeas ire membra jumento fume fora det: at ipſi rogato poto vale; uno io nomen agro at. I meto non eſt at urnæ, a foto mi en emi; an di pedit in hiſco in.

Sinciput Eumenides ago in a furi, Iambicum more care fulto repent it: Atom, cantu culmen fit fora meri cum pani? Atri forum, prædo. Finalis mi de lite. Obruit as fine aſſis inani citi. Ure caris in ops notabit fuſti. Aduncis mi de lite, juſtas a paratis ures; I herum, I en cur age, an di ſecundum in alni follis. fora de oſo.

Tomi ad viſu toris toriſque nota peni inani Hanno veri an intereſt. Arma geſti Caro lina has no credit. An das tomi Georgica notabit en dure. Mi cur doctor toral ordinis nupera bootes.

Miser vi ceto ure datur An. Præ rem embrio hera peni. I ſum times caſtas ipſi ater. I mis terat urus.

Siriam,

Satur de at nite. *Urii.*

A humorous letter to Dr SHERIDAN *, *on a literalia ſcheme of writing.*

SIR,

AS you are a famous inſtructor of youth in the learned languages, I cannot doubt of your being willing to encourage all *uſeful inventions*, that may further improve knowledge. I have often lamented the unneceſſary loſs of time we ſuffer in tranſcribing our thoughts,

* Swift was naturally fond of ſeeing his works in print; and he was encouraged in this fondneſs by his friend Dr Sheridan, who had the *caccethes ſcribendi*, to the greateſt degree, and was continually letting off ſquibs, rockets, and all ſorts of little fire-works from the preſs: by which means he offended many particular perſons, who, altho' they ſtood in awe of Swift, held Sheridan at defiance. The truth is, the poor Doctor, by nature the moſt peaceable, inoffenſive man alive, was in a continual ſtate of warfare with the minor poets; and they revenged themſelves, or, in the ſtyle of Mr Bays, often gave him *flaſh for flaſh*, and *ſinged his feathers*. The affection between Theſeus and Pirithous was not greater than the affection between Swift and Sheridan. Let me here give you ſome ſketches of Swift's friend.

Dr Sheridan was a ſchoolmaſter, and, in many inſtances, perfectly well adapted for that ſtation. He was deeply verſed in the Greek and Roman languages, and in their cuſtoms and antiquities. He had that kind of good-nature, which abſence of mind, indolence of body, and careleſſneſs of fortune, produce; and altho' not over ſtrict in his own conduct, yet he took care of the morality of his ſcholars, whom he ſent to the univerſity remarkably well grounded in all claſſical learning, and not ill inſtructed in the ſocial duties of life. He was ſlovenly, indigent, and chearful. He knew books much better than men; and he knew the value of money leaſt of all. In this ſituation, and with this diſpoſition, Swift faſtened upon him, as upon a prey with which he intended to regale himſelf, whenever his appetite ſhould prompt him. Sheridan therefore was kept conſtantly within his reach: and the only time he was permitted to go beyond the limits of his chain, was to take poſſeſſion of a living in the county of Cork, which had been beſtowed upon him by the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the preſent Earl of Granville. Sheridan, in one fatal moment, or by one fatal text, effected his own ruin. This ill ſtarred, good-natured, improvident man returned to Dublin, unhinged from all favour at court, and even baniſhed

thoughts, by dividing our words into ſyllables, and writing the vowels at length, which ſo frequently occur; that altho' they be but five, yet by occurring ſo frequently as they do, they double our labour. Beſides the great loſs of paper, pens, and ink, which many among the learned are not ſo well able to ſpare.

I confeſs, that, in this polite and learned age of ours, many laudable attempts have been made for ſome remedy againſt this evil; partly by abbreviating words with

baniſhed from the caſtle. But ſtill he remained a punſter, a quibbler, a fiddler, and a wit. Not a day paſſed without a rebus, an anagram, or a madrigal. His pen and his fiddleſtick were in continual motion; and yet to little or no purpoſe, if we may give credit to the following verſes, which ſhall ſerve as the concluſion of his poetical character.

With muſic and poetry equally bleſs'd,
A bard thus Apollo moſt humbly addreſs'd:
Great author of poetry, muſic, and light,
Inſtructed by thee, I both fiddle and write:
Yet unheeded I ſcrape, or I ſcribble all day,
My tunes are neglected, my verſe flung away.
Thy ſubſtitute here, Vice-Apollo *, diſdains,
To vouch for my numbers, or liſt to my ſtrains.
Thy manual ſign he refuſes to put
To the airs I produce from the pen, or the gut.
Be thou then propitious, great Phœbus, and grant
Relief; or reward to my merit, or want.
Tho' the Dean and Delany † tranſcendently ſhine,
O! brighten one ſolo, or ſonnet of mine.
Make one work immortal; 'tis all I requeſt.
Apollo look'd pleas'd, and, reſolving to jeſt,
Replied, Honeſt friend, I've conſider'd your caſe,
Nor diſlike your unmeaning and innocent face.
Your petition I grant, the boon is not great,
Your works ſhall continue, and here's the receipt.
On a *roundos* ‡ hereafter your fiddleſtrings ſpend,
Write verſes in circles, they never ſhall end.

Orrery.

See a further account of Dr Sheridan in Dr Swift's life, prefixed to vol. 1.

* *Dr Swift.*

† *Now Dean of Downe.* ——— *See Swift's will, at the end of this volume.*

‡ *A ſong or peculiar kind of poetry, which returns to the beginning of the firſt verſe, and ſo continues in a perpetual rotation.*

with apoſtrophes, and partly by lopping the polyſyllables, leaving only one or two at moſt; as thus, 'Tis, 'n't, 't'nt. won't, can't, poz, 'pon, rep', phis, and many more. But alas, theſe are poor expedients, and do not go to the root of the diſeaſe.

My ſcheme is much more uſeful and extenſive; altho' I confeſs myſelf not to be altogether the original inventor. For I obſerve, that the ingenious gentlemen who play at White's chocolate-houſe, have ſome imperfect idea of it; and I have ſeen ſome inſtances of it many years older, but very imperfect. By theſe examples I have theſe nine years paſt been conſidering the force of letters in our alphabet, with relation to each other; as ſchoolmiſtreſſes teach young children to pronounce them in their horn-books; which is in this manner: A, Be *or* Bee, Cee, Dee, E, Ef, Gee, Each *or* Ach, I *or* Eye, Ka *or* Key, El, Em, En, O, Pee *or* Pe, Qu *or* Cue, Are *or* Err, Eſs, Tee *or* Tea, U *or* You, Double U *or* Double You, Ex, Wy, Izzard. Now this, I ſay, the very gaming lords at the chocolate-houſes have already ſome imperfect notion of, as far as concerns the vowels. The ſame thing alſo men of buſineſs are not ignorant of; for thus three vowels ſhall ſtand, with the ſum affixed, for a good promiſſory note, I O U 20*l*.

In ſhort, you need only read the letters as they are pronounced by boys and girls, when they are taught firſt to read, as A, Bee, Cee; and ſix letters ſhall go as far as ten. This is only for diſpatch in writing; of which take the following ſpecimens. But I have materials for a treatiſe to contract words in ſpeaking, which, as this finds encouragement, I ſhall publiſh afterwards.

A letter to your miſtreſs.

DR In ur a but; I ſtm u a dit. Ur mpr nders. O b ur but ndls. A tr faces ur but. Ur a gm; a gul; a rub. I c a b p q ur i: I b c h u t k a r o u r i, I c q u ar med. U r etn; u r yy. U r aprs. I c a pr b for o. I dſir ur pt, ur gnroſet; our prſpquit; dene, enerit, fablit, ur xlnes apr. Ur a qurioet. Ritr nobis

ut

ur log. Ur a qn ma. Ur but dfis apls a pntr. I c ur but pres ur nmi.

Another letter in the literalia ſtyle.

BT, ur nt; u dfil ur krks dli. I c ur a grr. I ph u. I aqq u. Ur nmii aqq u. Mli aqqs u. Q pd d fi i u. U r r r mprs. U th k t. O g m ni! u a thr. u th a br. Ur ri. I d fi u. I ſk p u. I ſq u. I k tquis u. U a but. Ur rc a but. U rſmbl ur ldr eſtr kt on. I rmmbr dr Ptr. On Sqr. B guptr I c ur gloc. Q ep ur tmpr.

A punning EPISTLE *on* MONEY.

Worthy Mr PENNYFEATHER,

MADAM Johnſon has been very ill uſed by her ſervants; they put ſhillings into her broth inſtead of grots, which made her ſtamp. I hear they had them from one Tom Ducket, a tenant to Major Noble, who, I am told, is reduced to ninepence. We are doubting whether we ſhall dine at the Crown or the Angel. Honeſt Mark Kob, who has been much moydored of late, will dine with us; but Squire Manypenny, and Captain Sterling, deſire to be excuſed, for they are engaged with Ned Silver to dine in Change alley. They live in great har-mony; they met all-together laſt week, and ſat as lovingly as horſes in a pound. I ſuppoſe you have heard of the rino-ceros lately arrived here. A captain was caſh-eered on Wedneſday. A ſcavenger abuſed me this morning; but I made him down with his duſt, which indeed was a far-thing from my intentions. Mrs Brens had a pi-ſtole from her; I would a'ginny'e a good deal for ſuch another. Mrs Dingley has made a ſouſe for your collard eel. Alderman Coin preſents his ſervice to you. I have nothing but half-pens to write with, ſo that you muſt excuſe this ſcrawl. One of my ſeals fell into a chink. I am, without allay,

Your moſt obedient,

TOM. MITE.

P. S.

P. S. Mr Cole preſents his ſervice to you, of which I am a-teſter.

A Letter from a gentleman in the country to his friend in town.

De te
Fabula narratur.

SIR,

AS you have been pleaſed very generouſly to honour me with your friendſhip, I think myſelf obliged to throw off all diſguiſe, and diſcover to you my real circumſtances: which I ſhall do with all the openneſs and freedom imaginable. You will be ſurpriſed at the beginning of my ſtory, and think the whole a joke; but you may depend upon its being actually true, and, if need were, I can bring the parſon of the pariſh to teſtify the ſame.

You muſt know then, that at this preſent time I live in a poor, little, ſorry houſe of clay, that ſtands upon the waſte, as other cottages do; and what is worſt of all, am liable to be turned out at a minute's warning. It is a ſort of a copyhold tenure; and the cuſtom of the manor is this: for the firſt thirty years I am to pay no rent, but only to do ſuit and ſervice, and attend upon the courts, which are kept once a-week, and ſometimes oftener: for twenty years after this, I am to pay a roſe every year; and further than this, during the remainder of my life, I am to pay a tooth, (which you will ſay is a whimſical kind of acknowledgment), every two or three years, or oftener, if it be demanded: and when I have nothing more to pay, *out* muſt be the word, and it will not be long ere my perſon will be ſeized. I might have had my tenement (ſuch as it is) upon better terms, if it had not been for a fault of my great-grandfather. He and his wife together, with the advice of an ill neighbour, were concerned in robbing an orchard belonging to the lord of the manor, and ſo forfeited this great privilege, to my ſorrow I am ſure. But however, I muſt do as well as I can, and ſhall endeavour to keep my houſe in tolerable repair.

Mr

My kitchen, where I dreſs my victuals, is a comical little roundiſh ſort of a room, ſomewhat like an oven; it anſwers very well to the purpoſe it was deſigned for, and that is enough. My garrets (or rather my cock-lofts indeed) are very indifferently furniſhed; but they are rooms which few people regard now, unleſs to lay lumber in: however, I make ſhift to rub on in my little way; and when rent-day comes, I muſt ſee and diſcharge it as well as I can.

Whenever I am turned out, I underſtand my lodge, or whatever you pleaſe to call it, deſcends upon a low-ſpirited creeping family, remarkable for nothing, but being inſtrumental in advancing the reputation of the great Moor in Abchurch-lane *. But be that as it will; I have one ſnug apartment that lies on the left ſide of my houſe, which I reſerve for my chiefeſt friends. It is very warm, where you will always be a welcome gueſt; and you may depend upon a lodging, as long as the edifice ſhall be in the tenure and occupation of,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant.

A letter from Dr Swift *to the Rev. Mr* Kendall, *vicar of Thornton in Leiceſterſhire* †.

SIR, *Feb.* 11. 1691.

If any thing made me wonder at your letter, it was your almoſt inviting me to do ſo in the beginning; which indeed grew leſs upon knowing the occaſion, ſince it is what I have heard from more than one in and about Leiceſter. And for the friendſhip between us, as I ſuppoſe *yours* to be real, ſo I think it would be proper to imagine *mine*, until you find any cauſe to believe it pretended; tho' I might have ſome quarrel at you in three or four lines, which are very ill beſtowed in complimenting

* An apothecary in London, remarkable for ſelling worm-powder.

† This letter is not in Hawkeſworth's nor the Dublin edition It is taken from the 11th volume of Swift's miſcellanies, printed at London in 1753.

plimenting me. And as to that of my great *prospects* of making my fortune, on which as your kindness only looks on the beſt ſide, ſo my own cold temper and unconfined humour is much greater hindrance than any fear of that which is the ſubject of your letter. I'll ſpeak plainly to you, that the very ordinary considerations I made with going half a mile beyond the university, have taught me experience enough, not to think of marriage, till I ſettle my fortune in the world; which I am ſure will not be in ſome years. And even then itſelf, I am ſo hard to pleaſe, that I ſuppoſe I ſhall put it off to the other world. How all this ſuits with my behaviour to the woman in hand, you may eaſily imagine, when you know that there is ſomething in me which muſt be employed; and, when I am alone, turns all, for want of practice, into ſpeculation and thought; inſomuch, that, in theſe ſeven weeks I have been here, I have writ and burnt, and writ again, upon almoſt all manner of ſubjects, more than perhaps any man in England. And this is it, which a perſon of great honour in Ireland (who was pleaſed to ſtoop ſo low as to look into my mind) uſed to tell me, that my mind was like a conjured ſpirit, that would do miſchief if I would not give it employment. It is this humour that makes me ſo buſy when I am in company, to turn all that way: and ſince it commonly ends in talk, whether it be love or common converſation, it is all alike. This is ſo common, that I could remember twenty women in my life, to whom I have behaved myſelf juſt the ſame way, and, I profeſs, without any other deſign, than of entertaining myſelf when I am very idle, or when ſomething goes amiſs in my affairs. This I always have done, as a man of the world, when I had no deſign for any thing grave in it, and what I thought (at worſt) a harmleſs impertinence. But whenever I began to take ſober reſolutions, or (as now) to think of entering into the church, I never found it would be hard to put off this kind of folly at the porch. Beſides, perhaps in ſo general a converſation among that ſex, I might pretend a little to underſtand where I am, when I go to chuſe for a wife; and think, that tho' the cunningeſt ſharper of the town may have a cheat put upon him, yet it muſt

be cleanlier carried than this, which you think I am going to top upon myſelf. And truly, if you know how metaphyſical I am that way, you would little fear I ſhould venture on one who has given ſo much occaſion to tongues. For tho' the people is a lying ſort of beaſt, (and, I think, in Leiceſter above all parts that I ever was in); yet they ſeldom talk without ſome glimpſe of a reaſon; which I declare (ſo unpardonably jealous I am) to be a ſufficient cauſe for me to hate any woman, any farther than a bare acquaintance, except all things elſe were agreeable, and that I had mathematical demonſtrations for the falſehood of the firſt, which, if it be not impoſſible, I am ſure is very like it. Among all the young gentlemen that I have known, who have ruined themſelves by marrying, (which, I aſſure you, is a great number), I have made this general rule, That they are either young, raw, and ignorant ſcholars, who, for want of knowing company, believe every ſilk petticoat includes an *angel*; or elſe they have been a ſort of honeſt young men, who perhaps are too literal, in rather marrying than burning, and ſo entail miſeries on themſelves and poſterity, by an over-acting modeſty. I think I am very far excluded from lighting under either of theſe heads. I confeſs I have known one or two men of ſenſe enough, who, inclined to frolics, have married and ruined themſelves out of a maggot. But a thouſand houſehold-thoughts, which always drive matrimony out of my mind, whenever it chances to come there, will, I am ſure, fright me from that. Beſides, I am naturally temperate, and never engaged in the contrary, which uſually produces thoſe effects. Your hints at particular ſtories I do not underſtand, having never heard them, but juſt ſo hinted. I thought it proper to give you this, to ſhew you how I thank you for your regard of me: and I hope my carriage will be ſo, as my friends need not be aſhamed of the name. I ſhould not have behaved myſelf after the manner I did in Leiceſter, if I had not valued my own entertainment beyond the obloquy of a parcel of very wretched fools, which I ſolemnly pronounce the inhabitants of Leiceſter to be; and ſo I content myſelf with retaliation. I hope

you

you will forgive this trouble; and ſo with my ſervice to your good wife, I am,

Good couſin,

Your very † friend and ſervant,

JON. SWIFT.

A prayer uſed by the Dean for Mrs JOHNSON in her laſt ſickneſs, written Oct. 17. 1727‖.

MOST merciful Father, accept our humbleſt prayers in behalf of this thy languiſhing ſervant. Forgive the ſins, the frailties, and infirmities of her life paſt. Accept the good deeds ſhe hath done, in ſuch a

† There ſeems to have been a word omitted here thro' haſte.

‖ Mrs Johnſon was the daughter of Sir William Temple's ſteward, and the concealed, but undoubted wife of Dr Swift. Sir William Temple bequeathed her in his will 1000l. as an acknowledgment of her father's faithful ſervices. I cannot tell how long ſhe remained in England, or whether ſhe made more journeys than one to Ireland, after Sir William Temple's death; but, if my informations are right, ſhe was married to Dr Swift in the year 1716, by Dr Aſhe, then Biſhop of Clogher.

Stella was a moſt amiable woman in mind and perſon. She had an elevated underſtanding, with all the delicacy and ſoftneſs of her ſex. Her voice however ſweet in itſelf, was ſtill rendered more harmonious by what ſhe ſaid. Her wit was poignant without ſeverity. Her manners were humane, polite, eaſy, and unreſerved. Wherever ſhe came, ſhe attracted attention and eſteem. As virtue was her guide in morality, ſincerity was her guide in religion. She was conſtant, but not oſtentatious, in her devotions. She was remarkably prudent in her converſation. She had great ſkill in muſic, and was perfectly well verſed in all the leſſer arts that employ a lady's leiſure. Her wit allowed her a fund of perpetual chearfulneſs: her prudence kept that chearfulneſs within

proper

manner, that at whatever time thou ſhalt pleaſe to call her, ſhe may be received into everlaſting habitations. Give her grace to continue ſincerely thankful to thee for the many favours thou haſt beſtowed upon her, the ability, and inclination, and practice to do good, and thoſe

proper limits. She exactly anſwered the deſcription of Penelope in Homer:

A woman loveliest of the lovely kind,
In body perfect, and complete in mind.

Such was Stella: yet, with all theſe accompliſhments, ſhe never could prevail upon Dr Swift to acknowledge her openly as his wife. A great genius muſt tread in unbeaten paths, and deviate from the common road of life; otherwiſe ſurely a diamond of ſo much luſtre might have been publicly produced, altho' it had been fixed within the collet of matrimony. But the flaw which in Dr Swift's eye reduced the value of ſuch a jewel, was the ſervile ſtate of her father, who, as has been ſaid before, was a menial ſervant to Sir William Temple. Ambition and pride will, at any time, conquer reaſon and juſtice; and each larger degree of pride, like the larger fiſhes of prey, will devour all the leſs. Thus the vanity of boaſting ſuch a wife, was ſuppreſſed by the greater vanity of keeping free from a low alliance.

Dr Swift and Mrs Johnſon continued the ſame œconomy of life after marriage, which they had purſued before it. They lived in ſeparate houſes; he remained at the deanery, ſhe in lodgings at a diſtance from him, and on the other ſide of the river Liffy. Nothing appeared in their behaviour inconſiſtent with decorum, or beyond the limits of Platonic love. They converſed like friends; but they induſtriouſly took care to ſummon witneſſes of their converſation: A rule to which they adhered ſo ſtrictly, that it would be difficult, if not impoſſible, to prove they had ever been together without ſome third perſon.

A conduct ſo extraordinary in itſelf always gives room for various comments and reflexions. But however unaccountable this renunciation of marriage-rights might appear to the world, it certainly roſe not from any conſciouſneſs of too near a conſanguinity between him and Mrs Johnſon, altho' the general voice of fame was willing to make them both the natural children of Sir William Temple. I am perſuaded, that Dr Swift was not of that opinion; becauſe the ſame falſe pride that induced him to deny the legitimate daughter of an obſcure ſervant, might have prompted him to own the natural daughter of ſo eminent a man as Sir William Temple.

Inward anxiety affected by degrees the calmneſs of her mind, and the ſtrength of her body. She began to decline in her health, in the year 1724; and from the firſt ſymptoms of decay, ſhe rather

lingered

oſe virtues which have procured the eſteem and love
her friends, and a moſt unſpotted name in the world.
God, thou diſpenſeſt thy bleſſings and thy puniſh-
ents as it becometh infinite juſtice and mercy; and
ice it was thy pleaſure to afflict her with a long, con-
nt, weakly ſtate of health, make her truly ſenſible,
at it was for very wiſe ends, and was largely made up
her in other bleſſings more valuable and leſs common.
ontinue to her, O Lord, that firmneſs and conſtancy of
ind, wherewith thou haſt moſt graciouſly endowed her,
gether with that contempt of worldly things and va-
ties, that ſhe hath ſhewn in the whole conduct of her
e. O all-powerful Being, the leaſt motion of whoſe
ill can create or deſtroy a world; pity us, the mourn-
l friends of thy diſtreſſed ſervant, who ſink under the
eight of her preſent condition, and the fear of loſing
ie moſt valuable of our friends: reſtore her to us, O
ord, if it be thy gracious will, or inſpire us with con-
ancy and reſignation, to ſupport ourſelves under ſo
eavy an affliction. Reſtore her, O Lord, for the ſake
f thoſe poor, who, by loſing her, will be deſolate; and
ioſe ſick, who will not only want her bounty, but her
ire and tending; or elſe, in thy mercy, raiſe up ſome
:her in her place, with equal diſpoſition, and better
)ilities. Leſſen, O Lord, we beſeech thee, her bodi-
' pains, or give her a double ſtrength of mind to ſup-
ort them. And if thou wilt ſoon take her to thyſelf,
irn our thoughts rather upon that felicity which we
ope ſhe ſhall enjoy, than upon that unſpeakable loſs we
iall endure. Let her memory be ever dear unto us;
nd the example of her many virtues, as far as human
ıfirmity will admit, our conſtant imitation. Accept,
) Lord, theſe prayers, poured from the very bottom
f our hearts, in thy mercy, and for the merits of our
leſſed Saviour. *Amen.*

aſtened than ſhrunk back in the deſcent; tacitly pleaſed to find
er foot ſteps tending to that place where they *neither marry, nor*
re given in marriage. She died towards the end of January 1727-8,
bſolutely deſtroyed by the peculiarity of her fate; a fa-
erhaps ſhe could not have incurred by any alliance w
her perſon in the world. *Orrery.*
See a further account of Stella in Dr Swift's life, poſt

Another, written Nov. 6. 1727 †.

O Merciful Father, who never afflicteſt thy children, but for their own good, and with juſtice, over which thy mercy always prevaileth, either to turn them to repentance, or to puniſh them in the preſent life, in order to reward them in a better; take pity, we beſeech thee, upon this thy poor afflicted ſervant, languiſhing ſo long and ſo grievouſly under the weight of thy hand. Give her ſtrength, O Lord, to ſupport her weakneſs; and patience to endure her pains, without repining at thy correction. Forgive every raſh and inconſiderate expreſſion, which her anguiſh may at any time force from her tongue, while her heart continueth in an entire ſubmiſſion to thy will. Suppreſs in her, O Lord, all eager deſires of life, and leſſen her fears of death, by inſpiring into her an humble, yet aſſured hope of thy mercy. Give her a ſincere repentance for all her tranſgreſſions and omiſſions, and a firm reſolution to paſs the remainder of her life in endeavouring, to her utmoſt, to obſerve all thy precepts. We beſeech thee likewiſe to compoſe her thoughts; and preſerve to her the uſe of her memory and reaſon, during the courſe of her ſickneſs. Give her a true conception of the vanity, folly, and inſignificancy of all human things; and ſtrengthen her ſo as to beget in her a ſincere love of thee in the midſt of her ſufferings. Accept, and impute all her good deeds, and forgive her all thoſe offences againſt thee, which ſhe hath ſincerely repented of, or, thro' the frailty of memory, hath forgot. And now, O Lord, we turn to thee in behalf of ourſelves, and the reſt of her ſorrowful friends. Let not our grief afflict her mind, and thereby have an ill effect on her preſent diſtemper. Forgive the ſorrow and weakneſs of thoſe among us, who ſink under the grief and terror of loſing ſo dear and uſeful a friend. Accept and pardon our moſt earneſt prayers and wiſhes for her longer continuance in this evil world, to do what thou art pleaſed to call

† Mrs Johnſon, alias Stella, died on the 28th of January following, in the 44th year of her age.

call thy ſervice, and is only her bounden duty; that ſhe may be ſtill a comfort to us, and to all others, who will want the benefit of her converſation, her advice, her good offices, or her charity. And ſince thou haſt promiſed, that where two or three are gathered together in thy name, thou wilt be in the midſt of them, to grant their requeſt; O gracious Lord, grant to us who are here met in thy name, that thoſe requeſts, which, in the utmoſt ſincerity and earneſtneſs of our hearts, we have now made in behalf of this thy diſtreſſed ſervant, and of ourſelves, may effectually be anſwered; thro' the merits of Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. *Amen.*

BONS MOTS DE STELLA.

A Lady of my intimate acquaintance both in England and Ireland, in which laſt kingdom ſhe lived from the eighteenth year of her age, twenty ſix years, had the moſt and fineſt accompliſhments of any perſon I ever knew of either ſex. It was obſerved by all her acquaintance, that ſhe never failed in company to ſay the beſt thing that was ſaid, whoever was by; yet her companions were uſually perſons of the beſt underſtanding in the kingdom. Some of us, who were her neareſt friends, lamented that we never wrote down her remarks, and what the French call *bons mots.* I will recollect as many as I can remember.

We were diverting ourſelves at a play called *What is it like?* One perſon is to think, and the reſt, without knowing the thing, to ſay what is it like. The thing thought on was the ſpleen: ſhe had ſaid it was like an oyſter; and gave her reaſon immediately, becauſe it is removed by taking ſteel inwardly.

Dr Sheridan, who ſquandered more than he could afford, took out his purſe as he ſat by the fire, and found it was very hot: ſhe ſaid, the reaſon was, that his money burnt in his pocket.

She called to her ſervants to know what ill ſmell was in the kitchen? they anſwered, they were making matches: Well, ſaid ſhe, I have heard matches were made

made in heaven; but, by the brimſtone, one would think they were made in hell.

AFTER ſhe had been eating ſome ſweet thing, a little of it happened to ſtick on her lips: a gentleman told her of it, and offered to lick it off; ſhe ſaid, No, Sir, I thank you, I have a tongue of my own.

IN the late King's time, a gentleman aſked Jervas the painter, where he lived in London? he anſwered, Next door to the King, (for his houſe was near St James's). The other wondering how that could be; ſhe ſaid, You miſtake Mr Jervas, for he only means next door to the *ſign* of a King.

A gentleman who had been very ſilly and pert in her company, at laſt began to grieve at remembering the loſs of a child lately dead. A biſhop ſitting by comforted him, that he ſhould be eaſy, becauſe the child was gone to heaven. No, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, that is it which moſt grieves him, becauſe he is ſure never to ſee his child there.

HAVING ſeen ſome letters writ by a king in a very large hand, and ſome perſons wondering at them, ſhe ſaid it confirmed the old ſaying, *That Kings had long hands.*

DR Sheridan, famous for punning, intending to ſell a bargain, ſaid, he had made a very good pun. Some body aſked what it was? He anſwered, My a——. The other taking offence, ſhe inſiſted the Doctor was in the right; for every body knew that punning was his *blind ſide.*

WHEN ſhe was extremely ill, her phyſicians ſaid, Madam, you are near the bottom of the hill, but we will endeavour to get you up again. She anſwered, Doctor, I fear I ſhall be *out of breath* before I get up to the top.

A dull parſon talking of a very ſmart thing ſaid to another parſon as he came out of the pulpit, he was hammering a long time, but could not remember the jeſt: ſhe being impatient, ſaid, I remember it very well, for I was there, and the words were theſe: Sir, you have been blundering at a ſtory this half-hour, and can neither make head nor tail of it.

A very dirty clergyman of her acquaintance, who affected ſmartneſs and repartee, was aſked by ſome of the company, how his nails came to be ſo dirty? He was

at a loſs; but ſhe ſolved the difficulty, by ſaying, The Doctor's nails grew dirty by ſcratching himſelf.

A Quaker apothecary ſent her a vial corked; it had a broad brim, and a label of paper about its neck. What is that, ſaid ſhe, my apothecary's ſon? The ridiculous reſemblance, and the ſuddenneſs of the queſtion, ſet us all a-laughing.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS*.

LAWS penned with the utmoſt care and exactneſs, and in the vulgar language, are often perverted to wrong meanings; then why ſhould we wonder that the Bible is ſo?

ALTHO' men are accuſed for not knowing their weakneſs, yet perhaps as few know their own ſtrength.

A man ſeeing a waſp creeping into a vial filled with honey, that was hung on a fruit-tree, ſaid thus: Why, thou ſottiſh animal, art thou mad to go into the vial, where you ſee many hundred of your kind there dying before you? The reproach is juſt, anſwered the waſp; but not from you men, who are ſo far from taking example by other people's follies, that you will not take warning by your own. If, after falling ſeveral times into this vial, and eſcaping by chance, I ſhould fall in again, I ſhould then but reſemble you.

AN old miſer kept a tame jackdaw, that uſed to ſteal pieces of money, and hide them in a hole; which the cat obſerving, aſked, why he would hoard up thoſe round ſhining things that he could make no uſe of? Why, ſaid the jack-daw, my maſter has a whole cheſt-ful, and makes no more uſe of them than I.

MEN are contented to be laughed at for their wit, but not for their folly.

IF the men of wit and genius would reſolve never to complain in their works of critics and detractors, the next age would not know that they ever had any.

AFTER

* Theſe *Thoughts*, and the *Bons mots de Stella*, ſeem to be part of Sheridan's collection of *Contes à rire*, and *Bons mots*, mentioned in letter 128.

AFTER all the maxims and ſyſtems of trade and commerce, a ſtander-by would think the affairs of the world were moſt ridiculouſly contrived.

THERE are few countries, which, if well cultivated, would not ſupport double the number of their inhabitants, and yet fewer, where one third part of the people are not extremely ſtinted, even in the neceſſaries of life. I ſend out twenty barrels of corn, which would maintain a family in bread for a year, and I bring back in return a veſſel of wine, which half a dozen good fellows would drink in leſs than a month, at the expence of their health and reaſon.

A motto for the Jeſuits :

Quæ regio in terris noſtri non plena laboris ?

A man would have but few ſpectators, if he offered to ſhew for three-pence how he could thruſt a red-hot iron into a barrel of gunpowder, and it ſhould not take fire†.

Query, Whether churches are not dormitories of the living as well as of the dead ?

HARRY Killegrew ſaid to Lord Wharton, "You "would not ſwear at that rate, if you thought you "were doing God honour".

A copy of verſes kept in the cabinet, and only ſhewn to a few friends, is like a virgin much ſought after and admired ; but when printed and publiſhed, is like a common whore, whom any body may purchaſe for half a crown.

LEWIS XIV. of France ſpent his life in turning a good name into a great.

SINCE the union of divinity and humanity is the great article of our religion, it is odd to ſee ſome clergymen in their writings of divinity wholly devoid of humanity.

THE Epicureans began to ſpread at Rome in the empire of Auguſtus, as the Socinians, and even the Epicureans too, did in England towards the end of King Charles II.'s reign ; which is reckoned, tho' very abſurdly, our Auguſtan age. They both ſeem to be corruptions occaſioned by luxury and peace, and by politeneſs beginning to decline.

SOMETIMES

† See *The wonder of wonders*, in vol. 2.

SOMETIMES I read a book with pleaſure, and deteſt the author.

AT a bookſeller's ſhop, ſome time ago, I ſaw a book with this title, *Poems by the author of the choice* †. Not enduring to read a dozen lines, I aſked the company with me, whether they had ever ſeen the book or heard of the poem from whence the author denominated himſelf; they were all as ignorant as I. But I find it common with theſe ſmall dealers in wit and learning, to give themſelves a title from their firſt adventure, as Don Quixote uſually did from his laſt. This ariſeth from that great importance which every man ſuppoſeth himſelf to be of.

ONE Dennis, commonly called *the critic*, who had writ a three-penny pamphlet againſt the power of France, being in the country, and hearing of a French privateer hovering about the coaſt, altho' he were twenty miles from the ſea, fled to town, and told his friends, they need not wonder at his haſte; for the King of France having got intelligence where he was, had ſent a privateer on purpoſe to catch him ‡.

DR Gee, prebendary of Weſtminſter, who had writ a ſmall paper againſt Popery, being obliged to travel for his health, affected to diſguiſe his perſon and change his name, as he paſſed thro' Portugal, Spain, and Italy; telling all the Engliſh he met, that he was afraid of being murdered, or put into the inquiſition. He was acting the ſame farce at Paris, till Mr Prior (who was then ſecretary to the embaſſy) quite diſconcerted the Doctor, by maliciouſly diſcovering the ſecret, and offering to engage body for body, that not a creature would hurt him, or had ever heard of him or his pamphlet.

A chambermaid to a lady of my acquaintance, thirty miles from London, had the very ſame turn of thought. When talking with one of her fellow-ſervants, ſhe ſaid, "I hear it is all over London already, that I am going "to leave my Lady." And ſo had a footman, who being newly married, deſired his comrade to tell him freely what the town ſaid of it.

WHEN

† The Rev. Mr Pomfret, a diſſenting miniſter.

‡ See *An account of the phrenzy of John Dennis*, in vol. 8. p. 309.

WHEN ſomebody was telling a certain great miniſter, that people were diſcontented; "Poh," ſaid he, "half "a dozen fools are prating in a coffee-houſe, and pre- "ſently think their own noiſe about their ears is made "by the world."

THE death of a private man is generally of ſo little importance to the world, that it cannot be a thing of great importance in itſelf; and yet I do not obſerve, from the practice of mankind, that either philoſophy or nature have ſufficiently armed us againſt the fears which attend it. Neither do I find any thing able to reconcile us to it, but extreme pain, ſhame, or deſpair; for poverty, impriſonment, ill fortune, grief, ſickneſs, and old age, do generally fail.

WHENCE comes the cuſtom of bidding a woman look upon her apron-ſtrings to find an excuſe? Was it not from the apron of fig-leaves worn by Eve, when ſhe covered herſelf, and was the firſt of her ſex who made a bad excuſe, for eating the forbidden fruit?

I never wonder to ſee men wicked, but I often wonder to ſee them not aſhamed.

Do not we ſee how eaſily we pardon our own actions and paſſions, and the very infirmities of our bodies; why ſhould it be wonderful to find us pardon our own dulneſs?

Dignity and ſtation, or great riches, are in ſome ſort neceſſary to old men, in order to keep the younger at a diſtance, who are otherwiſe too apt to inſult them upon the ſcore of their age.

THERE is no vice or folly that requires ſo much nicety and ſkill to manage, as vanity; nor any which by ill management makes ſo contemptible a figure.

OBSERVATION is an old man's memory.

POLITICS are nothing but corruptions, and are conſequently of no uſe to a good king or a good miniſtry; for which reaſon all courts are ſo full of politics.

ELOQUENCE ſmooth and cutting, is like a razor whetted with oil.

IMAGINARY evils ſoon become real ones, by indulging our reflections on them; as he who in a melancholy fancy ſees ſomething like a face on the wall or the wainſcot, can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make

make it look visible, and agreeing with what he [illegible] cied

MEN of great parts are often [illegible] management of public [illegible] out of the common road, [illegible] gination. This I once [illegible] and desired he would [illegible] fice used a sort of [illegible] a sheet of paper [illegible] requiring a strong hand; whereas [illegible] use of a sharp [illegible] go often out of the [illegible]

He who [illegible] is [illegible] only for his own house [illegible]

JEALOUSY, like fire, may [illegible] makes them [illegible]

A footman's hat should [illegible] therefore Mercury, who was [illegible] wings fastened to his cap.

WHEN a man pretends [illegible] he is like a juggler, [illegible] conveys something very [illegible]

ALL panegyrics are [illegible]

I have known men happy [illegible] upon great subjects, were perfectly [illegible] Echard of Cambridge, who [illegible] was a great instance.

ONE top of Parnassus was sacred to [illegible] to Apollo.

MATRIMONY hath many children; [illegible] cord, Poverty, Jealousy, [illegible]

VISION is the art of seeing things [illegible]

THE two maxims of any great man at court are, Always to keep his countenance; and, Never to keep his word.

I asked a poor man how he did? He said, he was like a washball, always in decay.

HIPPOCRATES, *aph.* 32. *sect.* 6. observes, that stuttering people are always subject to a looseness. I wish physicians had power to remove the profusion of words in many people to the inferior parts.

A man dreamed he was a cuckold; a friend told him it was a bad ſign, becauſe when a dream is true, Virgil ſays it paſſes thro' the horned gate.

Love is a flame; and therefore we ſay, beauty is attractive; becauſe phyſicians obſerve that fire is a great drawer.

Civis, the moſt honourable name among the Romans; a citizen, a word of contempt among us.

A lady who had gallantries and ſeveral children, told her huſband, he was like the auſtere man, who reaped where he did not ſow.

We read that an aſs's head was ſold for eighty pieces of ſilver; they have been lately ſold ten thouſand times dearer, and yet they were never more plentiful.

I muſt complain the cards are ill ſhuffled, till I have a good hand.

Very few men do properly live at preſent, but are providing to live another time.

When I am reading a book, whether wiſe or ſilly, it ſeems to me to be alive, and talking to me.

Whoever live at a different end of the town from me, I look upon as perſons out of the world, and only myſelf and the ſcene about me to be in it.

When I was young, I thought all the world, as well as myſelf, was wholly taken up in diſcourſing upon the laſt new play.

My Lord Cromarty, after fourſcore, went to his country-houſe in Scotland, with a reſolution to ſtay ſix years there, and live thriftily, in order to ſave up money, that he might ſpend in London.

It is ſaid of the horſes in the viſion, that their power was in their mouths and in their tails. What is ſaid of horſes in the viſion, in reality may be ſaid of women.

Elephants are always drawn ſmaller than the life, but a flea always larger.

When old folks tell us of many paſſages in their youth between them and their company, we are apt to think how much happier thoſe times were than the preſent.

Why does the elder ſiſter dance barefoot, when the younger is married before her? Is it not that ſhe may appear ſhorter, and conſequently be thought younger than the bride?

No man will take counſel, but every man will take money; therefore money is better than counſel.

I never yet knew a wag (as the term is) who was not a dunce.

A perſon reading to me a dull poem of his own making, I prevailed on him to ſcratch out ſix lines together; in turning over the leaf, the ink being wet, it marked as many lines on the other ſide; whereof the poet complaining, I bid him be eaſy, for it would be better if thoſe were out too.

AT Windſor I was obſerving to my Lord Bolingbroke, that the tower where the maids of honour lodged (who at that time were not very handſome) was much frequented with crows. My Lord ſaid, it was becauſe they ſmelt carrion.

THE STORY OF THE INJURED LADY.

Written by herſelf.

In a Letter to her FRIEND.

With his ANSWER.

SIR,

BEing ruined by the inconſtancy and unkindneſs of a lover, I hope a true and plain relation of my misfortunes may be of uſe and warning to credulous maids, never to put too much truſt in deceitful men.

A gentleman * in the neighbourhood had two miſtreſſes, another and myſelf †; and he pretended honourable love to us both. Our three houſes ſtood pretty near one another. His was parted from mine by a river ‡, and from my rival's by an old broken wall ||. But before I enter into the particulars of this gentleman's hard uſage of me, I will give a very juſt impartial character of my rival and myſelf.

* England.
† Scotland and Ireland.
‡ The Iriſh ſea.
|| The Pict's wall.

As to her perſon, ſhe is tall and lean, and very ill ſhaped; ſhe hath bad features, and a worſe complexion; ſhe hath a ſtinking breath, and twenty ill ſmells about her beſides; which are yet more unſufferable, by her natural ſluttiſhneſs; for ſhe is always louſy, and never without the itch. As to her other qualities, ſhe hath no reputation either for virtue, honeſty, truth, or manners: and it is no wonder, conſidering what her education hath been. Scolding and curſing are her common converſation. To ſum up all; ſhe is poor and beggarly, and gets a ſorry maintenance by pilfering where-ever ſhe comes. As for this gentleman, who is now ſo fond of her, ſhe ſtill beareth him an invincible hatred; revileth him to his face, and raileth at him in all companies. Her houſe is frequented by a company of rogues, and thieves, and pick pockets, whom ſhe encourageth to rob his henrooſts, ſteal his corn and cattle, and do him all manner of miſchief. She hath been known to come at the head of theſe raſcals, and beat her lover until he was ſore from head to foot, and then force him to pay for the trouble ſhe was at. Once attended with a crew of raggamuffins, ſhe broke into his houſe, turned all things topſy-turvy, and then ſet it on fire. At the ſame time ſhe told ſo many lies among his ſervants, that it ſet them all by the ears, and his poor ſteward † was knocked on the head; for which I think, and ſo doth all the country, that ſhe ought to be anſwerable. To conclude her character: She is of a different religion, being a Preſbyterian of the moſt rank and virulent kind, and conſequently having an inveterate hatred to the church; yet I am ſure, I have been always told, that in marriage there ought to be an union of minds as well as of perſons.

I will now give my own character; and ſhall do it in few words, and with modeſty and truth.

I was reckoned to be as handſome as any in our neighbourhood, until I became pale and thin with grief and ill uſage. I am ſtill fair enough, and have, I think, no very ill feature about me. They that ſee me now, will hardly allow me ever to have had any great ſhare of beauty;

† Charles I.

beauty; for, beſides being ſo much altered, I go always mobbed, and in an undreſs, as well out of neglect, as indeed for want of cloaths to appear in. I might add to all this, that I was born to a good eſtate, altho' it now turneth to little account, under the oppreſſions I endure, and hath been the true cauſe of all my misfortunes.

SOME years ago this gentleman taking a fancy either to my perſon or fortune, made his addreſſes to me; which, being then young and fooliſh, I too readily admitted. He ſeemed to uſe me with ſo much tenderneſs, and his converſation was ſo very engaging, that all my conſtancy and virtue were too ſoon overcome; and, to dwell no longer upon a theme that cauſeth ſuch bitter reflections, I muſt confeſs with ſhame, that I was undone by the common arts practiſed upon all eaſy credulous virgins, half by force, and half by conſent, after ſolemn vows and proteſtations of marriage. When he had once got poſſeſſion, he ſoon began to play the uſual part of a too fortunate lover, affecting on all occaſions to ſhew his authority, and to act like a conqueror. Firſt, he found fault with the government of my family, which I grant was none of the beſt, conſiſting of ignorant illiterate creatures; for at that time I knew but little of the world. In compliance to him, therefore, I agreed to fall into his ways and methods of living. I conſented that his ſteward ſhould govern my houſe, and have liberty to employ an under-ſteward †, who ſhould receive his directions. My lover proceeded farther, turning away ſeveral old ſervants and tenants, and ſupplying me with others from his own houſe. Theſe grew ſo domineering and unreaſonable, that there was no quiet, and I heard of nothing but perpetual quarrels; which altho' I could not poſſibly help, yet my lover laid all the blame and puniſhment upon me; and, upon every falling out, ſtill turned away more of my people, and ſupplied me in their ſtead with a number of fellows and dependents of his own, whom he had no other way to provide for. Overcome by love, and to avoid noiſe and contention, I yielded to all his uſurpations; and finding it in vain to

† Lord Lieutenant.

reſt, I thought it my beſt bolicy, to make my court to my new ſervants, and draw them to my intereſts. I fed them from my own table with the beſt I had, put my new tenants on the choice parts of my land, and treated them all ſo kindly, that they began to love me as well as their maſter. In proceſs of time all my old ſervants were gone, and I had not a creature about me, nor above one or two tenants, but what were of his chuſing; yet I had the good luck, by gentle uſage, to bring over the greateſt part of them to my ſide. When my lover obſerved this, he began to alter his language; and to thoſe who inquired about me, he would anſwer, that I was an old dependent upon his family, whom he had placed on ſome concerns of his own; and he began to uſe me accordingly, neglecting by degrees all common civility in his behavour. I ſhall never forget the ſpeech he made me one morning, which he delivered with all the gravity in the world. He put me in mind of the vaſt obligations I lay under to him, in ſending me ſo many of his people for my own good, and to teach me manners: that it had coſt him ten times more than I was worth to maintain me: that it had been much better for him if I had been damned, or burnt, or ſunk to the bottom of the ſea: that it was but reaſonable I ſhould ſtrain myſelf as far as I was able, to reimburſe him ſome of his charges: that, from henceforward, he expected his word ſhould be a law to me in all things: that I muſt maintain a pariſh-watch againſt thieves and robbers, and give ſalaries to an overſeer, a conſtable, and others, all of his own chuſing, whom he would ſend from time to time to be ſpies upon me: that, to enable me the better in ſupporting theſe expences, my tenants ſhall be obliged to carry all their goods croſs the river, to his own town-market, and pay toll on both ſides, and then ſell them at half-value. But becauſe we were a naſty ſort of people, and that he could not endure to touch any thing we had a hand in, and likewiſe, becauſe he wanted work to employ his own folks, therefore we muſt ſend all our goods to his market juſt in their naturals; the milk immediately from the cow, without making it into cheeſe or butter; the corn in the ear; the graſs as it is mowed; the wool as it cometh from the ſheep's back;

and

and bring the fruit upon the branch, that he might not be obliged to eat it after our filthy hands: that, if a tenant carried but a piece of bread and cheese to eat by the way, or an inch of worsted to mend his stockings, he should forfeit his whole parcel: and because a company of rogues usually plied on the river between us, who often robbed my tenants of their goods and boats, he ordered a waterman of his to guard them, whose manner was, to be out of the way until the poor wretches were plundered; then to overtake the thieves, and seize all as lawful prize to his master and himself. It would be endless to repeat a hundred other hardships he hath put upon me; but it is a general rule, that whenever he imagines the smallest advantage will redound to one of his footboys, by any new oppression of me and my whole family and estate, he never disputeth it a moment. All this hath rendered me so very insignificant and contemptible at home, that some servants, to whom I pay the greatest wages, and many tenants, who have the most beneficial leases, are gone over to live with him; yet I am bound to continue their wages, and pay their rents: by which means one third part of my whole income is spent on his estate, and above another third by his tolls and markets; and my poor tenants are so sunk and impoverished, that instead of maintaining me suitably to my quality, they can hardly find me cloaths to keep me warm, or provide the common necessaries of life for themselves.

MATTERS being in this posture between me and my lover; I received intelligence, that he had been for some time making very pressing overtures of marriage to my rival, until there happened some misunderstandings between them. She gave him ill words, and threatened to break off all commerce with him. He, on the other side, having either acquired courage by his triumphs over me, or supposing her as tame a fool as I, thought at first to carry it with a high hand; but hearing at the same time, that she had thoughts of making some private proposals to join with me against him, and doubting, with very good reason, that I would readily accept them, he seemed very much disconcerted. This I thought was a proper occasion to shew some great example of generosity

and

and love; and ſo, without further conſideration, I ſent him word, that hearing there was like to be a quarrel between him and my rival, notwithſtanding all that had paſſed, and without binding him to any conditions in my own favour, I would ſtand by him, againſt her and all the world, while I had a penny in my purſe, or a petticoat to pawn. This meſſage was ſubſcribed by all my chief tenants; and proved ſo powerful, that my rival immediately grew more tractable upon it. The reſult of which was, that there is now a treaty of marriage † concluded between them; the wedding-cloaths are bought, and nothing remaineth but to perform the ceremony, which is put off for ſome days, becauſe they deſign it to be a public wedding. And, to reward my love, conſtancy, and generoſity, he hath beſtowed on me the office of being ſempſtreſs to his grooms and footmen, which I am forced to accept or ſtarve. Yet, in the midſt of this my ſituation, I cannot but have ſome pity for this deluded man, to caſt himſelf away on an infamous creature; who, whatever ſhe pretendeth, I can prove, would at this very minute rather be a whore to a certain great man, that ſhall be nameleſs, if ſhe might have her will. For my part, I think, and ſo doth all the country too, that the man is poſſeſſed; at leaſt none of us are able to imagine what he can poſſibly ſee in her, unleſs ſhe hath bewitched him, or given him ſome powder.

I am ſure I never ſought this alliance; and you can bear me witneſs, that I might have had other matches; nay, if I were lightly diſpoſed, I could ſtill perhaps have offers, that ſome, who hold their heads higher, would be glad to accept. But alas! I never had any ſuch wicked thought; all I now deſire is, only to enjoy a little quiet, to be free from the perſecutions of this unreaſonable man, and that he will let me manage my own little fortune to the beſt advantage; for which I will undertake to pay him a conſiderable penſion every year, much more conſiderable than what he now gets by his oppreſſions; for he muſt needs find himſelf a loſer at laſt, when he hath drained me and my tenants ſo dry, that we

† Treaty of union.

we ſhall not have a penny for him or ourſelves. There is one impoſition of his I had almoſt forgot, which I think inſufferable, and will appeal to you, or any reaſonable perſon, whether it be ſo or not. I told you before, that, by an old compact, we agreed to have the ſame ſteward; at which time I conſented likewiſe to regulate my family and eſtate by the ſame method with him, which he then ſhewed me written down in form, and I approved of. Now, the turn he thinks fit to give this compact of ours is very extraordinary; for he pretends, that whatever orders he ſhall think fit to preſcribe for the future in his family, he may, if he will, compel mine to obſerve them, without aſking my advice, or hearing my reaſons. So that I muſt not make a leaſe without his conſent, or give any directions for the well governing of my family, but what he countermands whenever he pleaſeth. This leaveth me at ſuch confuſion and uncertainty, that my ſervants know not when to obey me, and my tenants, altho' many of them be very well inclined, ſeem quite at a loſs.

BUT I am too tedious upon this melancholy ſubject; which, however, I hope you will forgive, ſince the happineſs of my whole life dependeth upon it. I deſire you will think a while, and give your beſt advice what meaſures I ſhall take with prudence, juſtice, courage, and honour, to protect my liberty and fortune againſt the hardſhips and ſeverities I lie under from that unkind, inconſtant man.

THE ANSWER to the INJURED LADY.

MADAM,

I Have received your Ladyſhip's letter, and carefully conſidered every part of it; and ſhall give you my opinion how you ought to proceed for your own ſecurity. But, firſt, I muſt beg leave to tell your Ladyſhip, that you were guilty of an unpardonable weakneſs t'other day, in making that offer to your lover, of ſtanding by him in any quarrel he might have with your rival. You know very well, that ſhe began to apprehend

hend he had deſigns of uſing her as he had done you; and common prudence might have directed you, rather to have entered into ſome meaſures with her for joining againſt him, until he might at leaſt be brought to ſome reaſonable terms: but your invincible hatred to that lady hath carried your reſentments ſo high, as to be the cauſe of your ruin. Yet if you pleaſe to conſider, this averſion of yours began a good while before ſhe became your rival, and was taken up by you and your family in a ſort of compliment to your lover, who formerly had a great abhorrence for her. It is true, ſince that time you have ſuffered very much by her incroachments upon your eſtate, but ſhe never pretended to govern or direct you: and now you have drawn a new enemy upon yourſelf; for I think you may count upon all the ill offices ſhe can poſſibly do you by her credit with her huſband; whereas, if inſtead of openly declaring againſt her, without any provocation, you had but ſat ſtill a while, and ſaid nothing, that gentleman would have leſſened his ſeverity to you out of perfect fear. This weakneſs of yours you call generoſity, but I doubt there was more in the matter. In ſhort, Madam, I have good reaſons to think you were betrayed to it by the pernicious counſels of ſome about you: for, to my certain knowledge, ſeveral of your tenants and ſervants, to whom you have been very kind, are as arrant raſcals as any in the country. I cannot but obſerve what a mighty difference there is in one particular between your Ladyſhip and your rival. Having yielded up your perſon, you thought nothing elſe worth defending; and therefore you will not now inſiſt upon thoſe very conditions for which you yielded at firſt. But your Ladyſhip cannot be ignorant, that ſome years ſince your rival did the ſame thing, and upon no conditions at all; nay, this gentleman kept her as a miſs, and yet made her pay for her very diet and lodging. But, it being at a time when he had no ſteward, and his family out of order, ſhe ſtole away, and hath now got the trick very well known among the women of the town, to grant a man the favour over night, and the next day have the impudence to deny it to his face. But it is too late to reproach you with any former overſights, which cannot now be rectified. I know

the

the matters of fact, as you relate them, are true and fairly repreſented. My advice therefore is this: Get your tenants together as ſoon as you conveniently can, and make them agree to the following reſolutions.

Firſt, That your family and tenants have no dependence upon the ſaid gentleman, further than by the old agreement, which obligeth you to have the ſame ſteward, and to regulate your houſehold by ſuch methods as you ſhall both agree to.

Secondly, THAT you will not carry your goods to the market of his town, unleſs you pleaſe, nor be hindered from carrying them any where elſe.

Thirdly, THAT the ſervants you pay wages to, ſhall live at home, or forfeit their places.

Fourthly, THAT whatever leaſe you make to a tenant, it ſhall not be in his power to break it.

IF he will agree to theſe articles, I adviſe you to contribute as largely as you can to all charges of pariſh and county.

I can aſſure you, ſeveral of that gentleman's ableſt tenants and ſervants are againſt his ſevere uſage of you, and would be glad of an occaſion to convince the reſt of their error, if you will not be wanting to yourſelf.

IF the gentleman refuſes theſe juſt and reaſonable offers, pray let me know it, and perhaps I may think of ſomething elſe that will be more effectual.

I am,

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's, &c.

A CONSULTATION of four phyſicians upon a lord that was dying.

Firſt Doctor. IS his honor ſic; Præ lætus felis puls. It do es beat veris loto de.

Second Doctor. No notis as qui caſſi e ver fel to metri it. Inde edit is as faſtas an alarum, ora fire bellate nite.

Third Doctor. IT is veri hi.

Fourth Doctor. NOTO contra dictu in mi juge mentitis veri

veri loto de. It is as orto maladi ſum callet. Here e ver id octo reti reſto a par lori na mel an coli poſt ure.

———*Firſt Doctor.* It is a me gri mas I opi ne.

Second Doctor. No docto rite quit fora quin ſi. Heris a plane ſim tomo fit. Sorites Para celſus: præ re adit.

Firſt Doctor. NONO doctor I ne ver quo te aqua caſu do.

Second Doctor. SUM arſo: mi autoris no ne.

Third Doctor. No quare lingat præ ſenti des ire. His honor is ſic offa colli caſure as i ſit here.

Fourth Doctor. IT is æther an atro phi ora colli caſu ſed. Ire membri re ad it in doctor me ades eſſe, here itis.

Third Doctor. I ne ver re ad apage init, no re ver in tendit.

Second Doctor. FER ne lis offa qui te deferent noti o nas i here.

Firſt Doctor. NOTIS ab ludi fluxit is veri plene.

Second Doctor. I fitis a fluxit me re qui re ac lis ter.

Third Doctor. I a ver his caſis venere a laſſi diſco ver edit in as hanc cor; an da poli pus in his no ſe. An di fit be as i cetis, ago no rea me en ſue.

Firſt Doctor. IT is ad ange rus caſas ani.

Fourth Doctor. I mus tellure alitis ago uti humor in his belli. Hi ſto macto is empti.

Firſt Doctor. IT me bea pluri ſi; avo metis veri pro per for manat his age.

Second Doctor. URE par donat preſenti des ire; his dis eas is a cataride clare it.

Third Doctor. ATLAS tume findit as tone in his quid ni es.

Fourth Doctor. IT is alea pro ſi fora uti ſe. Præ hos his a poti cari? cantu tellus. Ab lis ter me bene ceſſa riſum decens. Itis as urem edi in manicas es.

Third Doctor. I findit iſto late tot hinc offa rem edi; fori here his honor is de ad.

Second Doctor. HIS time is cum

Firſt Doctor. Is it trudo ut hinc?

Fourth Doctor. IT is veri certa in. His par isbelli ſto ringo ut foris de partu re.

Third Doctor. Næ, i ſis ecce lens is de ad lætus en dum apri eſto præ foris ſole. His honor has bina cato liquor a de iſti here.

Firſt

Firſt Doctor. Alor dis ſum times as tingi as an uſu reris.

Second Doctor. A pi ſtolis alligo time a verbi mi at en dans fora forte nite.

Third Doctor. O mei ne vera tendo na nil ordinis ſic nes ani more.

Fourth Doctor. Api ſtolis ne a quin in a nil ordo ſis qua liti ; ſum pes fore times more. It iſtos mala ſito a doctor o ſis hic.

Second Doctor. Lætus paco ſit is time.

Firſt Doctor. Abigo ditis hi time inde editis forus alto fallas campe ringo fas faſtas arato ut offa da iri ; fori fera bea tinge veri minute ; bimi ſolido. His lac quis, an das turdis auſſi ſto ut valet is rea di forus.

Second Doctor. Ali feris ab aſt in a do, fori here ano is at adis ſtane.

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the honour of the KINGDOM of IRELAND.

THIS is to inform the public, that a gentleman of long ſtudy, obſervation, and experience, hath employed himſelf for ſeveral years in making collections of facts, relating to the conduct of *divines*, *phyſicians*, *lawyers*, *ſoldiers*, *merchants*, *traders*, *and eſquires*; containing an hiſtorical account of the moſt remarkable *corruptions*, *frauds*, *oppreſſions*, *knaveries*, and *perjuries*; wherein the names of all the perſons concerned ſhall be inſerted at full length, with ſome account of their families and ſtations.

BUT, whereas the ſaid gentleman cannot complete his hiſtory without ſome aſſiſtance from the public, he humbly deſires, that all perſons who have any memoirs, or accounts, relating to *themſelves*, their *families*, their *friends*, or *acquaintance*, which are well atteſted, and fit to enrich the work, will pleaſe to ſend them to the printer of this advertiſement: and if any of the ſaid perſons who are diſpoſed to ſend materials, happen to live in the country, it is deſired their letters may be either franked, or the poſt paid.

THIS collection is to commence with the year 1700, and be continued to the preſent year 1738. The work is to be intitled, *The author's critical hiſtory of his own times.*

IT is intended to be printed by ſubſcription, in a large octavo; each volume to contain five hundred facts, and to be ſold for a Britiſh crown. The author propoſeth that the whole work (which will take in the period of thirty-eight years) ſhall be contained in eighteen volumes.

WHOEVER ſhall ſend the author any accounts of perſons who have performed any acts of *juſtice, charity, public ſpirit, gratitude, fidelity*, or the like, atteſted by indubitable witneſſes within the ſame period; the ſaid facts ſhall be printed, by way of appendix, at the end of each volume, and no addition to the price of the work demanded. But, leſt ſuch perſons may apprehend, that the relating of theſe facts may be injurious to their reputations, their names ſhall not be ſet down without particular direction.

N. B. THERE will be a ſmall number printed on royal paper for the curious, at only two Britiſh crowns. There will alſo be the *effigies* of the moſt eminent perſons mentioned in this work, prefixed to each volume, curiouſly engraved by Mr Hogarth.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are taken in by the printer hereof, and by the bookſellers of London and Dublin.

A character of P——TE M——H.

M—— has the reputation of moſt profound and univerſal learning: this is the general opinion, neither can it be eaſily diſproved. An old ruſty iron cheſt in a banker's ſhop, ſtrongly locked, and wonderful heavy, is full of gold; this is the general opinion, neither can it be diſproved, provided the key be loſt, and what is in it be wedged ſo cloſe that it will not by any motion diſcover the metal by the chinking. Doing

good

good is his pleaſure; and as no man conſults another in his pleaſures, neither does he in this; by his awkwardneſs and unadviſedneſs diſappointing his own good deſigns. His high ſtation hath placed him in the way of great employments; which, without the leaſt poliſhing his native ruſticity, have given him a tincture of pride and ambition. But theſe vices would have paſſed concealed under his natural ſimplicity, if he had not endeavoured to hide them by art. His diſpoſition to ſtudy is the very ſame with that of an uſurer to hoard up money, or of a vitious young fellow to a wench; nothing but avarice and evil concupiſcence, to which his conſtitution has fortunately given a more innocent turn. He is fordid and ſuſpicious in his domeſtics, without love or hatred; which is but reaſonable, ſince he has neither friend nor enemy; without joy or grief; in ſhort, without all paſſions but fear, to which of all others he hath leaſt temptation, having nothing to get or to loſe; no poſterity, relation, or friend, to be ſolicitous about; and placed by his ſtation above the reach of fortune or envy. He hath found out the ſecret of preferring men without deſerving their thanks; and where he diſpenſes his favours to perſons of merit, they are leſs obliged to him than to fortune. He is the firſt of human race, that, with great advantages of learning, piety, and ſtation, ever eſcaped being a great man. That which reliſhes beſt with him, is mixed liquor and mixed company, and he is ſeldom unprovided with very bad of both. He is ſo wiſe to value his own health more than other mens noſes; ſo that the moſt honourable place at his table is much the worſt, eſpecially in ſummer. It has been affirmed, that originally he was not altogether devoid of wit, till it was extruded from his head to make room for other mens thoughts. He will admit a governor, provided it be one who is very officious and diligent, outwardly pious, and one that knows how to manage and make the moſt of his fear. No man will be either glad or ſorry at his death, except his ſucceſſor.

THE blunders, deficiencies, diſtreſſes, and miſfortunes of QUILCA.

Propoſed to contain one and twenty volumes in quarto. Begun April 20. 1724. To be continued weekly, if due encouragement be given.

BUT one lock and a half in the whole houſe.

The key of the garden-door loſt.

The empty bottles all uncleanable.

The veſſels for drink few and leaky.

The new houſe all going to ruin before it is finiſhed.

One hinge of the ſtreet-door broke off, and the people forced to go out and come in at the back door.

The door of the Dean's bed-chamber full of large chinks.

The beaufet letting in ſo much wind that it almoſt blows out the candles.

The Dean's bed threatning every night to fall under him.

The little table looſe and broken in the joints.

The paſſages open over head, by which the cats paſs continually into the cellar, and eat the victuals; for which one was tried, condemned, and executed by the ſword.

The large table in a very tottering condition.

But one chair in the houſe fit for ſitting on, and that in a very ill ſtate of health.

The kitchen perpetually crouded with ſavages.

Not a bit of money to be had in the country.

Want of beds, and a mutiny thereupon among the ſervants, till ſupplied from Kells.

An egregious want of all the moſt common neceſſary utenſils.

Not a bit of turf this cold weather, and Mrs Johnſon and the Dean in perſon, with all their ſervants, forced to aſſiſt at the bog in gathering up the wet bottoms of old clamps.

The grate in the ladies bed-chamber broke, and forced to be removed, by which they were compelled to be

without

without fire; the chimney ſmoaking intolerably; and the Dean's great coat was employed to ſtop the wind from coming down the chimney, without which expedient they muſt have been ſtarved to death.

A meſſenger ſent a mile to borrow an old broken tun-diſh.

Bottles ſtopped with bits of wood and tow, inſtead of corks.

Not one utenſil for a fire, except an old pair of tongs, which travels thro' the houſe, and is likewiſe employed to take the meat out of the pot, for want of a fleſh-fork.

Every ſervant an arrant thief as to victuals and drink, and every comer and goer as arrant a thief of every thing he or ſhe can lay their hands on.

The ſpit blunted with poking into timber for bogs, and tears the meat to pieces.

Bellum atque fœminam: or, A kitchen-war between nurſe and a naſty crew of both ſexes; ſhe to preſerve order and cleanlineſs, they to deſtroy both; and they generally are conquerors.

April 28. This morning the great fore-door quite open, dancing backwards and forwards with all its weight upon the lower hinge, which muſt have been broken, if the Dean had not accidentally come and relieved it.

A great hole in the floor of the ladies chamber, every hour hazarding a broken leg.

Two damnable iron ſpikes erect on the Dean's bed-ſtead, by which he is in danger of a broken ſhin at riſing and going to bed.

The ladies and Dean's ſervants growing faſt into the manners and thieveries of the natives; the ladies themſelves very much corrupted; the Dean perpetually ſtorming, and in danger of either loſing all his fleſh, or ſinking into barbarity for the ſake of peace.

Mrs Dingley full of cares for herſelf, and blunders, and negligence for her friends. Mrs Johnſon ſick and helpleſs. The Dean deaf and fretting; the lady's maid awkward and clumſy; Robert lazy and forgetful; William a pragmatical, ignorant, and conceited puppy;

Robin and nurſe, the two great and only ſupports of the family.

Bellum lacteum; or, The milky battle, fought between the Dean and the crew of Quilca; the latter inſiſting on their privilege of not milking till eleven in the forenoon; whereas Mrs Johnſon wanted milk at eight for her health. In this battle the Dean got the victory; but the crew of Quilca begin to rebel again; for it is this day almoſt ten o'clock, and Mrs Johnſon hath not got her milk.

A proverb on the lazineſs and lodgings of the ſervants: *The worſe their ſtye, the longer they lie.*

Two great holes in the wall of the ladies bed-chamber, juſt at the back of the bed, and one of them directly behind Mrs Johnſon's pillow, either of which would blow out a candle in the calmeſt day.

A modeſt DEFENCE of a late POEM by an unknown author, called, THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM*.

Written in the year 1732.

[*The poem on the* Lady's dreſſing-room *having given offence to a few* ſqueamiſh ladies, *and ſome* fine gentlemen, *it was thought proper to publiſh the following* defence.]

A Poem, or pamphlet, publiſhed in this kingdom without a name, will not long want one, if the paper maketh any noiſe.

THERE is a certain *perſon* of diſtinction among us, who is conjectured to have written many things, both in proſe and verſe, for the ſervice of the nation, which undoubtedly were publiſhed with his own conſent. It is alſo believed, that he has compoſed others occaſionally, for the amuſement of himſelf and a few intimate friends; which, by the indiſcretion of others, were, from ſtolen and incorrect copies, *dragged into light*.

BUT I hold it for certain, that a much greater number

* See this poem in vol. 6. p. 341.

ber have, by the boldneſs of *printers*, and the want of judgment in *readers*, been charged upon that *author*, wherein he never had the ſmalleſt finger, as I am aſſured he hath often declared; and which is remarkable, was as free in diſowning ſome writings charged upon him, of which he had no reaſon to be aſhamed, as he could be of the meaneſt productions of Hibernian Grubſtreet.

As to thoſe fatal verſes, called *The lady's dreſſing-room*, which have ſo highly inflamed the whole ſex, (except a very few of better judgment); as I can by no means juſtify the vulgar opinion, that ſeemeth to fix it upon a perſon ſo well known for works of a very different nature; ſo I cannot but lament the prevailing ill taſte among us, which is not able to diſcover that uſeful ſatire running thro' every line, and the matter as decently wrapped up as it is poſſible the ſubject could bear.

Cleanlineſs hath, in all polite ages and nations, been eſteemed the chief corporal perfection in *women*; as it is well known to thoſe who are converſant with the ancient *poets*. And ſo it is ſtill among the young people of judgment and ſobriety, when they are diſpoſed to marry. And I do not doubt, but that there is a great number of young ladies in this town and kingdom, who, in reading that poem, find great complacency in their own minds, from a conſciouſneſs, that the ſatirical part in the *Lady's dreſſing-room* doth not in the leaſt affect them.

WHEREFORE it is manifeſt, that no *poem* was ever written with a better deſign for the ſervice of the *ſex*: wherein our *author* hath obſerved, to a title, the precepts of his maſter Horace; or, indeed, rather hath gone very far beyond him, in the article of *decency*.

THAT great *poet*, inſtructing us what actions are fitteſt to be produced openly upon the *ſcene*, and which are moſt proper to be only related to the audience, goeth many lengths beyond the *author* of the *Lady's dreſſing-room*; for, at the ſame inſtant when he ſaith, ſome actions ſhould not appear as done upon the ſtage, he allows, they may be *recited* with pleaſure and *elegance*: and yet when he cometh to particulars, his recital is extremely groſs, and ſo are his very *precepts* which forbid the actions: that if our infinitely more modeſt *author*

had

had imitated his *maſter's ſtyle*, the whole world might, with great appearance of reaſon, have been up in arms againſt him.

THEREFORE, to ſet theſe two *poets* in a true light, I have ventured, for the ſatisfaction of both ſexes, to tranſlate as literally as I could, ten lines in Horace, upon the very ſame ſubject, which our *author* hath handled with a decency ſo far ſuperior to his Roman maſter.

To juſtify the truth of my tranſlation, I deſire all fine gentlemen and ladies will appeal from me to the information of the learned, that I may be wholly clear from the leaſt cenſure of miſrepreſenting ſo great an authority; for indeed, if I have been guilty of any fault, it is in palliating the groſs expreſſions in the original, and ſoftening them very much to the *politeneſs* of the *preſent age*.

The Latin is word for word as follows.

Aut agitur res in ſcenis, aut acta refertur.
Segnius irritant animos demiſſa per aurem,
Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipſe ſibi tradit ſpectator. Non tamen intus
Digna geri promes in ſcenam; multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præſens.
Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus.
Aut in avem Progne vertetur, Cadmus in anguem.
Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic, incredulus odi.

The literal tranſlation whereof is thus.

Some ladies *do their need* before your face:
Some only tell the *action* and the *place*.
Our mind is leſs provok'd by what it hears,
Than what the fact before our eyes appears.
In cloſet dark, your *cedar-box* he hid;
Not in a parlour ſhown without the lid.
Some *actions* muſt be always out of ſight,
Yet, *elegantly told*, may give delight.

Nurſe

Nurſe muſt not hold the child, and cry *Lee Hee,*
When Madam and her friends are o'er their tea.
Atreus, with ladies by, miſtakes his wit,
In new-born t——s to run a red-hot ſpit.
Miſs Progne muſt not cry, *A bird, a bird!*
Before good company, and ſhew a t——d.
Cadmus, who voids out worms of monſtrous ſize,
In mere good manners ſhould deceive our eyes;
Muſt do his dirty work behind the ſcene,
And ere he ſhews the *vermin*, wipe them clean.
To bring ſuch odious objects full in view,
Tho' *fools* may laugh, 'twill make a *wiſe man* ſpue.

I deſire the reader will compare the leaſt exceptionable lines in the *Lady's dreſſing-room* with the leaſt offenſive of theſe in Horace; altho' purged by me, as much as could conſiſt with preſerving the true ſenſe of the original. Yet this was the great *maſter of politeneſs* in the Roman empire, at the time it flouriſhed moſt in *arts* and *arms*.

HORACE, you ſee, makes uſe of the plain ſlovenly words, which our decent Iriſh *poet* induſtriouſly avoideth, and ſkippeth over a hundred dirty places, without fouling his ſhoes. Horace, on the contrary, plainly calleth a *ſpade*, a *ſpade*, when there was not the leaſt neceſſity; and when, with equal eaſe, as well as ſignificancy, he might have expreſſed his meaning in homely terms, fit for the niceſt ears of a *queen* or a *ducheſs*.

I do therefore poſitively decide in favour of our Hibernian *bard*, upon the article of *decency*; and am ready to defend my propoſition againſt all mankind; that, in the ten lines of Horace, here faithfully and favourably tranſlated, there are ten times more *ſlovenly expreſſions*, than in the whole *poem* called *The lady's dreſſing-room*; and for the truth of this propoſition, I am ready to appeal to all the young ladies of the kingdom, or to ſuch a *committee* as my very adverſaries ſhall appoint.

THE

The Addreſs of the inhabitants of the liberty of the Dean and Chapter of St Patrick's, Dublin *.

WE the inhabitants of the liberty of the Dean and Chapter of St Patrick's, Dublin, and the neighbourhood of the ſame, having been informed by univerſal report, that a certain man of this city hath openly threatened and ſworn, before many hundred people, as well perſons of quality as others, that he reſolves, upon the firſt opportunity, by the help of ſeveral ruffians, to murder or maim the Reverend the Dean of St Patrick's, our neighbour, benefactor, and head of the liberty of St Patrick's, upon a frivolous unproved ſuſpicion, of the ſaid Dean's having written ſome lines in verſe reflecting on the ſaid man:

THEREFORE we, the ſaid inhabitants of the ſaid liberty, and in the neighbourhood thereof, from our great love and reſpect to the ſaid Dean, to whom the whole kingdom hath ſo many obligations, as well as we of the liberty, do unanimouſly declare, That we will endeavour to defend the life and limbs of the ſaid Dean againſt the ſaid man, and all his ruffians and murderers, as far as the law will allow; if he, or any of them, preſume to come into the ſaid liberty, with any wicked malicious intent, againſt the houſe, or family, or perſon, or goods of the ſaid Dean. To which we have chearfully, ſincerely, and heartily ſet our hands.

THE Dean being in bed, very much indiſpoſed, and not able to receive the ſaid perſons, dictated the following anſwer.

GENTLEMEN,

I receive with great thankfulneſs theſe many kind expreſſions of your concern for my ſafety, as well as your declared reſolution to defend me (as far as the laws of God and man will allow) againſt all murderers and ruffians, who ſhall attempt to enter into the liberty with any

* See an account of the occaſion of this addreſs, and the anſwer, in Dr Swift's life, prefixed to vol. I.

any bloody or wicked deſigns, upon my life, my limbs, my houſe, or my goods. Gentlemen, my life is in the hands of God; and whether it may be cut off by treachery or open violence, or by the common way of other men, as long as it continues, I ſhall ever bear a grateful memory for this favour you have ſhewn, beyond my expectation, and almoſt exceeding my wiſhes. The inhabitants of the liberty, as well as thoſe of the neighbourhood, have lived with me in great amity for near twenty years; which I am confident will never diminiſh during my life. I am chiefly ſorry, that by two cruel diſorders of deafneſs and giddineſs, which have purſued me for four months, I am not in a condition either to hear, or to receive you, much leſs to return my moſt ſincere acknowledgments, which in juſtice and gratitude I ought to do. May God bleſs you and your families in this world, and make you for ever happy in the next.

A LETTER from the GRAND-MISTRESS of the FEMALE FREE MASONS to GEORGE FAULKENER, Printer.

Ixion, impious, lewd, profane,
Bright Juno woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
Long had he languiſh'd for the dame,
Till Jove at length, to quench his flame,
Some ſay for fear, ſome ſay for pity,
Sent him a cloud, like Juno pretty,
As like as if 'twere drawn by painters,
On which he got a race of Centaurs,
A bite, quoth VENUS.——

A. B. C. lib. 6. p. 107.

SEEING it is of late become a faſhion in town, in writing to all the world, to addreſs to you, our ſociety of *Female Free Maſons* has alſo choſen you for our *printer*; and ſo, without preface, art, or imbelliſhment, (for truth and a ſhort paper needs none of them), our *female lodge* has the whole myſtery as well as any *lodge* in

in Europe, with proper inſtructions in writing; and, what will ſeem more ſtrange to you, without the leaſt taint of *perjury*. By this time any *reader* who is a *maſon*, will, I know, laugh, and not without indignation. But that matters not much; our ſex has long owed yours this good turn. You refuſed to admit Q. Eliſabeth, and even Semiramis Queen of Babylon, tho' each of them (without *punning*) had a great deal of *male fleſh* upon their bodies; but at laſt you will be forced to own we have it; and thus it was we came by it.

A gentleman, who is a great friend to all our members, who has ſince inſtructed and formed us into a *lodge*, and whom we therefore call our *guardian*, fell in lately with a *lodge of Free Maſons* at Omagh in Ulſter. They preſſed him hard to come into their ſociety, and at length prevailed. They wanted an *Old Teſtament* to ſwear him by. The *innkeeper's* Bible having both *Old* and *New* bound up together, would not do: for the *Free Maſons* oath being of much older date than the *New Teſtament*, that is, from the building of Solomon's temple, (for till then it was but a proteſtation well larded over with *curſes* and *execrations*), they are always ſworn on the *Old Teſtament* only. They offer to buy the fellow's *Bible*; he conſents; but finding they were to cut away the *New Teſtament* from the *Old*, concluded them at once a pack of profane wretches, and very piouſly reſcued his *Bible*. This cuſtom of ſwearing on the *Old Teſtament* only, is what has given birth to the vulgar error, That *Free Maſons* renounce the *New Teſtament*. So they proceed on the reſt of the ceremony, deferring the oath till next morning, one of them having an *Old Teſtament* for the purpoſe at his houſe hard by. This, it is true, was a hainous blunder againſt the canons of *Free Maſonry*. But the gentlemen were far gone in *punch* and *whiſky*. In ſhort, our friend and preſent guardian is made a *Free* but *unſworn Maſon*, and was three hours gone on his journey next morning, before the merry *Free Maſons* awoke to ſend for their *Old Teſtament*; and, what was worſe, they had taught him the form of the oath, againſt he was to ſwear in the morning.

Now, as to the ſecret words and ſignals uſed among *Free Maſons*, it is to be obſerved, that in the Hebrew alphabet,

alphabet, as our guardian has informed our *lodge* in writing), there are four pair of letters, of which each pair is so like, that at first few, they seem to be the same; *Beth* and *Caph*, *Gimel* and *Nun*, *Leeth* and *Thau*, *Daleth* and *Resh*; and on these depend all their signals and grips.

Cheth and *Thau* are shaped like two standing gallowses, of two legs each. When two *masons* accost each other, one cries *Leeth*, the other answers *Thau*, signifying, that they would sooner be hanged on the gallows than divulge the *secret*.

THEN again, *Beth* and *Caph* are each like a gallows lying on one of the side-posts, and, when used as above, imply this pious prayer: *May all who reveal the secret, hang upon the gallows, till it falls down.* This is their *master-secret*, generally called the *great word*.

Daleth and *Resh* are like two half-gallowses, or a gallows cut in two at the cross stick on top: by which, when pronounced, they intimate to each other, that they would rather be half hanged, than name either *word* or *signal* before any but a *brother*, so as to be understood.

WHEN one says *Gimel*, the other answers *Nun*; then the first again joining both letters together, repeats three times, *Gimel-Nun*, *Gimel-Nun*, *Gimel-Nun*; by which they mean, that they are united as one in interests, secrecy, and affection. This last word has in time been depraved in the pronunciation from *Gimel-Nun* to *Gimelum*, and at last to *Giblum*, and sometimes *Giblin*; which word being by some accident discovered, they now-a-days pretend it is but a *mock-word*.

ANOTHER of their words has been maimed in the pronunciation by the illiterate; that is, the letter *Lamech*, which was the *hush word*; for, when spoke by any *brother* in a *lodge*, it was a warning to the rest to have a care of listeners. It is now corruptly pronounced *Lan*; but the *masons* pretend this also is a *mock-word*, for the same reason as *Giblin*. This play with the Hebrew alphabet is very anciently called the MANABOLETH.

WHEN one *brother* orders another to walk like a *mason*, he must walk four steps backwards; four, because of the four pair of letters already mentioned; and back-

wards, becauſe the Hebrew is writ and read backwards.

As to their *myſtericus grips*, they are as follows. If they be in company, where they cannot with ſafety ſpeak the above words, they take each other by the hand; one draws one of the letters of the *Manaboleth* with his finger on the other's hand, which he returns as in ſpeaking.

It is worth obſerving, that a certain *lodge* in town publiſhed ſome time ago a ſheet full of *mock-maſonry*, purely to puzzle and banter the town, with ſeveral falſe ſigns and words, as *Mada* or *Adam*, writ backwards, *Boas*, *Nimrod*, *Jakins*, *Pectoral*, *Guttural*, *&c.* but not one word of the real ones, as you ſee by what has been ſaid of the MANABOLETH.

AFTER King James VI.'s acceſſion to the throne of England, he revived *maſonry*, of which he was *grand maſter* both in Scotland and England: it had been entirely ſuppreſſed by Queen Elizabeth, becauſe ſhe could not get into the ſecret. All perſons of quality, after the example of the King, got themſelves admitted *Free Maſons*; but they made a kind of MANABOLETH in Engliſh, in imitation of the true and ancient one; as I. O. U. H. a gold key; *I owe you each a gold key*; H. CCCC. his ruin. *Each forſees his ruin.* I. C. U. B. YY. for me, *I ſee you be too wiſe for me.* And a great deal more of the ſame fooliſh ſtuff, which took its riſe from a ſilly *pun* upon the word *Bee*; for you muſt know, that——

——A *bee* has, in all ages and nations, been the grand *hieroglyphic* of *maſonry*, becauſe it excells all other living creatures in the contrivance and commodiouſneſs of its *habitation* or *comb*; as, among many other authors, Dr Macgregor, now profeſſor of mathematics in Cambridge, (as our guardian informs us), hath learnedly demonſtrated: nay, *maſonry* or *building* ſeems to be the very eſſence or nature of the *bee*; for her building not the ordinary way of all other living creatures, is the generative cauſe which produces the young ones; (you know, I ſuppoſe, that *bees* are of *neither ſex*).

FOR this reaſon, the Kings of France, both *Pagans* and *Chriſtians*, always eminent *Free Maſons*, carried three *bees* for their *arms*. But, to avoid the imputation of the Egyptian idolatry of worſhipping a *bee*, Clodovæus, their

their firſt Chriſtian King, called them *lilies*, or *flower-de-luces*; in which notwithſtanding the ſmall change made for diſguiſe ſake, there is ſtill the exact figure of a *bee*. You have perhaps read of a great number of golden bees found in the coffin of a *Pagan* King of France near Bruſſels many ages after CHRIST, which he had ordered ſhould be buried with him, in token of his having been a *maſon*.

THE Egyptians, always excellent and ancient *Free Maſons*, paid divine worſhip to a *bee*, under the outward ſhape of a *bull*, the better to conceal the myſtery; which *bull*, by them called *Apis*, is the Latin word for a *bee*. The *ænigma* repreſenting the *bee* by a *bull* conſiſts in this: that, according to the doctrine of the *Pythagorean lodge* of *Free Maſons*, the ſouls of all the *cow-kind* tranſmigrate into bees; as one Virgil a poet, much in favour with the Emperor Auguſtus, becauſe of his profound ſkill in *maſonry*, has deſcribed; and Mr Dryden has thus *ſhowed*.

Ariſtæus

Four altars raiſes; from his herd he culls
For ſlaughter four the faireſt of his *bulls*,
Four heifers from his female ſtore he took,
All fair, and all unknowing of the yoke;
Nine mornings thence, with ſacrifice and *pray'rs*,
The gods invok'd, he to the grove repairs.
Behold a prodigy! for from within
The broken bowels and the bloated ſkin,
A buzzing noiſe of *bees* his ears alarms;
Straight iſſue thro' the ſides aſſembling ſwarms, *&c.*

WHAT *modern maſons* call a *lodge*, was, for the above reaſons, by antiquity called a HIVE of *Free Maſons*. And, for the ſame reaſons, when a diſſenſion happens in a *lodge*, the going off and forming another *lodge* is to this day called SWARMING.

OUR guardian is of opinion, that the preſent *maſonry* is ſo tarniſhed by the ignorance of the working, and ſome other illiterate *maſons*, that very many, even whole *lodges*, fall under the cenſure of the venerable Chineſe

brachman, whose history of the rise, progress, and decay of *Free Masonry*, writ in the Chinese tongue, is lately translated into a certain European language. This Chinese sage says, the greatest part of current *masons* judge of the mysteries and use of that sacred art, just as a man perfectly illiterate judges of an excellent book; in which, when opened to him, he finds no other beauties than the regular uniformity in every page, the exactness of the lines in length, and equidistance, and blackness of the ink, and whiteness of the paper; or, as the famous British *Free Mason* MERLIN says of the stars in the firmament, when viewed by a *child*, *&c.* But I shall not trouble you with the length of the quotation at present, because Merlin and Friar Bacon on *Free Masonry* are soon to be dressed up in modern English, and sold by our printer Mr Faulkner, if duly encouraged by subscribers; and also a key to *Raymundus Lullius*, without whose help, our guardian says, it is impossible to come at the quintessence of *Free Masonry*.

BUT some will perhaps object, How come your unsworn guardian by this refined and uncommon knowledge in the great art? To which I answer, that

THE branch of the *lodge* of Solomon's temple, afterwards called *The lodge of St John of Jerusalem*, on which our guardian fortunately hit, is, as I can easily prove, the ancientest and purest now on earth; from whence came the famous old Scottish *lodge* of *Kilwinning*, of which all the kings of Scotland have been from time to time grand masters, without interruption, down from the days of Fergus, who reigned there more than two thousand years ago, long before the knights of St John of Jerusalem, or the knights of Malta; to which two *lodges* I must nevertheless allow the honour of having adorned the ancient Jewish and Pagan *masonry* with many religious and Christian rules.

FERGUS being eldest son to the chief King of Ireland, was carefully instructed in all the arts and sciences, especially in the natural magic, and the cabalistical philosophy, (afterwards called the *Rosicrucian*), by the Pagan Druids of Ireland and Mona, the only true *cabalists* then extant in the *western* world. (For they had it immediately from the Phœnicians, Chaldeans, and Egyptians, which

which I, tho' but a woman, can prove). The Egyptians probably had it immediately from Abraham, as the ſcripture plainly hints in the life of that patriarch; and it is allowed, I am told, by men of learning, that the *occult* as well as *moral* philoſophy of all the Pagans was well beſprinkled and enriched from the cabaliſtical ſchool of the patriarchs, and afterwards by the *Talmudiſts* and other inferior *rabbins*, tho' the prevailing idolatry of thoſe days much depraved and vitiated it.

FERGUS, before his deſcent upon the Picts in Scotland, raiſed that famous ſtructure, called to this day *Carrick Fergus* after his name, the moſt myſterious piece of architecture now on earth, (not excepting the pyramids of the Egyptian maſons, and their *hieroglyphics*, or *Free Maſons* ſigns); as any ſkilful *Free Maſon* may eaſily perceive, by examining it according to the rules of the art. He built it as a *lodge* for his college of *Free Maſons*, in thoſe days called *Druids*; which word, our guardian aſſures us, ſignifies an *oak* in the Greek language, becauſe *oak* is one of the beſt timber trees for building, of which (eſpecially the marine architecture) the *Druids* were the only maſters, tho' your modern term of *maſon* implies no more than a worker in ſtone; erroneouſly enough indeed, or at leaſt far ſhort of the true and ancient term of *Druid*; ſince the marine architecture, the moſt uſeful branch of the ſacred art, correſponds naturally and perfectly with the word *Druid*, or *worker* in *oak*, and hath nothing at all to do with ſtones of any kind; till Jaſon, a famous *Druid* or *Free Maſon*, uſed the *loadſtone*, when he went in queſt of the *golden fleece*, as it is called in the enigmatical terms of *Free Maſonry*, or, more properly ſpeaking, of the *cabala*, as *maſonry* was called in thoſe days. The uſe of the *loadſtone* was then, and long after, kept as ſecret as any of the other myſteries of the art, till, by the unanimous conſent of all the great *lodges*, the uſe of it was made public, for the common benefit of mankind. Jaſon's artificial *frog* had it fixed in his mouth; and having a free ſwing in an oaken bowl, half filled with water, always faced the *north* pole; which gave riſe to the poetical fable, that Jaſon's frog was a *little familiar* or *ſea demon* preſiding over the navigation, like any other angel guardian; for *Free Maſons* in all

ages, as well as now, have been looked upon to deal with *ſprites* or *demons*. And hence came that imputation which they have in many nations lain under, of being *conjurers* or *magicians*; witneſs Merlin and Friar Bacon.

It is perhaps further worth remarking, that Jaſon took one of the two ſacred vocal *oaks* of the grove of Dodona to make the keel of the *Argos*, for ſo his ſhip was called; myſteriouſly joining together *architecture* or *maſonry*, and the *Druidical* prieſthood, or power of explaining the oracles. For our guardian will have it ſo, that the Pagan prieſthood was always in the *Druids* or *maſons*, and that there was a perceivable glimmering of the Jewiſh *rites* in it, tho' much corrupted, as I ſaid; that the Pagan worſhip was chiefly in groves of *oak*; that they always looked upon the *oak* as ſacred to Jupiter; which notion is countenanced (making allowance for the Paganiſm) by the *patriarchs*; for you ſee in Geneſis, that Abraham ſacrificed under the *oaks* of Mamre. Joſhua indeed took a great ſtone, and put it up under the *oak*, emblematically joining the two great elements of *maſonry* to raiſe an altar for the LORD.

Our guardian alſo ſays, that Cæſar's deſcription of the *Druids* of Gaul, is as exact a picture of a *lodge* of *Free Maſons* as can poſſibly be drawn.

His reaſons for the *Manaboleth* are the better worth diſcovering, for that I believe there are even ſome *maſons* who know nothing of it, *viz.* That it hath been an ancient practice among the *cabaliſtic philoſophers* to make every Hebrew letter a *hieroglyphic*, myſterious in its figure above all other letters, as being thus ſhaped and formed by the immediate directions of the *Almighty*, whereas all other LETTERS are of *human invention*.

Secondly, That the *Manaboleth* has a very cloſe and unconſtrained analogy with *maſonry*, or *architecture*; for that every letter of the Hebrew alphabet, as alſo of the Syriac, Chaldaic, and Iriſh alphabets, derived from it, have their names from *timber-trees*, except ſome few who have their names from *ſtones*; and I think it is pretty plain, that *timber* and *ſtone* are as much the elements of *maſonry*, as the alphabet is of books; which is a near relation enough between *architecture* and *learning* of all kinds, and naturally ſhews why the *Druids*, who took

their

their title from a tree, kept *learning* and *architecture* jointly within themſelves.

NEXT week ſhall be publiſhed the *Free Maſon's* oath, with the remarks upon it of a young *clergyman*, who has petitioned to be admitted *chaplain* to our *lodge*, which is to be kept at Mrs Prater's female coffeehouſe, every Tueſday, from nine in the morning to twelve, and the tenth day of every month in the year; where all ladies of true hearts, and ſound morals, ſhall be admitted without ſwearing.

I think it proper to inſert the *Free Maſon's* SONG, commonly ſung at their meetings; tho' by the by, it is of as little ſignification as the reſt of their ſecrets. It was writ by one Anderſon, as our guardian informs me, juſt to put a good gloſs on the myſtery, as you may ſee by the words.

SONG.

I.

COme let us prepare
We brothers that are
Aſſembled on merry occaſion;
Let's drink, laugh, and ſing,
Our wine has a ſpring;
Here's a health to an accepted MASON.

II.

The world is in pain
Our ſecrets to gain,
And ſtill let them wonder and gaze on;
They ne'er can divine
The word or the ſign
Of a free and an accepted MASON.

III.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Why ſo many great men of the nation
Should aprons put on,
To make themſelves one
With a free and an accepted MASON.

IV.

IV.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,
Have laid by their ſwords
Our myſt'ry to put a good grace on,
And ne'er been aſham'd
To hear themſelves nam'd
With a free and an accepted MASON.

V.

Antiquity's pride
We have on our ſide,
And it maketh men juſt in their ſtation:
There's nought but what's good
To be underſtood
By a free and an accepted MASON.

VI.

Then join hand in hand,
To each other firm ſtand;
Let's be merry and put a bright face on.
What mortal can boaſt
So noble a toaſt,
As a free and an accepted MASON?

POSTSCRIPT.

Mr FAULKNER,

OUR *lodge* unanimouſly deſire you will give their ſincere reſpects to your *ingenious* DRAPER, to whoſe *pen* we, as well as the reſt of the nation, own ourſelves obliged. If he be not already a *Free Maſon*, he ſhall be welcome to be our *deputy-guardian*.

Your humble ſervant,

THALESTRIS.

Tſrif eht Tſugua Nilbud.

The

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The

The LAST WILL of Dr Swift, Dean of St Patrick's in Dublin †.

IN the name of God, *Amen*. I Jonathan Swift, Doctor in Divinity, and Dean of the Cathedral church of St Patrick, Dublin, being at this present of sound mind, altho' weak in body, do here make my last will and testament, hereby revoking all my former wills.

Imprimis, I bequeath my soul to God, (in humble hopes of his mercy thro' Jesus Christ), and my body to the earth And I desire that my body may be buried in the great isle of the said cathedral, on the south side, under the pillar next to the monument of Primate Narcissus Marsh ‡, three days after my decease, as privately as possible, and at twelve o'clock at night: and that a black marble of feet square, and seven feet from the ground, fixed to the wall, may be erected, with the following inscription in large letters, deeply cut, and strongly gilded ‖.

Hic

† Swift's will, like all his other writings, is drawn up in his own peculiar manner. Even in so serious a composition he cannot help indulging himself, in leaving legacies that carry with them an air of raillery and jest. He disposes of his three hats (his best, his second best, and his third best beaver) with an ironical solemnity, that renders the bequests ridiculous. He bequeaths "to Mr John Grattan a silver box," *&c.* [below, p. 339.] But his legacy to Mr Robert Grattan is still more extraordinary. "*Item*, "I bequeath to the Reverend Mr Robert Grattan," *&c.* [below, p. 339.] These are so many last impressions of his turn and way of thinking: and I dare say, the persons thus distinguished, look upon these instances, as affectionate memorials of his friendship, and as tokens of the jocose manner in which he had treated them during his lifetime. *Orrery.*

‡ See his character, above, p. 314.

‖ His monumental inscription, written by himself, may confirm to you the observation which I have made [in vol. vi. p. 5.], that he was not an elegant writer of Latin. An harsher epitaph has seldom been composed. It is scarce intelligible; and if intelligible, is a proof how difficult a task it is, even for the greatest genius, to draw his own character, or to represent himself and his actions in a proper manner to posterity. *Orrery.*

HIC DEPOSITVM EST CORPVS
JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P.
HVIVS ECCLESIAE CATHEDRALIS DECANI,
VBI SAEVA INDIGNATIO
VLTERIUS COR LACERARE NEQUIT.
ABI, VIATOR,
ET IMITARE, SI POTERIS,
STRENVVM PRO VIRILI LIBERTATIS VINDICEM.
OBIIT ANNO [MDCCXLV.]
MENSIS [OCTOBRIS] DIE [19.]
AETATIS ANNO [LXXVIII.]

Item, I give and bequeath to my executors all my worldly ſubſtance, of what nature or kind ſoever, (excepting ſuch part thereof as is herein after particularly deviſed), for the following uſes and purpoſes: that is to ſay, to the intent that they, or the ſurvivors or ſurvivor of them, his executors, or adminiſtrators, as ſoon as conveniently may be after my death, ſhall turn it all into ready money, and lay out the ſame in purchaſing lands of inheritance in fee-ſimple, ſituate in any province of Ireland, except Connaught, but as near to the city of Dublin as conveniently can be found, and not incumbered with, or ſubject to any leaſes for lives renewable, or any terms for years longer than thirty-one. And I deſire, that a yearly annuity of twenty pounds Sterling, out of the annual profits of ſuch lands, when purchaſed, and out of the yearly income of my ſaid fortune, deviſed to my executors as aforeſaid, until ſuch purchaſe ſhall be made, ſhall be paid to Rebecca Dingley of the city of Dublin, ſpinſter, during her life, by two equal half-yearly payments, on the feaſts of All-ſaints, and St Philip and St Jacob; the firſt payment to be made on ſuch of the ſaid feaſts as ſhall happen next after my death. And that the reſidue of the yearly profits of the ſaid lands, when purchaſed, and, until ſuch purchaſe be made, the reſidue of the yearly income and intereſt of my ſaid fortune, deviſed as aforeſaid to my executors, ſhall be laid out in purchaſing a piece of land, ſituate near Dr Steven's hoſpital, or, if it cannot be

be there had, ſomewhere in or near the city of Dublin, large enough for the purpoſes herein after mentioned, and in building thereon an hoſpital large enough for the reception of as many idiots and lunatics as the annual income of the ſaid lands and worldly ſubſtance ſhall be ſufficient to maintain. And I deſire, that the ſaid hoſpital may be called ST PATRICK'S HOSPITAL, and may be built in ſuch a manner, that another building may be added unto it, in caſe the endowment thereof ſhould be enlarged; ſo that the additional building may make the whole edifice regular and complete. And my further will and deſire is, that, when the ſaid hoſpital ſhall be built, the whole yearly income of the ſaid lands and eſtate ſhall, for ever after, be laid out in providing victuals, cloathing, medicines, attendance, and all other neceſſaries for ſuch idiots and lunatics as ſhall be received into the ſame; and in repairing and enlarging the building from time to time, as there may be occaſion. And, if a ſufficient number of idiots and lunatics cannot readily be found, I deſire that incurables may be taken into the ſaid hoſpital to ſupply ſuch deficiency; but that no perſon ſhall be admitted into it, that labours under any infectious diſeaſe: and that all ſuch idiots, lunatics, and incurables, as ſhall be received into the ſaid hoſpital, ſhall conſtantly live and reſide therein, as well in the night as in the day; and that the ſalaries of agents, receivers, officers, ſervants, and attendants, to be employed in the buſineſs of the ſaid hoſpital, ſhall not in the whole exceed one fifth part of the clear yearly income or revenue thereof. And I further deſire, that my executors, the ſurvivors or ſurvivor of them, or the heirs of ſuch, ſhall not have power to demiſe any part of the ſaid lands ſo to be purchaſed as aforeſaid, but with conſent of the Lord Primate, the Lord High Chancellor, the Lord Archbiſhop of Dublin, the Dean of Chriſt-church, the Dean of St Patrick's, the phyſician to the ſtate, and the ſurgeon-general, all for the time being, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing; and that no leaſes of any part of the ſaid lands ſhall ever be made, other than leaſes for years not exceeding thirty-one, in poſſeſſion, and not in reverſion or remainder, and not diſpuniſhable of waſte, whereon

ſhall

ſhall be reſerved the beſt and moſt improved rents that can reaſonably and moderately, without racking the tenants, be gotten for the ſame, without fine. Provided always, and it is my will and earneſt deſire, that no leaſe of any part of the ſaid lands, ſo to be purchaſed as aforeſaid, ſhall ever be made to, or in truſt for any perſon any way concerned in the execution of this truſt, or to, or in truſt for any perſon any way related or allied, either by conſanguinity or affinity, to any of the perſons who ſhall at that time be concerned in the execution of this truſt: and that if any leaſes ſhall happen to be made contrary to my intention above expreſſed, the ſame ſhall be utterly void and of no effect. And I further deſire, until the charter herein after mentioned be obtained, my executors, or the ſurvivors or ſurvivor of them, his heirs, executors, or adminiſtrators, ſhall not act in the execution of this truſt, but with the conſent and approbation of the ſaid ſeven additional truſtees, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing; and ſhall, with ſuch conſent and approbation as aforeſaid, have power, from time to time, to make rules, orders, and regulations, for the government and direction of the ſaid hoſpital. And I make it my requeſt to my ſaid executors, that they may, in convenient time, apply to his Majeſty for a charter to incorporate them, or ſuch of them as ſhall be then living, and the ſaid additional truſtees, for the better management and conduct of this charity, with a power to purchaſe lands; and to ſupply by election ſuch vacancies happening in the corporation as ſhall not be ſupplied by ſucceſſion; and ſuch other powers as may be thought expedient for the due execution of this truſt, according to my intention herein before expreſſed. And when ſuch charter ſhall be obtained, I deſire, that my executors, or the ſurvivors or ſurvivor of them, or the heirs of ſuch ſurvivor, may convey to the uſe of ſuch corporation in fee-ſimple, for the purpoſes aforeſaid, all ſuch lands and tenements as ſhall be purchaſed in manner above mentioned. Provided always, and it is my will and intention, that my executors, until the ſaid charter, and afterwards the corporation to be hereby incorporated, ſhall, out of the yearly profits of the ſaid lands, when purchaſed, and

and out of the yearly income of my ſaid fortune, deviſed to my executors as aforeſaid, until ſuch purchaſe be made, have power to reimburſe themſelves for all ſuch ſums of their own money as they ſhall neceſſarily expend in the execution of this truſt: and that, until the ſaid charter be obtained, all acts which ſhall at any time be done, in execution of this truſt, by the greater part of my executors then living, with the conſent of the greater part of the ſaid additional truſtees, under their hands in writing, ſhall be as valid and effectual, as if all my executors had concurred in the ſame.

Item, Whereas I purchaſed the inheritance of the tithes of the pariſh of Effernock near Trin, in the county of Meath, for two hundred and ſixty pounds Sterling, I bequeath the ſaid tithes to the vicars of Laracor for the time being; that is to ſay, ſo long as the preſent Epiſcopal religion ſhall continue to be the national eſtabliſhed faith and profeſſion in this kingdom: but, whenever any other form of Chriſtian religion ſhall become the eſtabliſhed faith in this kingdom, I leave the ſaid tithes of Effernock to be beſtowed, as the profits come in, to the poor of the ſaid pariſh of Laracor, by a weekly proportion, and by ſuch officers as may then have the power of diſtributing charities to the poor of the ſaid pariſh, while Chriſtianity, under any ſhape, ſhall be tolerated among us, ſtill excepting profeſſed *Jews*, *Atheiſts*, and *Infuels*.

Item, Whereas I have ſome leaſes of certain houſes in Kevin's ſtreet, near the deanery-houſe, built upon the Dean's ground, and one other houſe now inhabited by Henry Land *, in Deanery-lane, alias Mitre-alley, ſome of which leaſes are let for forty one years, or forty at leaſt, and not yet half expired, I bequeath to Mrs Martha Whiteway my leaſe or leaſes of the ſaid houſes. I alſo bequeath to the ſaid Martha, my leaſe of forty years of Goodman's holding, for which I receive ten pounds *per annum*; which are two houſes, or more, lately built. I bequeath alſo to the ſaid Martha, the ſum of three hundred pounds Sterling, to be paid her by my executors out of my ready money, or bank-bills, immediately af-

* Sexton of St Patrick's cathedral.

ter my death, as ſoon as the executors meet. I leave, moreover, to the ſaid Martha, my repeating gold watch, my yellow tortoiſe-ſhell ſnuff-box, and her choice of four gold rings, out of ſeven which I now poſſeſs.

Item, I bequeath to Mrs Mary Swift, alias Harriſon, daughter of the ſaid Martha, my plain gold watch made by Quare; to whom alſo I give my Japan writing-deſk, beſtowed to me by my Lady Worſely, my ſquare tortoiſe-ſhell ſnuff-box, richly lined and inlaid with gold, given to me by the Right Honourable Henrietta now Counteſs of Oxford, and the ſeal with a Pegaſus, given to me by the Counteſs of Granville.

Item, I bequeath to Mr Ffolliot Whiteway, eldeſt ſon of the aforeſaid Martha, who is bred to be an attorney, the ſum of ſixty pounds, as alſo five pounds to be laid out in the purchaſe of ſuch law-books, as the Honourable Mr Juſtice Lindſay, Mr Stannard *, or Mr M'Aulay †, ſhall judge proper for him.

Item, I bequeath to Mr John Whiteway, youngeſt ſon of the ſaid Martha, who is to be brought up a ſurgeon, the ſum of one hundred pounds, in order to qualify him for a ſurgeon, but under the direction of his mother; which ſaid ſum of one hundred pounds is to be paid to Mrs Whiteway, in behalf of her ſaid ſon John, out of the arrears which ſhall be due to me from my church-livings. (except thoſe of the deanery-tithes, which are now let to the Reverend Dr Wilſon), as ſoon as the ſaid arrears can be paid to my executors. I alſo leave the ſaid John five pounds, to be laid out in buying ſuch phyſical and chirurgical books as Dr Grattan, and Mr Nichols ‡, ſhall think fit for him.

Item, I bequeath to Mrs Anne Ridgeway ||, now in my family, the profits of the leaſe of the two houſes let to John Cownly, for forty years, of which only eight or nine are expired, for which the ſaid Cownly payeth me

* Eaton Stannard, Eſq; Recorder of the city of Dublin. See conſiderations——concerning the choice of a Recorder, in vol. 3. P. 337.

† Alexander M'Aulay, Eſq; counſellor at law, and made judge of the conſiſtorial court, Nov. 1745.

‡ John Nichols, Eſq; ſurgeon-general.

|| Daughter to Mrs Brent, and who, for many years, had been *his faithful* domeſtic friend.

me nine pounds Sterling for rent yearly. I alſo bequeath to the ſaid Anne, the ſum of one hundred pounds Sterling, to be paid her by my executors in ſix weeks after my deceaſe, out of whatever money or bank-bills I may poſſeſs when I die; as alſo three gold rings, the remainder of the ſeven above mentioned, after Mrs Whiteway hath made her choice of four; and all my ſmall pieces of plate, not exceeding in weight one ounce and one third part of an ounce.

Item, I bequeath to my deareſt friend Alexander Pope of Twittenham, Eſq; * my picture in miniature, drawn by Zinck, of Robert late Earl of Oxford.

Item, I leave to Edward, now Earl of Oxford, my ſeal of Julius Cæſar, as alſo another ſeal, ſuppoſed to be a young Hercules, both very choice antiques, and ſet in gold: both which I chuſe to beſtow to the ſaid Earl, becauſe they belonged to her late moſt excellent Majeſty Queen Anne, of ever glorious, immortal, and truly pious memory, the real nurſing-mother of all her kingdoms.

Item, I leave to the Reverend Mr James Stopford, Vicar of Finglaſs, my picture of King Charles I. drawn by Vandike, which was given to me by the ſaid James; as alſo my large picture of birds, which was given to me by Thomas Earl of Pembroke.

Item, I bequeath to the Reverend Mr Robert Grattan Prebendary of St Audeon's, my gold bottle-ſcrew, which he gave me, and my ſtrong box, on condition of his giving the ſole uſe of the ſaid box to his brother Dr James Grattan, during the life of the ſaid Doctor, who hath more occaſion for it, and the ſecond beſt beaver hat I ſhall die poſſeſſed of.

Item, I bequeath to Mr John Grattan Prebendary of Clonmethan, my ſilver box, in which the freedom of the city of Cork was preſented to me; in which I deſire the ſaid John to keep the tobacco he uſually cheweth, called *pigtail*.

Item, I bequeath all my horſes and mares to the Reverend Mr John Jackſon, Vicar of Santry, together with all my horſe-furniture; lamenting that I had not credit

* Mr Pope did not live to receive his legacy, having died May 30. 1744.

enough with any chief governor (ſince the change of times) to get ſome additional church-preferment for ſo virtuous and worthy a gentleman. I alſo leave him my third beſt beaver hat.

Item, I bequeath to the Reverend Dr Francis Wilſon, the works of Plato in three folio volumes, the Earl of Clarendon's hiſtory in three folio volumes, and my beſt Bible: together with thirteen ſmall Perſian pictures in the dr..g-room, and the ſmall ſilver tankard given to me by the contribution of ſome friends, whoſe names are engraved at the bottom of the ſaid tankard.

Item, I bequeath to the Earl of Orrery * the enamelled ſilver plates to diſtinguiſh bottles of wine by, given to me by his excellent Lady, and the half-length picture of the late Counteſs of Orkney in the drawing-room.

Item, I bequeath to Alexander M'Aulay, Eſq; the gold box in which the freedom of the city of Dublin was preſented to me, as a teſtimony of the eſteem and love I have for him, on account of his great learning, fine natural parts, unaffected piety, and benevolence, and his truly honourable zeal in defence of the legal rights of the clergy, in oppoſition to all their unprovoked oppreſſors.

Item, I bequeath to Deane Swift Eſq; † my large ſilver ſtandiſh, conſiſting of a large ſilver plate, an inkpot, a ſand-box, and bell of the ſame metal.

Item, I bequeath to Mrs Mary Barber, the medal of Queen Anne and Prince George, which ſhe formerly gave me.

Item, I leave to the Reverend Mr John Worral ‡ my beſt beaver hat.

Item,

* Author of the *Remarks on the life and writings of Dr Swift*, publiſhed in 1752.

† Author of the *Eſſay on the life, writings, and character of Dr Swift*, publiſhed in 1755.

‡ Vicar to the Dean of Chriſt-church, and maſter of both choirs. He was a foundling, for which reaſon Swift uſed to call him *Melchiſedeck*. Tho' he was not a man of an improved underſtanding, nor a man of humour, yet he was a good walker, ever in the way, and always at the command of Dr Swift. His wife, a neat, clean looking

Item, I bequeath to the Reverend Dr Patrick Delany † my medal of Queen Anne in ſilver, and on the reverſe the biſhops of England kneeling before her Moſt Sacred Majeſty.

Item, I bequeath to the Reverend Mr James King, Prebendary of Tipper, my large gilded medal of King Charles I. and on the reverſe a crown of martyrdom, with other devices. My will nevertheleſs is, that, if any of the above-named legatees ſhould die before me, that then, and in that caſe, the reſpective legacies to them bequeathed ſhall revert to myſelf, and become again ſubject to my diſpoſal.

Item, Whereas I have the leaſe of a field in truſt for me, commonly called the *vineyard*, let to the Reverend Dr Francis Corbet, and the truſt declared by the ſaid Doctor; the ſaid field, with ſome land on this ſide of the road, making in all about three acres, for which I pay yearly to the dean and chapter of St Patrick's * * *

Whereas I have built a ſtrong wall round the ſaid piece of ground, eight or nine feet high, faced to the ſouth aſpect with brick, which coſt me above ſix hundred pounds Sterling; and likewiſe another piece of

looking woman in her dreſs, underſtood the buſineſs of marketting perfectly well; had ſtudied what the Dean liked; and if the markets afforded any thing nice, when the Dean's ſtomach, as years came on, began to be in ſome meaſure weak and capricious, ſhe conſtantly bought it for him, and ſent it home to the deanery. From a principle of wiſdom, taking the world as he found it, no man ever ſtudied more than Swift did, to reduce every man's talents to his own particular gratification. He could feaſt upon the delicacies of wit and learning, when they happened to fall in his way; and at other times be content with plain common entertainment. He could laugh, and drink a bottle with Sheridan over night; and the next morning walk into the fields, and prattle to Worral. Perhaps there never was a man equally deſirous with Dr Swift, to have a companion always at his beck, of ſome ſort or other; and, without diſpute, thro'out all Dublin, he could not have fixed upon another ſo exactly calculated to receive his commands, and eſpecially to attend him in his morning exerciſe, as Mr Worral. He died ſome time after the Dean; worth a good deal of money; 500l. of which his executors appropriated to the Doctor's hoſpital, and 100l. each to two other hoſpitals. *Swift.*

† The ſame to whom the Dean addreſſes ſeveral copies of verſes, in vol. 6. and of whom he gives an excellent character in vol. 4. p. 148.

ground, as aforesaid, of half an acre, adjoining to the burial-place, called the *Cabbage-garden*, now tenanted by William White, gardener; my will is, that the ground inclosed by the great wall may be sold for the remainder of the lease, at the highest price my executors can get for it, in belief and hopes, that the said price will exceed three hundred pounds at the lowest value. For which my successor in the deanery shall have the first refusal; and it is my earnest desire, that the succeeding deans and chapters may preserve the said *vineyard*, and piece of land adjoining, where the said White now liveth, so as to be always in the hands of the succeeding deans, during their office, by each dean lessening one fourth of the purchase-money to each succeeding dean, and for no more than the present rent.

And I appoint the Honourable Robert Lindsay †, one of the judges of the court of common pleas; Henry Singleton, Esq; Prime Serjeant to his Majesty; the Reverend Dr Patrick Delany, Chancellor of St Patrick's; the Reverend Dr Francis Wilson, Prebendary of Kilmacktolway; Eaton Stannard, Esq; Recorder of the city of Dublin; the Reverend Mr Robert Grattan, Prebendary of St Audeon's; the Reverend Mr John Grattan, Prebendary of Clonmethan; the Reverend Mr James Stopford, Vicar of Finglas; the Reverend Mr James King, Prebendary of Tipper; and Alexander M'Aulay, Esq; my executors.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, and published and declared this as my last will and testament, this third day of May, 1740.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Signed, sealed, and published by the above-named Jonathan Swift, in the presence of us who have subscribed our names in his presence.

Jo. Wynne.
Jo. Rochfort.
William Dunkin.

† See a poem wrote by this gentleman, intitled, *A dialogue between a lawyer and Dr Swift*, in vol. 7. p. 87.

Two Letters to the Earl of Orrery, describing the melancholy situation of Dr Swift's health and understanding.

I. Mrs Martha Whiteway's* Letter.

My Lord, *Dublin, Nov.* 22. 1742.

THE easy manner in which you reproach me for not acquainting you with the poor Dean's situation, lays a fresh obligation upon me; yet mean as an excuse is for a fault, I shall attempt one to your Lordship; and only for this reason, that you may not think me capable of neglecting any thing you could command me. I told you in my last letter, the Dean's understanding was quite gone, and I feared the farther particulars would only shock the tenderness of your nature, and the melancholy scene make your heart ach, as it has often done mine. I was the last person whom he knew; and when that part of his memory failed, he was so outrageous at seeing any body, that I was forced to leave him, nor could he rest for a night or two after seeing any person; so that all the attendance which I could pay him was, calling twice a-week to inquire after his health, and to observe that proper care was taken of him, and durst only look at him while his back was towards me, fearing to discompose him. He walked ten hours a-day, would not eat nor drink if his servant staid in the room. His meat was served up ready cut, and sometimes it would lie an hour on the table before he would touch it, and then eat it walking. About six weeks ago, in one night's time, his left eye swelled as large as an egg, and the lid Mr Nichols (his surgeon) thought would mortify, and many large boils appeared upon his arms and body. The torture he was in, is not to be described. Five persons could scarce hold him for a week, from tearing out his own eyes; and, for near a month, he did not sleep two hours in twenty-four; yet

* The lady mentioned in several of Swift's letters, and in his will, in this volume.

yet a moderate appetite continued; and what is more to be wondered at, the laſt day of his illneſs he knew me perfectly well, took me by the hand, called me by my name, and ſhewed the ſame pleaſure as uſual in ſeeing me. I aſked him, if he would give me a dinner? He ſaid, to be ſure, my old friend. Thus he continued that day, and knew the doctor and ſurgeon, and all his family ſo well, that Mr Nichols thought it poſſible he might return to a ſhare of underſtanding, ſo as to be able to call for what he wanted, and to bear ſome of his old friends to amuſe him. But alas! this pleaſure to me was but of ſhort duration; for the next day or two it was all over, and proved to be only pain that had rouſed him. He is now free from torture; his eye almoſt well; very quiet, and begins to ſleep; but cannot, without great difficulty, be prevailed on to walk a turn about his room; and yet, in this way, the phyſicians think he may hold out for ſome time. I am, my Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient,

humble ſervant,

M. WHITEWAY.

WHAT a ſhocking, what a melancholy account is this! Of how ſmall eſtimation muſt the greateſt genius appear in the ſight of God!

II. Mr. DEANE SWIFT'S* LETTER.

MY LORD, *Dublin, April* 4. 1744.

AS to the ſtory of *O poor old man!* I inquired into it. The Dean did ſay ſomething upon his ſeeing himſelf in the glaſs; but neither Mrs Ridgeway, nor the lower ſervants, could tell me what it was he ſaid. I deſired them to recollect it, by the time when I ſhould come again to the deanery. I have been there ſince, they

* Author of the *Eſſay on the life, character, &c. of Dr. Swift.*

they cannot recollect it. A thouſand ſtories have been invented of him within theſe two years, and impoſed upon the world. I thought this might have been one of them: and yet I am now inclined to think there may be ſome truth in it: for, on Sunday the 17th of March, as he ſat in his chair, upon the houſekeeper's moving a knife from him as he was going to catch at it, he ſhrugged his ſhoulders, and, rocking himſelf, ſaid, *I am what I am, I am what I am:* and about ſix minutes afterwards, repeated the ſame words two or three times over.

His ſervant ſhaves his cheeks, and all his face as low as the tip of his chin, once a week; but under the chin, and about the throat, when the hair grows long, it is cut with ſciſſars.

Sometimes he will not utter a ſyllable; at other times he will ſpeak incoherent words; but he never yet, as far as I could hear, talked nonſenſe, or ſaid a fooliſh thing.

About four months ago he gave me great trouble: he ſeemed to have a mind to talk to me. In order to try what he would ſay, I told him, I came to dine with him; and immediately his houſekeeper, Mrs Ridgeway, ſaid, "Wont you give Mr Swift a glaſs of wine, Sir?" He ſhrugged his ſhoulders, juſt as he uſed to do when he had a mind that a friend ſhould ſpend the evening with him. Shrugging his ſhoulders, your Lordſhip may remember, was as much as to ſay, "You'll ruin me in "wine." I own I was ſcarce able to bear the ſight. Soon after, he again endeavoured, with a good deal of pain, to find words to ſpeak to me: at laſt, not being able, after many efforts, he gave a heavy ſigh, and, I think, was afterwards ſilent. This puts me in mind of what he ſaid about five days ago. He endeavoured ſeveral times to ſpeak to his ſervant, (now and then he calls him by his name); at laſt, not finding words to expreſs what he would be at, after ſome uneaſineſs, he ſaid, "I am a fool." Not long ago, the ſervant took up his watch that lay upon the table to ſee what o'clock it was; he ſaid, "Bring it here;" and when it was brought, he looked very attentively at it. Some time ago, the ſervant was breaking a large ſtubborn coal; he ſaid, "That's a ſtone, you blockhead."

In

In a few days, or ſome very ſhort time, after guardians had been appointed for him, I went into his dining-room, where he was walking; I ſaid ſomething to him very inſignificant, I know not what; but, inſtead of making any kind of anſwer to it, he ſaid, "Go, go," pointing with his hand to the door; and immediately afterwards, raiſing his hand to his head, he ſaid, "My "beſt underſtanding;" and ſo broke off abruptly, and walked away. I am, my Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient,
and moſt humble ſervant,

DEANE SWIFT.

An account of the ſituation of Dr SWIFT's health and mind, from 1739 to his death, at the latter end of October 1745; with a DISSERTATION on LUNACY and IDIOTISM.

[By the Earl of ORRERY.]

THE total deprivation of Dr Swift's ſenſes came upon him by degrees. In the year 1736, I remember him ſeized with a violent fit of giddineſs. He was at that time writing a ſatirical poem, called, *The legion-club*; but he found the effects of his giddineſs ſo dreadful, that he left the poem unfiniſhed; and never afterwards attempted a compoſition of any length either in verſe or proſe. However, his converſation ſtill remained the ſame, lively and ſevere; but his memory gradually grew worſe and worſe; and as that decreaſed and was impaired, he appeared every day more fretful and impatient. From the year 1739 to the latter end of 1741, his friends found his paſſions ſo violent and ungovernable, his memory ſo decayed, and his reaſon ſo depraved, that they took the utmoſt precautions to keep all ſtrangers from approaching him; for, till then, he had not appeared totally incapable of converſation: but, early in the year 1742, the ſmall remains of his underſtanding became entirely confuſed, and the violence of his

his rage increaſed abſolutely to a degree of madneſs. In this miſerable ſtate, he ſeemed to be appointed as the firſt proper inhabitant for his own hoſpital: eſpecially, as from an outrageous lunatic, he ſunk afterwards into a quiet, ſpeechleſs idiot; and dragged out the remainder of his life in that helpleſs ſituation. He died towards the latter end of October 1745. The manner of his death was eaſy, without the leaſt pang or convulſion. Even the rattling in his throat was ſcarce ſufficient to give any alarm to his attendants, till within ſome very little time before he expired. A man in full poſſeſſion of his reaſon would have wiſhed for ſuch a kind of diſſolution; but Swift was totally inſenſible of happineſs or pain. He had not even the power or expreſſion of a child; appearing, for ſome years before his death, reſerved only as an example to mortify human pride, and to reverſe that fine deſcription of human nature, which is given us by Shakeſpear in an inimitable manner. "What a piece of work is man! how noble "in reaſon! how infinite in faculty! in form and mo"ving, how expreſs and admirable! in action, how "like an angel! in apprehenſion, how like a god! the "beauty of the world, the paragon of animals." Thus poets paint: but how vain and periſhable is the picture? The ſmalleſt thunderbolt from heaven blaſts it in a moment, and every tinct is ſo effectually obliterated, that ſcarce the outlines of the figure remain.

SWIFT certainly foreſaw his fate. His frequent attacks of giddineſs, and his manifeſt defect of memory gave room for ſuch apprehenſions. I have often heard him lament the eſtate of childhood and idiotiſm to which ſome of the greateſt men of this nation were reduced before their death. He mentioned, as examples within his own time, the Duke of Marlborough, and Lord Somers: and when he cited theſe melancholy inſtances, it was always with a heavy ſigh, and with geſtures that ſhewed great uneaſineſs, as if he felt an impulſe of what was to happen to him before he died.

UNLESS I am miſinformed, he died worth about twelve thouſand pounds, incluſive of the ſpecific legacies mentioned in his will, and which may be computed at the ſum of twelve hundred pounds; ſo that the remainder

near eleven thouſand pounds, is entirely applicable to the hoſpital for idiots and lunatics: a charitable foundation, particularly beneficial in theſe kingdoms, where the epidemic diſtemper of lunacy is ſo prevalent, that it will conſtantly furniſh the largeſt building with a ſufficient number of inhabitants.

LUNACY may in general be conſidered, as ariſing from a depraved imagination, and muſt therefore be originally owing to a fault in the body, or the mind. We ſee inſtances every day, where, in fevers, all the powers of ſenſe and reaſon are utterly overturned by a raging madneſs. This frenzy conquers, or is conquered ſoon: but, from more ſlow and chronical cauſes, ſuch obſtructions may be formed, as gradually to produce various degrees of this diſorder, and to remain invincible to the very laſt moments of life. Nothing more ſtrongly diſpoſes the mind to this depraved ſtate, than too fixed an attention to any particular object. Mr Locke, if my memory does not deceive me, defines madneſs as ariſing from ſome particular idea, or ſet of ideas, that make ſo ſtrong an impreſſion upon the mind as to baniſh all others; and the perſons affected are chearful and melancholy, well tempered or fierce, according as the objects and ideas of their minds are different. From hence it is evident, that we ought to conſider the ſtrength of the mind, even in the purſuit of knowledge, and often to vary our ideas by exerciſe and amuſements; conſtantly fixing a ſtrict guard againſt any paſſion that may be prevalent in too high a degree, or may acquire an habitual ſtrength and dominion over us. Paſſions are the gales of life: and it is our part to take care that they do not riſe into a tempeſt.

LOVE, with all its charms, muſt be reſtrained within proper bounds, otherwiſe it will torture that breaſt which it was formed to delight. Love contains within itſelf a variety of other paſſions, and lays ſuch a foundation of madneſs in the mind, that the frenzy, in this particular caſe, never fails to appear in its full force, and to diſplay itſelf in all its ſtrength of horror.

RELIGION, which can only make the mind happy, and is our ſureſt and beſt defence againſt the paſſions, if conſidered in a wrong and melancholy view, has often perverted

verted the ſeat of reaſon. and given more inhabitants to Bedlam than any other cauſe. A religious lunatic is miſerable. even to the deepeſt tortures of deſpair.

THE miſer, whom I muſt always rank among madmen, heaps up gold with an anxiety that affects his looks, his appetite, and his ſleep. The wretch dreads poverty in the centre of plenty; and ſtarves only becauſe he dares not taſte thoſe fruits which appear moſt agreeable to his deſires.

In ſome other ſpecies of madneſs, the perſons affected are really more happy than in their ſenſes, and it is almoſt a crime to baniſh the agreeable deluſion. You remember the caſe of the citizen of Argos, who after a ſalutiferous doſe of hellebore, cried out,

Pol me occidiſtis, amici,
Non ſervaſtis (ait) cui ſic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.

SUCH again would be the caſe of the beau of Bedlam, who, amidſt darkneſs and confinement, ſtill retains his pride and ſelf-admiration; dreſſes himſelf up in ſtraw inſtead of embroidery; and when ſuffered to go to the window, imagines that he captivates every female, who chances to paſs thro' Moor-fields. Is not ſuch a man happier in his madneſs, than in his ſenſes?

To ſpecify the many different claſſes of madmen, would be endleſs. They are innumerable: ſo that it is almoſt a rare felicity to enjoy *mens ſana in corpore ſano*. Some men have owed their reputation and ſucceſs in the world to a tincture of madneſs; while others, merely from a ſuperior underſtanding, have been ranked among lunatics. Of the latter ſort Hippocrates (whom I wiſh you to look upon as a claſſic author, as well as a phyſician) gives a remarkable inſtance in one of his letters. He ſays, he was ſent for by the people of Abdera to cure Democritus of madneſs; but, to his ſurpriſe, he found him the wiſeſt man of the age, and, by his laughing manner of talking and reaſoning, he almoſt convinced Hippocrates, that all the reſt of the world, except Democritus, were mad. It is not improbable, that madneſs has been coæval with mankind. There have certainly been many inſtances of it among the Greeks and Romans. Among

the Jews the enthuſiaſtic fury of Saul is equally remarkable with the extatic rage of Nebuchadnezzar. Nor have any parts of the world, I believe, entirely eſcaped this raging evil. It was frequently miſtaken for inſpiration; and the prophetic Sybils were obliged to put on the airs and looks of madneſs, to obtain an implicit belief to their prophecies. From theſe ſacerdotal impoſitions, mad people reaped ſome remarkable advantages. They were often looked upon as meſſengers ſent by heaven, to declare the will of the gods, and the prophetical decrees of fate; they were revered as perſons ſacred and divine; and, inſtead of ſcourges, they received tokens of adoration. In how great a degree muſt the ſubtlety of prieſts have prevailed, when they could make one of the greateſt curſes that attends human life, appear one of the greateſt bleſſings?

LUNATICS are ſo called from the influence which the moon has over bodies, when its attractive power is greateſt, by which means the preſſure of the atmoſphere being leſſened, the humours of the body are more rarefied, and produce a greater plenitude in the veſſels of the brain. This has been illuſtrated by our good and learned friend Dr Mead, in his treatiſe *De imperio lunæ et ſolis*: and I have particularly obſerved, that, in the laſt book which he publiſhed, intitled *Monita et præcepta medica*, he takes notice, in his chapter *de inſania*, "that the blood of "ſuch perſons, who have been moſt liable to this malady, "was thick, and ſizy, and upon diſſection, their brain "always appeared dry, and their veſſels filled with black "ſluggiſh blood:" from whence perhaps we may, in ſome meaſure, account for the principal ſource of Swift's lunacy; his countenance being dark, bilious, and gloomy, and his eyes ſometimes fixed and immoveable for a long time. Horace, I remember, attributes the madneſs of Oreſtes to a phyſical cauſe, where he ſays,

vocando
Hanc furiam, hunc aliud, juſſit quod ſplendida bilis.

So that diſeaſes formed originally in the mind, often bring on this diſorder, and by degrees affect the body; eſpecially in ſuch conſtitutions as have any tendency to this

this diſtemper. But what can be the reaſon that it is ſo remarkably epidemical in theſe kingdoms? I am inclined to believe, that it muſt be owing to the groſſneſs of our food, and to our immoderate uſe of ſpirituous liquors; the one frequently cauſing the deepeſt melancholy, the other the moſt unlimited rage. Our climate is ſo variable and uncertain, and our atmoſphere is ſo perpetually filled with clouds and ſulphureous vapours, that theſe cauſes muſt neceſſarily have a great effect upon the natural impatience and inconſtancy of the inhabitants. We are apt to revel in a free indulgence of our paſſions; and they are as apt to agitate and enervate the fibres of the brain, and to imprint by degrees many fatal impreſſions, that can never be eradicated from the mind. Even the greateſt bleſſing we enjoy, the freedom of our laws, may, I am afraid, in ſome meaſure, contribute to thoſe raſh actions, that often end in dreadful murders of the worſt kind, parricide, and ſuiciſm. Men muſt be reckoned in the higheſt claſs of lunatics, who are capable of offending the great Author of nature, by depriving themſelves of that life which he only has a right of taking away, becauſe he only had the power of giving it. No perſon in his ſenſes can voluntarily prefer death to life. Our deſires of exiſtence are ſtrong and prevalent; they are born with us: and our ideas of a future ſtate are not ſufficiently clear, to make us fond of hurrying into eternity; eſpecially as eternity itſelf muſt ever remain incomprehenſible to finite beings. Human nature has an abhorrence, and a terror of its own diſſolution. The philoſopher ſubmits to death, becauſe he looks upon it as a neceſſary event; in the mean time, he uſes every method of prudence, and every art of caution, to lengthen out life as far as he poſſibly can extend it, and to prevent the leaſt accident that may bring on death one hour ſooner than the laws of the human ſtructure require. The military hero meets the king of terrors more from the dictates of reaſon, than the impulſes of nature. His fame, his fortune, every object that can be dear to him, depend upon his reſolution to die. He expoſes himſelf to the danger of being deſtroyed, becauſe an effort of ſecuring his life, muſt be attended with contempt and

infamy. But, on the other hand, who would wantonly chuſe death, unleſs he were agitated to ſuch a choice by the fumes and vapours of a diſtempered brain?

The ſubjects, where arbitrary power is eſtabliſhed, live in a continual ſtate of dread and apprehenſion, and all their other paſſions are ſubdued by fear: ſo that fewer inſtances of ſuicide have appeared in deſpotic governments, than in kingdoms where liberty is more prevalent, and where the paſſions are leſs reſtrained.

The diet, the air, and the political conſtitution of a country, give the peculiar, and diſtinguiſhing character of the people: and as the characteriſtics change, the inhabitants undergo the ſame metamorphoſes. How different are the modern Italians from the ancient Romans? If Brutus were now living, he would probably acquieſce in the depending ſtate of a cardinal, and the Papal crown would be unanimouſly preſented to Cæſar.

The melancholy caſe of Dr Swift, has, I find, ſeduced me into a long digreſſion. When I am writing to you, I give a full ſcope to my thoughts, and wander licentiouſly out of my ſphere. I aim at placing all obſervations in your way, which I think can be of any uſe in your future road of life. But why talk to you on the melancholy effects of madneſs? only to obſerve in general, that temperance, exerciſe, philoſophy, and true religion, are the ſureſt means to make men happy, and to preſerve them from a contagious malady, to which the inhabitants of theſe kingdoms are unfortunately liable.

A ſtate of idiotiſm is leſs deplorable, not leſs ſhocking, than that of madneſs. Idiots are afflicted with no turbulent paſſions. They are innocent and harmleſs, and often excite pity, but never occaſion fear. The proverb tells us, *They are the favourites of Fortune.* But I ſuppoſe it alludes only to thoſe *fools who can number twenty rightly, and can tell the days of the week:* and alas! thoſe are no idiots in the eye of the law. The abſolute naturals owe their wretchedneſs to a wrong formation in their brain, or to accidents in their birth, or the dregs of fevers and other violent diſtempers. The laſt was the caſe of the Dean of St Patrick's, according to the account ſent me by his two relations Mrs Whiteway and Mr

Mr Swift*: neither of whom, I think, make the leaſt mention of a deafneſs that from time to time attacked the Dean, and rendered him extremely miſerable. You will find him complaining of this misfortune in ſeveral parts of his writings; eſpecially in his letters (of the fourth volume) to Dr Sheridan. Poſſibly ſome internal preſſure upon his brain might firſt have affected the auditory nerves, and then, by degrees, might have increaſed, ſo as entirely to ſtop up that fountain of ideas, which had before ſpread itſelf in the moſt diffuſive and ſurpriſing manner.

HAVING juſt now hinted to you the advantages that have accrued to madmen, I ought not to omit the honours that have been paid to fools. In former ages the courts of France and England were not thought completely imbelliſhed without a favourite idiot, who bore the title of the King's jeſter, and who was as remarkably diſtinguiſhed by a cap and bells, as his royal maſter was diſtinguiſhed by a diadem and robes. This animal, like Junius Brutus, frequently aſſumed the face and behaviour of folly, to anſwer his own particular views and advantages. His bluntneſs and ſimplicity recommended him in thoſe places, where truths, if ſpoken by a man of ſenſe, were diſagreeable and dangerous. If he had not the honour, like Brutus, to ſave his country, at leaſt he had the happineſs to ſecure himſelf: and his expreſſions were often ſo full of humour and ſarcaſm, that to this day, they are recorded as pieces of wit. Such was the famous reply of Archy to K. James I. when his Majeſty, amidſt all his wiſdom, was ſufficiently inſpired with folly, to ſend his only ſon in Spain. But fools at preſent are no longer admired in courts; or, if they are, they appear there without their cap and bells.

AND now, to quit reflections that tend in general rather to terrify than to improve the underſtanding, let me obſerve, in honour of my friend Swift, that his eſtabliſhment of an hoſpital for idiots and lunatics is remarkably generous; as the unhappy perſons who receive the benefit, muſt for ever remain inſenſible of their benefactor.

* Above, p. 343.—346.

A wonderful PROPHECY taken from the mouth of the ſpirit of a perſon, who was barbarouſly ſlain by the MOHOCKS:

Proving alſo, that the ſaid Mohocks and Hawcubites are the Gog and Magog mentioned in the Revelations: and therefore that this vain and tranſitory world will ſhortly be brought to its final diſſolution.

Breathed forth in the year 1712.

Woe! Woe! Woe!

WOE to London! Woe to Weſtminſter! Woe to Southwark! and woe to the inhabitants thereof! I am loth to ſay, Woe to the old and new churches, thoſe that are built, and thoſe that are not built!

BUT woe to the gates, the ſtreets, and the houſes! Woe to the men, the women, and the children! for the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES are already come, the time draweth near, and the end approacheth!

NOT to mention the near reſemblance betwixt the names of MOHOCK and GOG, HAWCUBITE and MAGOG (tho' I think there is a great deal even in that) I ſhall go on to proceed in my more ſolid arguments, proving to you not only the things that are, but alſo the things that are not.

THE things that are, are the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES; the things that are not, are GOG and MAGOG; and yet both the things that are, and the things that are not, are one and the ſame thing.

How this matter is, or when it is to be fulfilled, neither you nor I know, but I only.

FOR when the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES came, Satan came alſo among them; and where Satan is, there are GOG and MAGOG alſo.

THEY

THEY have the mark of the beaſt in their foreheads, and the beaſt himſelf is in their hearts, their teeth are ſharp like the teeth of lions, their tails are fiery like the tails of ſcorpions, and their hair is as the hair of women.

Here the ſpirit paused a while——and thus again proceeded.

Now liſten to what is to come.

THOSE that are in ſhall abide in, and thoſe that are out ſhall abide out.—Yet thoſe that are in ſhall be as thoſe that are out, and thoſe that are out ſhall be as thoſe that are in.

BE not dejected———fear not———but believe and tremble.

THE lions of this world are dead, and the princes of this world are dead alſo, and the next world draweth nigh.

THAT antient Whig, the Antichriſt of St John, ſhall lead the van like a young dragon, but he ſhall be cut piece-mail, and diſpoſſeſſed.

THE dragon upon Bow-church, and the graſshopper upon the Royal-exchange, ſhall meet together upon Stockſ-market, and ſhake hands like brethren.

SHAKE therefore your heads, O ye people! my time is ſhort, and yours is not long; lengthen therefore your repentance, and ſhorten your iniquities.

LO! the comet appeareth in the ſouth! yea, it appeareth exceedingly. Ah poor deluded Chriſtians! Ah blind brethren! think not that this baleful dog-ſtar only ſhaketh his tail at you in waggery; no, it ſhaketh it as a rod. It is not a ſporting tail, but a fiery tail, even as the tail of a harlot; yea, ſuch a tail as may reach, and be told, to all poſterity.

I am the *porter* that was barbarouſly ſlain in Fleet-ſtreet: by the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES was I ſlain, when they laid violent hands upon me.

THEY put their hook into my mouth, they divided my noſtrils aſunder, they ſent me, as they thought, to my long home; but now I am returned again to foretell their deſtruction.

THE time is at hand, when the free-thinkers of Great-Britain ſhall be converted to Judaiſm: and the Sultan ſhall receive the foreſkins of Toland and Collins * in a box of gold.

YET two days, a day, and half a day, yea, upon the twelfth hour of the fourth day, thoſe emblems of GOG and MAGOG, at the Guild hall, ſhall fall to the ground, and be broken aſunder. With them ſhall periſh the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES, and the whole world ſhall periſh with them.

Here the ſpirit diſappeared, and immediately thereupon held his peace.

The

*Authors of ſeveral books in favour of infidelity. *Hawk.*

The COUNTRY-POST.

From Tueſday, Auguſt the 12th, to Thurſday, Auguſt the 14th.

From the hen-rooſt, Auguſt the 4th.

TWO days ago we were put in a dreadful conſternation by the advance of a kite, which threatened every minute to *fall upon* us; he made ſeveral *motions* as if he deſigned to attack our *left wing*, which covered our *infantry*. We were alarmed at his approach, and upon a general muſter of all our forces, the kitchen maid came to our relief; but we were ſoon convinced, that ſhe had betrayed us, and was in the intereſt of the kite aforeſaid; for ſhe twiſted off two of our companions necks, and ſtript them naked: five of us were alſo clapped in a *cloſe priſon*, in order to be ſold for ſlaves the next market day.

P. S. The black *hen* was laſt night ſafely delivered of ſeven young *ducks*.

From the garden, Auguſt the 3d.

THE *boars* have done much miſchief of late in theſe parts, to ſuch a degree, that not a turnip or carrot can lie ſafe in their *beds*. Yeſterday ſeveral of them were taken, and ſentenced to have a wooden engine put about their necks, to have their noſes bored, and rings thruſt thro' them, as a mark of infamy for ſuch practices.

From the great pond, Auguſt the 1ſt.

YESTERDAY a large *ſail* of ducks paſſed by here, after a ſmall reſiſtance from two little boys, who flung ſtones at them; they landed near the barn-door, where they *foraged* with very good ſucceſs: while they were upon this enterprize, an old turkey-cock attacked a maid in a red petticoat,

petticoat, and ſhe retired with *great precipitation*. This afternoon being ſomewhat rainy, they ſet ſail again, and took ſeveral *frogs*. Juſt now arrived the *parſon's wife*, and twenty ducks were brought forth before her in order to be tried, but for what crime we know not, however two of them were condemned; it was alſo obſerved, that ſhe carried off a goſling and three ſucking pigs.

From the little fort at the end of the garden, Aug. the 5th.

LAST night two young men of this place made a *detachment* of their breeches, in order, as it is thought, to poſſeſs themſelves of the two *overtures* of the ſaid fort; but at their approach they heard great firing from the port-holes; they found them already *bombarded* by the *rearguard* of Sarah and Suky, who fearing theſe young men were come to beat up their *quarters*, deſerted their *neceſſary* poſts, which were immediately taken poſſeſſion of, notwithſtanding they were much annoyed by reaſon of ſeveral ſtink-pots, that had been flung there the ſame morning.

From the barley-mow near the barn, Auguſt the 3d.

IT was yeſterday rumoured, that there was heard a mighty ſqueaking near this place, as of an army of mice; who were thought to lie in ambuſcade in the ſaid mow: upon this the farmer aſſembled together a council of neighbours, wherein it was reſolved, that the mow ſhould be removed to prevent the farther deſtruction of the forage. This day the affair was put in execution; four hundred and ſeventy nine mice and three large rats were killed, and a vaſt number wounded, by pitch-forks and other inſtruments of huſbandry. A mouſe, that was cloſe purſued, took ſhelter under Dolly's petticoats, but by the vigilance of George Simmons he was taken, as he was endeavouring to force his way thro' a deep moraſs, and cruſhed to death on the ſpot. There was nothing material happened the next day, only Cicily Hart was *obſerved* to make water under the ſaid mow, as ſhe was going a milking.

From

From the great yard, [illegible]

IT is very credibly reported, that there [illegible] marriage on foot between the [illegible] hen, they having of late appeared [illegible] together: he yesterday made [illegible] *barley corns*, so that we look [illegible] This is the same cock, that [illegible] a month ago.

From the [illegible]

ON Sunday last there was a [illegible] our great hall, where were present [illegible] farmer: the parson eat like a farmer [illegible] like a parson: we refer you to the [illegible] ons to decide which eat most.

IT is reported, that the [illegible] child last week, but [illegible]

From the justices meeting, August [illegible]

THIS day a jack-daw, [illegible] ordered close prisoner to a cage, [illegible] justice of the *quorum*; and the [illegible] ples, for *hissing* in a [illegible] *roasting*, were committed to [illegible] the said justices caused a pig to be [illegible] eat the same, being convicted of [illegible] of June.

From the church, August the [illegible]

DIVINE service is continued [illegible] tho' we have seldom the company of [illegible] bouring gentry; by whose manner of [illegible] conjectured, that the advices from [illegible] dited by them, or else regarded as matters of [illegible] sequence.

From the church-yard, August the [illegible]

THE minister, having observed his only daughter to seem too much affected with the [illegible] and the cows of the parish, has ordered the ceremony [illegible]

for the future to be performed not in his own court, but in the church-yard; where, at the firſt ſolemnity of that kind, the grave-ſtones of John Fry, Peter How, and Mary d'Urfey were ſpurned down. This has already occaſioned great debates in the veſtry, the latter being the deceaſed wife of the *ſinging-clerk* of this place.

Caſualities this week.

SEVERAL caſualities have happened this week, and the bill of mortality is very much increaſed. There have died of the *falling ſickneſs* two ſtumbling horſes, as alſo one of their riders. *Smothered* (in onions) ſeven rabits. *Stifled* (in a ſoldier's breeches) two geeſe. Of a *ſore throat*, ſeveral ſheep and calves at the butchers. *Starved to death*, one baſtard child nurſed at the pariſh charge. *Stillborn*, in eggs of turkeys, geeſe, ducks, and hens, thirty-ſix. *Drowned*, nine puppies. Of *wind in the bowels*, five bottles of ſmall beer. I have not yet ſeen the exact liſt of the pariſh-clerk, ſo that for a more particular account, we refer you to our next.

WE have nothing material as to the *ſtocks*, only that Dick Adams was ſet in them laſt Sunday for ſwearing.

A true

A true and faithful NARRATIVE of what paſſed in LONDON, during the general conſternation of all ranks and degrees of mankind, on Tueſday, Wedneſday, Thurſday, and Friday laſt.

ON Tueſday the 13th of October Mr Whiſton held his lecture near the Royal Exchange. to an audience of fourteen worthy citizens, his ſubſcribers and conſtant hearers. Beſides theſe there were five chance auditors for that night only, who had paid their ſhillings a-piece. I think myſelf obliged to be very particular in this relation, leſt my veracity ſhould be ſuſpected; which makes me appeal to the men, who were preſent; of which number, I myſelf was one. Their names are

Henry Watſon, *haberdaſher.*
George Hancock, *druggiſt.*
John Lewis, *dry-ſalter.*
William Jones, *corn-chandler.*
Henry Theobald, *watchmaker.*
James Peters, *draper.*
Thomas Floyer, *ſilverſmith.*
John Wells, *brewer*
Samuel Greg, *ſoap boiler.*
William Cooley, *fiſhmonger.*
James Harper, *hoſier.*
Robert Tucker, *ſtationer.*
George Ford, *ironmonger.*
Daniel Lynch, *apothecary.*

William Bennet,
David Somers,
Charles Lock,
Leonard Daval,
Henry Croft,
} *apprentices.*

Mr Whiſton began by acquainting us, that (contrary to his advertiſement) he thought himſelf in duty and con-

ſcience obliged to change the ſubject matter of his intended diſcourſe.—Here he pauſed, and ſeemed for a ſhort ſpace as it were loſt in devotion and mental prayer; after which, with great earneſtneſs and vehemence he ſpake as follows:

"FRIENDS and fellow-citizens, all ſpeculative ſcience "is at an end: the period of all things is at hand; on "Friday next this world ſhall be no more. Put not your "confidence in me, brethren, for to-morrow morning, "five minutes after five, the truth will be evident; in "that inſtant the comet ſhall appear, of which I have "heretofore warned you. As ye have heard, believe. "Go hence, and prepare your wives, your families, and "friends, for the univerſal change."

AT this ſolemn and dreadful prediction the whole ſociety appeared in the utmoſt aſtoniſhment: but it would be unjuſt not to remember, that Mr Whiſton himſelf was in ſo calm a temper as to return a ſhilling a-piece to the youths, who had been diſappointed of their lecture, which I thought, from a man of his integrity, a convincing proof of his own faith in the prediction.

As we thought it a duty, in charity to warn all men; in two or three hours the news had ſpread thro' the city. At firſt indeed our report met with but little credit, it being by our greateſt dealers in ſtocks thought only a court artifice to ſink them, that ſome choice favourites might purchaſe at a lower rate; for the South ſea that very evening fell five *per cent.* the India eleven; and all the other funds in proportion. But at the court end of the town our atteſtations were entirely diſbelieved, or turned into ridicule; yet nevertheleſs the news ſpread every where, and was the ſubject matter of all converſation.

THAT very night (as I was credibly informed) Mr Whiſton was ſent for to a great Lady, who is very curious in the learned ſciences, and addicted to all the ſpeculative doubts of the moſt able philoſophers; but he was not now to be found: and ſince at other times he has been known not to decline that honour, I make no doubt he concealed himſelf to attend the great buſineſs of his ſoul: but whether it was the Lady's faith, or inquiſitiveneſs, that occaſioned her to ſend, is a point I ſhall not preſume

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to determine. As for his being ſent for to the ſecretary's office by a meſſenger, it is now known to be a matter notoriouſly falſe, and indeed at firſt it had little credit with me, that ſo zealous and honeſt a man ſhould be *ordered into cuſtody*, as a *ſeditious preacher*, who is known to be ſo well affected to the *preſent happy eſtabliſhment*.

It was now I reflected with exceeding trouble and ſorrow, that I had diſuſed family prayers for above five years, and (though it had been a cuſtom of late entirely neglected by men of any buſineſs or ſtation) I determined within myſelf no longer to omit ſo reaſonable and religious a duty. I acquainted my wife with my intentions: but two or three neighbours having been engaged to ſup with us that night, and many hours being unwarily ſpent at cards, I was prevailed upon by her to put it off till the next day: ſhe reaſoning, that it would be time enough to take off the ſervants from their buſineſs (which this practice muſt infallibly occaſion for an hour or two every day) after the *comet* had made its appearance.

Zachary Bowen, a quaker, and my next neighbour, had no ſooner heard of the prophecy, but he made me a viſit. I informed him of every thing I had heard, but found him quite obſtinate in his unbelief; for, *ſaid he*, be comforted, friend, thy tidings are impoſſibilities, for were theſe things to happen, they muſt have been foreſeen by ſome of our brethren. This indeed (as in all other ſpiritual caſes with this ſet of people) was his only reaſon againſt believing me; and, as he was fully perſuaded that the prediction was erroneous, he, in a very neighbourly manner, admoniſhed me againſt ſelling my ſtock at the preſent low price; which, he ſaid, beyond diſpute muſt have a riſe before Monday, when this unreaſonable conſternation ſhould be over.

But on Wedneſday morning (I believe to the exact calculation of Mr Whiſton) the *comet* appeared: for at three minutes after five, by my own watch, I ſaw it. He indeed foretold, that it would be ſeen at five minutes after five, but as the beſt watches may be a minute or two too ſlow, I am apt to think his calculation juſt to a minute.

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IN leſs than a quarter of an hour all Cheapſide was

crouded with a vaſt concourſe of people, and notwithſtanding it was ſo early, it is thought, that through all that part of the town, there was not man, woman, or child, except the ſick or infirm, left in their beds. From my own balcony, I am confident, I ſaw ſeveral thouſands in the ſtreet, and counted at leaſt ſeventeen, who were upon their knees, and ſeemed in actual devotion. Eleven of them indeed appeared to be old women of about fourſcore; the ſix others were men in an advanced life, but (as I could gueſs) two of them might be under ſeventy.

It is highly probable, that an event of this nature may be paſſed over by the greater hiſtorians of our times, as conducing very little or nothing to the unravelling and laying open the deep ſchemes of politicians, and myſteries of ſtate; for which reaſon, I thought it might not be unacceptable to record the facts, which in the ſpace of three days came to my knowledge, either as an eye-witneſs, or from unqueſtionable authorities; nor can I think this narrative will be entirely without its uſe, as it may enable us to form a more juſt idea of our countrymen in general, particularly in regard to their faith, religion, morals, and politics.

Before Wedneſday noon the belief was univerſal, that the day of judgment was at hand, inſomuch that a waterman of my acquaintance told me, he counted no leſs than one hundred and twenty-three clergymen, who had been ferried over to Lambeth before twelve o'clock: theſe, it is ſaid, went thither to petition, that a ſhort prayer might be penned, and ordered, there being none in the ſervice upon that occaſion. But as in things of this nature it is neceſſary, that the council be conſulted, their requeſt was not immediately complied with; and this I affirm to be the true and only reaſon, that the churches were not that morning ſo well attended; and is in no ways to be imputed to the fears and conſternation of the clergy, with which the free-thinkers have ſince very unjuſtly reproached them.

My wife and I went to church (where we had not been for many years on a week-day) and, with a very large congregation, were diſappointed of the ſervice. But (what will be ſcarce credible) by the careleſſneſs of a 'prentice, in our abſence, we had a piece of fine cambric carried

carried off by a ſhop-lifter: ſo little impreſſion was yet made on the minds of theſe wicked women!

I cannot omit the care of a particular *director of the bank*; I hope the worthy and wealthy knight will forgive me, that I endeavour to do him juſtice; for it was unqueſtionably owing to Sir Gilbert Heathcote's ſagacity†, that all the *fire offices* were required to have a particular eye upon the *bank of England*. Let it be recorded to his praiſe, that in the general hurry this ſtruck him as his neareſt and tendereſt concern; but the next day in the evening, after having taken due care of all his books, bills, and bonds, I was informed, his mind was wholly turned upon ſpiritual matters; yet, ever and anon, he could not help expreſſing his reſentment againſt the Tories and Jacobites, to whom he imputed that ſudden *run upon the bank*, which happened on this occaſion.

A great man (whom at this time it may not be prudent to name) employed all the Wedneſday morning to make up ſuch an account, as might appear fair, in caſe he ſhould be called upon to produce it on the Friday; but was forced to deſiſt, after having for ſeveral hours together attempted it, not being able to bring himſelf to a reſolution to truſt the many hundred articles of his ſecret tranſactions upon paper.

ANOTHER ſeemed to be very melancholy, which his flatterers imputed to his dread of loſing his power in a day or two; but I rather take it, that his chief concern was the terror of being tried in a court, that could not be influenced, and where a majority of voices could avail him nothing. It was obſerved too, that he had few viſiters that day; this added ſo much to his mortification, that he read through the firſt chapter of the book of Job, and wept over it bitterly; in ſhort, he ſeemed a true penitent in every thing, but in charity to his neighbour. No buſineſs was that day done in his *compting houſe*; it is ſaid too, that he was adviſed to reſtitution, but I never heard that he complied with it any farther, than in giv-

† Sir Gilbert Heathcote had before ſignalized his care for the Bank, when in equal danger, by petitioning againſt the Lord Treaſurer Godolphin's being removed, as a meaſure that would deſtroy the public credit.

ing half a crown a-piece to ſeveral crazed, and ſtarving creditors, who attended in the outward room.

THREE of the *maids of honour* ſent to countermand their birth-day cloaths; two of them burnt all their collections of novels and romances, and ſent to a bookſeller's in Pall mall to buy each of them a *Bible*, and *Taylor's holy living and dying*. But I muſt do all of them the juſtice to acknowledge, that they ſhewed a very decent behaviour in the drawing-room, and reſtrained themſelves from thoſe innocent freedoms and little levities ſo commonly innocent to young ladies of their profeſſion. So many birth-day ſuits were countermanded the next day, that moſt of the taylors and mantua-makers diſcharged all their journeymen and women. A grave elderly Lady of great erudition and modeſty, who viſits theſe young ladies, ſeemed to be extremely ſhocked by the apprehenſions, that ſhe was to appear naked before the whole world; and no leſs ſo, that all mankind was to appear naked before her; which might ſo much divert her thoughts, as to incapacitate her to give ready and apt anſwers to the interrogatories, that might be made her. The maids of honour, who had both modeſty and curioſity, could not imagine the ſight ſo diſagreeable as was repreſented; nay, one of them went ſo far as to ſay, ſhe perfectly longed to ſee it; for it could not be ſo indecent, when every body was to be alike; and they had a day or two to prepare themſelves to be ſeen in that condition. Upon this reflection, each of them ordered a bathing-tub to be got ready that evening, and a looking-glaſs to be ſet by it. So much are theſe young ladies both by nature and cuſtom addicted to cleanly appearance.

A weſt-country gentleman told me, he got a church-leaſe filled up that morning for the ſame ſum, which had been refuſed for three years ſucceſſively. I muſt impute this merely to accident; for I cannot imagine, that any divine could take the advantage of his tenant in ſo unhandſome a manner; or that the ſhortneſs of the life was in the leaſt his conſideration; tho' I have heard the ſame worthy prelate aſperſed and maligned ſince upon this very account.

THE *term* being ſo near, the alarm among the LAWYERS was inexpreſſible, tho' ſome of them, I was told, were

were ſo vain as to promiſe themſelves ſome advantage in making their defence, by being verſed in the practice of our earthly courts. It is ſaid too, that ſome of the chief pleaders were heard to expreſs great ſatisfaction, that there had been but few *ſtate-trials* of late years. Several attornies demanded the *return of fees*, that had been given the lawyers: but it was anſwered, the fee was undoubtedly charged to their client, and that they could not connive at ſuch unjuſtice, as to ſuffer it to be ſunk in the attorney's pockets. Our ſage and learned *judges* had great conſolation, in ſo much as they had not pleaded at the bar for ſeveral years; the *barriſters* rejoiced in that they were not *attornies*, and the attornies felt no leſs ſatisfaction, that they were not *petti-foggers*, *ſcriveners*, and other meaner officers of the law.

As to the ARMY, far be it from me to conceal the truth. Every ſoldier's behaviour was as undiſmayed, and undaunted, as if nothing was to happen: I impute not this to their want of faith, but to their martial diſpoſition: tho' I cannot help thinking they commonly accompany their commands with more *oaths* than are requiſite, of which there was no remarkable diminution this morning on the parade in St James's Park. But poſſibly it was by choice, and on conſideration, that they continued this way of expreſſion, not to intimidate the common ſoldiers, or give occaſion to ſuſpect, that even the fear of damnation could make any impreſſion upon their ſuperior officers. A *duel* was fought the ſame morning between two colonels, not occaſioned (as was reported) becauſe the one was put over the other's head; that being a point, which might at ſuch a juncture have been accommodated by the mediation of friends; but as this was upon the account of a Lady, it was judged it could not be put off at this time, above all others, but demanded immediate ſatisfaction: I am apt to believe, that a young officer who deſired his ſurgeon to defer putting him into a ſalivation till Saturday, might make his requeſt out of ſome opinion he had of the truth of the prophecy; for the apprehenſions of any danger in the operation could not be his motive, the ſurgeon himſelf having aſſured me, that he had before undergone three ſevere operations of the like nature with great reſignation and fortitude.

THESE

THERE was an order iſſued, that the *chaplains* of the ſeveral *regiments* ſhould attend their duty; but as they were diſperſed about in ſeveral parts of England, it was believed, that moſt of them could not be found, or ſo much as heard of, till the great day was over.

MOST of the conſiderable PHYSICIANS, by their outward demeanor, ſeemed to be unbelievers; but at the ſame time, they every where inſinuated, that there might be a *peſtilential malignancy* in the *air*, occaſioned by the *comet*, which might be armed againſt by proper and timely medicines. This caution had but little effect; for as the time approached, the Chriſtian reſignation of the people encreaſed, and moſt of them (which was never before known) had their ſouls more at heart than their bodies.

IF the reverend CLERGY ſhowed more concern than others, I charitably impute it to their great *charge of ſouls*; and what confirmed me in this opinion was, that the *degrees* of *apprehenſion* and *terror* could be diſtinguiſhed to be greater or leſs, according to their *ranks* and *degrees* in the *church*.

THE like might be obſerved in all ſorts of miniſters, tho' not of the church of England; the higher their rank, the more was their fear.

I ſpeak not of the COURT, for fear of offence; and I forbear inſerting the *names* of particular perſons, to avoid the imputation of ſlander, ſo that the reader will allow the narrative muſt be deficient, and is therefore deſired to accept hereof rather as a ſketch, than a regular circumſtantial hiſtory.

I was not informed of any perſons, who ſhewed the leaſt joy; except three malefactors, who were to be executed on the Monday following, and one old man, a conſtant church-goer, who being at the point of death, expreſſed ſome ſatisfaction at the news.

ON Thurſday morning there was little or nothing tranſacted in Change-alley; there were a multitude of ſellers, but ſo few buyers, that one cannot affirm the ſtocks bore any certain price except among the Jews; who this day reaped great profit by their infidelity. There were many who called themſelves Chriſtians, who offered to buy *for time*, but as theſe were people of *great diſtinction*, I chuſe

chuſe not to mention them, becauſe in effect it would ſeem to accuſe them both of avarice, and infidelity.

THE *run* upon the *bank* is too well known to need a particular relation; for it never can be forgotten, that no one perſon whatever (except the *directors* themſelves, and ſome of their particular friends and aſſociates) could convert a *bill* all that day into *ſpecie*; all hands being employed to ſerve *them*.

IN the ſeveral churches of the city and ſuburbs there were ſeven thouſand two hundred and forty-five, who publicly and ſolemnly declared before the congregation, that they took to wife their ſeveral *kept miſtreſſes*, which was allowed as valid marriage, the prieſt not having time to pronounce the ceremony in form.

AT St Brides's church in Fleetſtreet Mr Woolſton (who writ againſt the miracles of our Saviour) in the utmoſt terrors of conſcience, made a public recantation. Dr Mandevil† (who had been groundleſsly reported formerly to have done the ſame) did it now in good earneſt at St James's gate; as did alſo at the Temple-church ſeveral gentlemen, who frequent *coffee-houſes* near the bar. So great was the faith and fear of two of them, that they dropt dead on the ſpot; but I will not record their names, leſt I ſhould be thought invidiouſly to lay an odium on their families and poſterity.

MOST of the *players*, who had very little faith before, were now deſirous of having as much as they could, and therefore embraced the *Roman catholic religion*; the ſame thing was obſerved of ſome *bawds* and *ladies of pleaſure*.

AN Iriſh gentleman, out of pure friendſhip, came to make me a viſit, and adviſed me to *hire a boat* for the enſuing day, and told me, that unleſs I gave earneſt for one immediately, he feared it might be too late; for his country-men had ſecured almoſt every boat upon the river, as judging, that in the *general conflagration*, to be upon the *water* would be the *ſafeſt place*.

THERE were *two lords*, and *three commoners*, who, out of a ſcruple of conſcience, very haſtily threw up their penſions, as imagining a penſion was only an annual *retaining*

† Author of *The fable of the bees*, a book intended to ſubvert not only religion but virtue, by ſhewing that private vices are *public benefits*.

retaining bribe. All the other great penſioners, I was told, had their ſcruples quieted by a *clergyman* or two of diſtinction, whom they happily conſulted.

It was remarkable, that ſeveral of our very richeſt *tradeſmen* of the city, in common charity, gave away ſhillings and ſix-pences to the beggars, who played about the church-doors; and at a particular church in the city, a wealthy *church-warden*, with his own hands, diſtributed fifty twelve-penny loaves to the poor by way of reſtitution for the many great and coſtly feaſts, which he had eaten of at their expence.

Three great ladies, a *valet de chambre*, two lords, a cuſtom-houſe officer, five half-pay captains, and a baronet, (all noted *gameſters*) came publicly into a church at Weſtminſter, and depoſited a very conſiderable ſum of money in the miniſter's hands; the parties, whom they had defrauded, being either out of town, or not to be found. But ſo great is the hardneſs of heart of this fraternity, that among either the noble, or vulgar gameſters, (tho' the profeſſion is ſo general) I did not hear of any other reſtitution of this ſort. At the ſame time I muſt obſerve, that (in compariſon of theſe) thro' all parts of the town, the juſtice and penitence of the *high-waymen*, *houſe-breakers*, and common *pick-pockets*, was very remarkable.

The *directors* of our *public companies* were in ſuch dreadful apprehenſions, that one would have thought a *parliamentary inquiry* was at hand; yet ſo great was their preſence of mind, that all the Thurſday morning was taken up in *private tranſfers*, which by malicious people, was thought to be done with deſign to conceal their effects.

I forbear mentioning the private confeſſions of particular *ladies* to their *huſbands*; for as their children were born in wedlock, and of conſequence are legitimate, it would be an invidious taſk to record them as baſtards; and particularly after their ſeveral huſbands have ſo charitably forgiven them.

The evening and night thro' the whole town were ſpent in devotions both public and private; the churches for this one day were ſo crouded by the nobility and gentry, that thouſands of common people were ſeen praying in the public ſtreets. In ſhort, one would have thought

the

the whole town had been really and ſeriouſly religious. But what was very remarkable, all the different perſuaſions kept by themſelves; for as each thought the other would be damned, not one would join in prayer with the other.

At length Friday came, and the people covered all the ſtreets; expecting, watching, and praying. But as the day wore away, their fears firſt began to abate, then leſſened every hour, at night they were almoſt extinct, till the total darkneſs, that hitherto uſed to terrify, now comforted every *free-thinker* and *atheiſt*. Great numbers went together to the *taverns*, beſpoke *ſuppers*, and broke up whole *hogſheads* for joy. The ſubject of all wit and converſation was to ridicule the prophecy, and rally each other. All the quality and gentry were *perfectly aſhamed*, nay, ſome utterly diſowned that they had manifeſted any ſigns of religion.

But the next day even the common people, as well as their betters, appeared in their uſual ſtate of indifference. They drank, they whored, they ſwore, they lyed, they cheated, they plundered, they gamed, they quarrelled, they murdered. In ſhort, the world went on in the old channel.

I need not give any inſtances of what will ſo eaſily be credited, but I cannot omit relating, that Mr Woolſton advertiſed in that very Saturday's Evening Poſt a new *treatiſe* againſt the *miracles* of our Saviour; and that the few, who had given up their penſions the day before, ſolicited to have them continued; which as they had not been thrown up upon any miniſterial point, I am informed was readily granted.

THE

THE

TATLER*.

NUMBER V.

——*Laceratque, trahitque*
Molle pecus.—— Virg.

From Tuesday, Jan. 23. to Saturday, Jan. 27. 1710.

AMONGST other services I have met with from some critics, the cruellest for an old man is, that they will not let me be at quiet in my bed, but pursue me to my very dreams. I must not dream but when they please, nor upon long continued subjects, however visionary in their own natures, because there is a manifest moral quiet thro' them, which to produce as a

*N. B. The two following Tatlers are not in the four volumes published by Sir Richard Steele.

In the preface to the Tatler, vol. iv. Sir Richard Steele speaks thus of Dr Swift. "I have, in the dedication of the "first volume, made my acknowledgments to Dr SWIFT, "whose pleasant writings, in the name of *Bickerstaff*, created an "inclination in the town towards any thing that could appear in "the same disguise. I must acknowledge also, that, at my "first entering upon this work, a certain uncommon way of "thinking, and a turn in conversation peculiar to that agree-"able gentleman, rendered his company very advantageous "to one, whose imagination was to be continually employed "upon obvious and common subjects, tho' at the same time "obliged to treat of them in a new and unbeaten method. His "verses on the *Shower in town*, and the *Description of the* "*morning*, are instances of the happiness of that genius, which "could raise so pleasing ideas upon occasions so barren to an "ordinary invention."

a dream is improbable and unnatural. The pain I might have had from this objection, is prevented by conſidering they have miſſed another, againſt which I ſhould have been at a loſs to defend myſelf. They might have aſked me, whether the dreams I publiſh can properly be called *Lucubrations*, which is the name I have given to all my papers, whether in volumes or half-ſheets: ſo manifeſt a contradiction *in terminis*, that I wonder no ſophiſter ever thought of it. But the other is a cavil. I remember when I was a boy at ſchool, I have often dreamed out the whole paſſages of the day; that I rode a journey, baited, ſupped, went to bed, and roſe next morning: and I have known young ladies, who could dream a whole contexture of adventures in one night large enough to make a novel. In youth the imagination is ſtrong, not mixed with cares, nor tinged with thoſe paſſions that moſt diſturb and confound it; ſuch as avarice, ambition, and many others. Now, as old men are ſaid to grow children again, ſo in this article of dreaming I am returned to my childhood. My imagination is at full eaſe, without care, avarice, or ambition to clog it; by which, among many others, I have this advantage of doubling the ſmall remainder of my time, and living four and twenty hours in the day. However, the dream I am going now to relate is as wild as can well be imagined, and adapted to pleaſe theſe refiners upon ſleep, without any moral that I can diſcover.

"IT happened, that my maid left on the table in my "bed-chamber one of her ſtory-books (as ſhe calls them) "which I took up, and found full of ſtrange impertinence, "fitted to her taſte and condition; of poor ſervants who "came to be ladies, and *ſerving-men of low degree*, who "married kings daughters. Among other things, I "met this ſage obſervation, that a lion would never "hurt a true virgin. With this medley of nonſenſe in "my fancy I went to bed, and dreamed that a friend "waked me in the morning, and propoſed for paſtime to "ſpend a few hours in ſeeing the pariſh lions, which he "had not done ſince he came to town: and becauſe "they ſhewed but once a week, he would not miſs the "opportunity. I ſaid I would humour him; altho'

" to ſpeak the truth, I was not fond of thoſe cruel ſpec-
" tacles; and if it were not ſo ancient a cuſtom, founded
" as I had heard upon the wiſeſt maxims, I ſhould be
" apt to cenſure the inhumanity of thoſe who introduced
" it." All this will be a riddle to the waking reader, until I diſcover the ſcene my imagination had formed upon the maxim, that a lion would never hurt a true virgin. " I dreamed, that, by a law of immemorial time,
" a he lion was kept in every pariſh at the common charge,
" and in a place provided adjoining to the church-yard;
" that before any one of the fair ſex was married, if ſhe
" affirmed herſelf to be a virgin, ſhe muſt on her wed-
" ding day, and in her wedding cloaths, perform the
" ceremony of going alone into the den, and ſtay an
" hour with the lion let looſe, and kept faſting four and
" twenty hours on purpoſe. At a proper height above
" the den were convenient galleries for the relations and
" friends of the young couple, and open to all ſpectators.
" No maiden was forced to offer herſelf to the lion; but
" if ſhe refuſed, it was a diſgrace to marry her, and every
" one might have liberty of calling her a whore. And
" methought it was as uſual a diverſion to ſee the pariſh
" lions, as with us to go to a play or an opera. And
" it was reckoned convenient to be near the church
" either for marrying the virgin, if ſhe eſcaped the trial,
" or for burying her bones when the lion had devoured
" the reſt, as he conſtantly did."

To go on therefore with the dream: " We called firſt
" (as I remember) to ſee St Dunſtan's lion; but we were
" told, they did not ſhew to-day. From thence we
" went to that of Covent-garden, which to my great
" ſurprize we found as lean as a ſkeleton, when I expect-
" ed quite the contrary; but the keeper ſaid it was no
" wonder at all, becauſe the poor beaſt had not got an
" ounce of woman's fleſh, ſince he came into the pariſh.
" This amazed me more than the other, and I was
" forming to myſelf a mighty veneration for the ladies
" in that quarter of the town; when the keeper went
" on, and ſaid he wondered the pariſh would be at the
" charge of maintaining a lion for nothing. Friend, ſaid
" I, do you call it nothing to juſtify the virtue of ſo
" many ladies; or hath your lion loſt his diſtinguiſhing
" faculty?

" faculty? Can there be any thing more for the ho-
" nour of your pariſh, than that all the ladies married in
" your church were pure virgins? That is true, ſaid he;
" and the doctor knows it to his ſorrow; for there hath
" not been a couple married in our church ſince his wor-
" ſhip came amongſt us. The virgins hereabouts are too
" wiſe to venture the claws of the lion; and, becauſe
" no-body will marry them, have all entered into a vow
" of virginity; ſo that in proportion we have much the
" largeſt nunnery in the whole town. This manner of
" ladies entering into a vow of *virginity*, becauſe they
" were not *virgins*, I eaſily conceived; and my dream
" told me, that the whole kingdom was full of nunneries
" plentifully ſtocked from the ſame reaſon.

" WE went to ſee another lion, where we found much
" company met in the gallery. The keeper told us,
" we ſhould ſee *ſport* enough, as he called it; and in a
" little time we ſaw a young beautiful lady put into the
" den, who walked up towards the lion with all ima-
" ginable ſecurity in her countenance, and looked
" ſmiling upon her lover and friends in the gallery;
" which I thought nothing extraordinary, becauſe it was
" never known that any lion had been miſtaken. But
" however we were all diſappointed; for the lion lifted
" up his right paw, which was the fatal ſign, and ad-
" vancing forward, ſeized her by the arm, and began to
" tear it. The poor lady gave a terrible ſhriek, and
" cried out, *The lion is juſt, I am no virgin! Oh! Sap-*
" *pho, Sappho!* ſhe could ſay no more, for the lion gave
" her the *coup de grace* by a ſqueeze in the throat, and
" ſhe expired at his feet. The keeper dragged away
" her body to feed the animal, after the company ſhould
" be gone; for the pariſh lions never uſed to eat in
" public. After a little pauſe, another lady came on to-
" wards the lion in the ſame manner as the former. We
" obſerved the beaſt ſmell her with diligence. He
" ſcratched both her hands with lifting them to his noſe,
" and laying one of his claws on her boſom drew blood;
" however he let her go, and at the ſame time turned
" from her with a ſort of contempt, at which ſhe was
" not a little mortified, and retired with ſome confuſion
" to her friends in the gallery. Methought the whole

" company immediately underſtood the meaning of this; " that the eaſineſs of the lady had ſuffered her to admit " certain imprudent and dangerous familiarities, border- " ing too much upon what is criminal; neither was it " ſure, whether the lover then preſent had not ſome " ſharers with him in thoſe freedoms, of which a lady " can never be too ſparing.

" THIS happened to be an extraordinary day; for a " third lady came into the den, laughing loud, playing " with her fan, toſſing her head, and ſmiling round on " the young fellows in the gallery. However, the lion " leaped on her with great fury, and we gave her for " gone; but on a ſudden he let go his hold, and turned " from her as if he were nauſeated; then gave her a laſh " with his tail; after which ſhe returned to the gallery, " not the leaſt out of countenance: and this, it ſeems, " was the uſual treatment of coquets.

" I thought we had ſeen enough; but my friend would " needs have us go and viſit one or two lions in the city. " We called at two or three dens, where they happened " not to ſhew; but we generally found half a ſcore " young girls between eight and eleven years old, play- " ing with each lion, ſitting on his back, and putting " their hands into his mouth; ſome of them would now " and then get a ſcratch. but we always diſcovered upon " examining, that they had been hoydening with the " young apprentices. One of them was calling to a " pretty girl about twelve years old, who ſtood by us in " the gallery, to come down to the lion, and upon her " refuſal ſaid, *Ah! Miſs Betty, we could never get you to* " *come near the lion, ſince you played at hoop and hide with* " *my brother in the garret.*

" WE followed a couple, with the wedding-folks, going " to the church of St Mary Ax. The lady, tho' well " ſtricken in years, extremely crooked and deformed, " was dreſſed out beyond the gaiety of fifteen, having " jumbled together, as I imagined, all the tawdry re- " mains of aunts, god-mothers, and grand-mothers, for " ſome generations paſt. One of the neighbours whiſ- " pered me, that ſhe was an old maid, and had the " cleareſt reputation of any in the pariſh. There is no- " thing ſtrange in that, thought I, but was much ſurpriz-

" ed

" ed when I [illegible] afterwards [illegible] that she [illegible] toward
" the lion [illegible] The [illegible]
" ing down [illegible] upon [illegible] [illegible]
" two or three times [illegible]
" proceeded [illegible]
" agonies she [illegible]
" *artifices* [illegible]
" execrat[illegible]
" *put* [illegible]

" The [illegible]
" another [illegible]
" prude, [illegible] her parents [illegible]
" much [illegible]
" prevailed [illegible]
" who might [illegible]
" The father [illegible]
" quote her for an [illegible]
" bows were rivetted [illegible]
" so ordered [illegible]
" they should touch her. [illegible]
" the lion because it was [illegible]
" a male animal should presume [illegible] The
" sight of a man at twenty [illegible]
" back her head. She [illegible]
" ner of the chair, [illegible]
" her and her lover, and with [illegible]
" her little sister in the room. [illegible]
" but at the tip of the ear; and her father [illegible]
" ado to make her dine without her gloves, when there
" was a man at table. She entered [illegible] with some
" fear, which we took to proceed from [illegible] of
" her modesty, offended at the sight of so [illegible]
" the gallery. The lion beholding her [illegible]
" immediately gave the deadly sign, at which the [illegible]
" creature (methinks I see her still) miscarried in a fright
" before us all. The lion seemed to be as much for-
" prized as we, and gave her time to make her confes-
" sion; *That she was five months gone by the [illegible]*
" *of her father's shop; that this was her [illegible]*
" and when her friends asked, why she would [illegible]
" trial; she said, *her nurse told her, that [illegible]*
" *never hurt a woman with child.*" [illegible]

mediately awaked, and could not help wiſhing, that the deputy cenſors of my late inſtitution were indued with the ſame inſtinct as theſe pariſh lions.

NUMBER XX.*

——Ingenuas didiciſſe fideliter artes
Emollit mores.—————— Ovid.

From Saturday, March 3. to Tueſday, March 6. 1710.

From my own apartment in Channel-row, March 5.

THOSE inferior duties of life, which the French call *Les petites morales*, or the ſmaller morals, are with us diſtinguiſhed by the name of good manners or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a ſort of artificial good ſenſe, adapted to the meaneſt capacities, and introduced to make mankind eaſy in their commerce with each other. Low and little underſtandings, without ſome rules of this kind, would be perpetually wandering into a thouſand indecencies and irregularities in behaviour; and in their ordinary converſation fall into the ſame boiſterous familiarities, that one obſerves amongſt them, when a debauch hath quite taken away the uſe of their reaſon. In other inſtances it is odd to conſider, that for want of common diſcretion the very end of good breeding is wholly perverted, and civility intended to make us eaſy is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wiſhes, and in croſſing our moſt reaſonable deſires and inclinations. This abuſe reigns chiefly in the country, as I found to my vexation, when I was laſt there, in a viſit I made to a neighbour about two miles from my couſin. As ſoon as I entered the parlour, they put me into the great chair that ſtood cloſe by a huge fire, and kept me there by force until I was almoſt ſtifled. Then a boy came in great hurry to

* This Tatler ſhould be hung up in every 'Squire's hall in *England*. *Orrery*.

to pull off my boots, which I in vain oppoſed, urging that I muſt return ſoon after dinner. In the mean time, the good lady whiſpered her eldeſt daughter, and ſlipped a key into her hand; the girl returned inſtantly with a beer-glaſs half full of *aqua mirabilis* and ſyrup of gilly-flowers. I took as much as I had a mind for, but Madam vowed I ſhould drink it off; for ſhe was ſure it would do me good after coming out of the cold air; and I was forced to obey, which abſolutely took away my ſtomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to ſit at a diſtance from the fire; but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and ſet me with my back juſt againſt it. Altho' my appetite was quite gone, I was reſolved to force down as much as I could, and deſired the leg of a pullet. "Indeed, Mr Bickerſtaff, ſays the Lady, you muſt eat a "wing to oblige me;" and ſo put a couple upon my plate. I was perſecuted at this rate during the whole meal; as often as I called for ſmall beer, the maſter tipped the wink, and the ſervant brought me a brimmer of October. Some time after dinner I ordered my couſin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horſes; but it was reſolved I ſhould not ſtir that night; and when I ſeemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the ſtable door to be locked, and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next queſtion was, what would I have for ſupper? I ſaid, I never eat any thing at night: but was at laſt, in my own defence, obliged to name the firſt thing that came into my head. After three hours ſpent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, inſinuating to me, "That this was the worſt time of the year for provi-"ſions; that they were at a great diſtance from any market; "that they were afraid I ſhould be ſtarved; and that they "knew they kept me to my loſs;" the Lady went, and left me to her huſband; for they took ſpecial care I ſhould never be alone: as ſoon as her back was turned, the little miſſes ran backwards and forwards every moment, and conſtantly as they came in or went out made a curteſy directly to me, which, in good manners, I was forced to return with a bow, and *your humble ſervant, pretty Miſs.* Exactly at eight the mother came up, and diſcovered, by the redneſs of her face, that

per was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my perſecution doubled in proportion. I deſired, at my uſual hour, to go to my repoſe, and was conducted to my chamber by the gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink ſomething before I went to bed; and, upon my refuſing, at laſt left a bottle of *ſtingo*, as they called it, for fear I ſhould wake and be thirſty in the night. I was forced in the morning to riſe and dreſs myſelf in the dark, becauſe they would not ſuffer my kinſman's ſervant to diſturb me at the hour I deſired to be called. I was now reſolved to break through all meaſures to get away; and, after ſitting down to a monſtrous breakfaſt of cold beef, mutton, neats tongues, veniſon paſty, and ſtale beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs ſee me part of the way, and carry me a ſhort cut thro' his own ground, which he told me would ſave half a mile's riding. This laſt piece of civility had like to have coſt me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck by leaping over his ditches, and at laſt forced to alight in the dirt, when my horſe having ſlipped his bridle ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again.

IT is evident, that none of the abſurdities I met with in this viſit proceeded from an ill intention, but from a wrong judgment of complaiſance, and a miſapplication in the rules of it. I cannot ſo eaſily excuſe the more refined critics upon behaviour, who having profeſſed no other ſtudy, are yet infinitely defective in the moſt material parts of it. Ned Faſhion hath been bred all his life about court, and underſtands to a tittle all the punctilio's of a drawing room. He viſits moſt of the fine women near St James's, and upon every occaſion ſays the civileſt and ſofteſt things to them of any man breathing. To Mr Iſaac † he owes an eaſy ſlide in his bow, and a graceful manner of coming into a room: but in ſome other caſes he is very far from being a well-bred perſon. He laughs at men of far ſuperior underſtanding to his own for not being as well dreſſed as himſelf; deſpiſeth all his acquaintance who are not of quality, and in public places hath on that account often avoided taking notice of ſome among

† A famous dancing maſter in thoſe days.

among the beſt ſpeakers of the houſe of commons. He raileth ſtrenuouſly at both univerſities before the members of either; and is never heard to ſwear an oath, or break in upon religion and morality, except in the company of divines. On the other hand, a man of right ſenſe hath all the eſſentials of good breeding, altho' he may be wanting in the forms of it. Horatio hath ſpent moſt of his time at Oxford: he hath a great deal of learning, an agreeable wit, and as much modeſty as may ſerve to adorn without concealing his other good qualities. In that retired way of living he ſeemeth to have formed a notion of human nature, as he hath found it deſcribed in the writings of the greateſt men, not as he is likely to meet with it in the common courſe of life. Hence it is, that he giveth no offence, but converſeth with great deference, candor, and humanity. His bow, I muſt confeſs, is ſomewhat awkward; but then he hath an extenſive, univerſal, and unaffected knowledge, which may perhaps a little excuſe him. He would make no extraordinary figure at a ball; but I can aſſure the ladies in his behalf, and for their own conſolation, that he has writ better verſes on the ſex than any man now living, and is preparing ſuch a poem for the preſs as will tranſmit their praiſes and his own to many generations.

NUMBER CCXXX.*

Thurſday, September 28th, 1710.

From my own apartment, September 27th.

THE following letter hath laid before me many great and manifeſt evils in the world of letters, which I had overlooked; but it opens to me a very buſy

* The letter to the Lord High Treaſurer upon the ſame ſubject with this *Tatler*, is printed in the ſecond of theſe volumes. It is ſaid, that the author writ ſome other *Tatlers* and ſeveral *Spectators*, and furniſhed hints for many more; particularly, *The*

ſy ſcene, and it will require no ſmall care and application to amend errors, which are become ſo univerſal. The affectation of politeneſs is expoſed in this epiſtle with a great deal of wit and diſcernment; ſo that, whatever diſcourſes I may fall into hereafter upon the ſubject the writer treats of, I ſhall at preſent lay the matter before the world, without the leaſt alteration from the words of my correſpondent.

To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Eſq;

SIR,

'THERE are ſome abuſes among us of great conſequence, the reformation of which is properly your province; altho' as far as I have been converſant in your papers, you have not yet conſidered them. Theſe are, the deplorable ignorance that for ſome years hath reigned among our Engliſh writers, the great depravity of our taſte, and the continual corruption of our ſtile. I ſay nothing here of thoſe who handle particular ſciences, divinity, law, phyſic, and the like; I mean the treaders in hiſtory, and politics, and the *Belles Lettres*, together with thoſe by whom books are not tranſlated, but (as the common expreſſions are) *done out of French, Latin*, or other languages, and *made Engliſh*. I cannot but obſerve to you, that, until of late years, a Grub-ſtreet book was always bound in ſheep-ſkin with ſuitable print and paper, the price never above a ſhilling, and taken off wholly by common tradeſmen or country pedlars; but now they appear in all ſizes and ſhapes, and in all places; they are handed about from lapfuls in every coffee-houſe to perſons of quality; are ſhewn in Weſtminſter-hall, and the court of requeſts; you may ſee them gilt, and in royal paper, of five or ſix hundred pages, and rated accordingly. I would engage to furniſh you with a catalogue of Engliſh books,

'publiſhed

The tables of fame, The life and adventures of a ſhilling, The account of England by an Indian King, and ſome others: but, as we are informed, he would never tell his beſt friends the particular papers. *Dublin edit.*

'published within the compass of [illegible] which 'at the first hand would cost you an [illegible] pounds, 'wherein you shall not be able to find ten lines together 'of common grammar or common sense.

'THESE two evils, ignorance and want of taste, have 'produced a third, I mean the continual corruption of 'our English tongue, which without some time [illegible] 'will suffer more by the false refinements of twenty 'years past, than it hath been improved in the foregoing 'hundred. And this is what I design chiefly to enlarge 'upon, leaving the former evils to your animadversion.'

'BUT instead of giving you a list of the late refine-'ments crept into our language, I here send you the co-'py of a letter I received sometime ago from a most ac-'complished person in this way of writing, upon which 'I shall make some remarks. It is in these terms:'

SIR,

I coud'n't *get the things you sent for all* about town.—*I* tho't *to* ha' *come down myself, and then* I'd ha' [illegible]; *but* ha'nt don't, *and I believe I* can't do't, *that's* pozz.—Tom *begins to* g'imself *airs, because* he's *going with the* plenipo's.——*'Tis said the French King will* bamboozel us agen, *which* causes many speculations. *The* jacks, *and others of that* kidney, *are very* uppish *and* alert upon't, *as you may see by their* phizz's.——Will Hazard *has got the* hipps, *having lost* to the tune of *five hundred pound*, tho' *he understands play very well*, no-body better. *He has* promis't *me upon* Rep *to leave off play; but you know 'tis a weakness* he's *too apt to* give into, tho' *he has as much wit as any man*, no-body more: *he has lain* incog *ever since.—The* mob's *very quiet with us now.—I believe you* tho't *I* banter'd *you in my last like a* country put.—*I* shan't *leave town this month*, &c.

'THIS letter is in every point an admirable pattern of 'the present polite way of writing; nor is it of less au-'thority for being an epistle: you may gather every 'flower of it, with a thousand more of equal sweetness, 'from the books, pamphlets, and single papers, offer-'ed us every day in the coffee-houses. And these are

'the

'the beauties introduced to ſupply the want of wit, 'ſenſe, humour, and learning, which formerly were 'looked upon as qualifications for a writer. If a man of 'wit, who died forty years ago, were to riſe from the 'grave on purpoſe, how would he be able to read this 'letter? and after he had got thro' that difficulty, how 'would he be able to underſtand it? The firſt thing 'that ſtrikes your eye, is the *breaks* at the end of al-'moſt every ſentence; of which I know not the uſe, 'only that it is a refinement, and very frequently pra-'ctiſed. Then you will obſerve the abbreviations and 'eliſions, by which conſonants of moſt obdurate ſounds 'are joined together without one ſoftening vowel to in-'tervene: and all this only to make one ſyllable of two, 'directly contrary to the example of the Greeks and 'Romans; altogether of the Gothic ſtrain, and of a na-'tural tendency towards relapſing into barbarity, which 'delights in monoſyllables, and uniting of mute conſo-'nants; as it is obſervable in all the northern languages. 'And this is ſtill more viſible in the next refinement, which 'conſiſteth in pronouncing the firſt ſyllable in a word 'that hath many, and diſmiſſing the reſt; ſuch as *phizz*, '*bipps*, *mobb*, *pozz*, *rep*, and many more; when we are 'already overloaded with monoſyllables, which are the 'diſgrace of our language. Thus we cram one ſyl-'labe, and cut off the reſt; as the owl fattened her 'mice after ſhe had bit off their legs to prevent them 'from running away; and if ours be the ſame reaſon 'for maiming of words, it would certainly anſwer the 'end; for I am ſure no other nation will deſire to bor-'row them. Some words are hitherto but fairly ſplit, 'and therefore only in their way to perfection, as *incog.* 'and *plenipo*; but in a ſhort time, it is to be hoped, 'they will be further docked to *inc.* and *plen.* This 'reflection hath made me of late years very impatient 'for a peace, which I believe will ſave the lives of 'many brave words as well as men. The war hath 'introduced abundance of polyſyllables, which will ne-'ver be able to live many more campaigns. *Speculati-*'*ons*, *operations*, *preliminaries*, *ambaſſadors*, *paliſadoes*, '*communications*, *circumvallations*, *battalions*, as nume-'rous as they are, if they attack us too frequently in

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'our coffee-houſes, we ſhall certainly put them to 'flight and cut off the rear.'

'THE third refinement obſervable in the letter I ſend 'you conſiſteth in the choice of certain words invented 'by ſome *pretty fellows*, ſuch as *banter*, *bamboozle*, *coun-* 'try put, and *kidney*, as it is there applied; ſome of 'which are now ſtruggling for the vogue, and others 'are in poſſeſſion of it. I have done my utmoſt for 'ſome years paſt to ſtop the progreſs of *mob* and *banter*, 'but have been plainly borne down by numbers, and 'betrayed by thoſe who promiſed to aſſiſt me.'

'IN the laſt place, you are to take notice of certain 'choice phraſes ſcattered thro' the letter; ſome of them 'tolerable enough, till they were worn to rags by 'ſervile imitators. You might eaſily find them, altho' 'they were not in a different print, and therefore I need 'not diſturb them.'

'THESE are the falſe refinements in our ſtile, which 'you ought to correct; firſt, by arguments and fair 'means; but if thoſe fail, I think you are to make uſe 'of your authority as cenſor, and by an annual *index* '*expurgatorius* expunge all words and phraſes that are 'offenſive to good ſenſe, and condemn thoſe barbarous 'mutilations of vowels and ſyllables. In this laſt point, 'the uſual pretence is, that they ſpell as they ſpeak: 'a noble ſtandard for language! to depend upon the ca- 'price of every coxcomb, who, becauſe words are the 'cloathing of our thoughts, cuts them out and ſhapes 'them as he pleaſeth, and changes them oftener than his 'dreſs. I believe all reaſonable people would be con- 'tent, that ſuch refiners were more ſparing of their 'words, and liberal in their ſyllables. On this head I 'ſhould be glad you would beſtow ſome advice upon ſe- 'veral young readers in our churches, who, coming up 'from the univerſity full fraught with admiration of our 'town politeneſs, will needs correct the ſtile of their 'prayer books. In reading the abſolution they are very 'careful to ſay *pardons and abſolves*, and in the prayer 'for the royal family, it muſt be *endue'um*, *enrich'um*, '*proſper'um* and *bring'um*; then in their ſermons they 'uſe all the modern terms of art, *ſham*, *banter*, *mob*, '*bubble*, *bully*, *cutting*, *ſhuffling*, and *palming*; all which,

'and many more of the like ſtamp, as I have heard 'them often in the pulpit from ſome young ſophiſters, 'ſo I have read them in ſome of *thoſe ſermons that have* 'made a great noiſe of late. The deſign, it ſeems, is to 'avoid the dreadful imputation of pedantry; to ſhew 'us, that they *know the town, underſtand men and man-* 'ners, and have not been poring upon old unfaſhionable 'books in the univerſity.

'I ſhould be glad to ſee you the inſtrument of intro-'ducing into our ſtile that ſimplicity which is the beſt 'and trueſt ornament of moſt things in human life, 'which the politer ages always aimed at in their build-'ing and dreſs *(ſimplex munditiis)* as well as their pro-'ductions of wit. It is manifeſt, that all new affected 'modes of ſpeech, whether borrowed from the court, 'the town or the theatre, are the firſt periſhing parts 'in any language; and, as I could prove by many 'hundred inſtances, have been ſo in ours. The wri-'tings of Hooker, who was a country clergyman, and 'of Parſons the Jeſuit, both in the reign of Queen Eli-'zabeth, are in a ſtile that, with very few allowances, 'would not offend any preſent reader; much more clear 'and intelligible, than thoſe of Sir H. Wotton, Sir Rob. 'Naunton, Oſburn, Daniel the hiſtorian, and ſeveral 'others who writ later, but being men of the court, and 'affecting the phraſes then in faſhion, they are often ei-'ther not to be underſtood, or appear perfectly ridiculous.'

'WHAT remedies are to be applied to theſe evils, I 'have not room to conſider, having, I fear, already 'taken up moſt of our paper: beſides, I think it is our 'office only to repreſent abuſes, and yours to redreſs 'them.'

I am with great reſpect,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

A MEDI-

A Meditation upon a Broomstick.

According to the ſtyle and manner of the Honourable Robert Boyle's Meditations *.

Written in the year 1703.

THIS ſingle ſtick, which you now behold inglorioufly lying in that neglected corner. I once knew in a flouriſhing ſtate in a forreſt: it was full of ſap, full of leaves, and full of boughs: but now, in vain does the buſy art of man pretend to vye with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its ſapleſs trunk: it is now at beſt but the reverſe of what it was; a tree turned upſide down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air: it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery; and by a capricious kind of fate, deſtined to make other things clean, and be naſty itſelf. At length, worn to the ſtumps in the ſervice of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the laſt uſe of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I ſighed, and ſaid within myſelf, Surely mortal man is a broomstick! Nature ſent him into the world ſtrong and luſty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reaſoning vegetable; until the ax of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk: he then flies to art, and puts on a *perriwig*; valuing himſelf upon

* This paper was wrote in deriſion of the ſtyle and manner of Mr Robert Boyle. To what a height muſt the ſpirit of ſarcaſin ariſe in an author, who could prevail upon himſelf to ridicule ſo good a man as Mr Boyle! But the ſword of wit, like the ſithe of time, cuts down friend and foe, and attacks every object that accidentally lies in its way. However ſharp and irreſiſ[illegible] Mr Boyle will always remain inv[illegible]